The Outlook

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PROHIBITION IN MAINE

Maine retains prohibition. This decision, rendered by the Governor and Council, was not reached until almost two months after the voters had registered their will. The delay in announcing the result of the vote is easily explained. The votes were cast on September 11. At first the report was that the Constitutional provision for prohibition had been repealed. Out of nearly 121,000 votes cast, however, there appeared on the afternoon after election day to be a majority for repeal of only 168. By that same evening the returns indicated that repeal had been defeated and that prohibition had been retained. So close, however, was the vote that it was impossible for even the officials of the State to tell definitely on which side the majority really was. After all the returns were officially made, it appeared evident that the final result would depend upon a decision with regard to certain errors in the records. This decision rested with the Governor and Council. In his report to the Council Governor Plaisted explains the nature of their duty. He points out that they had no authority to examine or recount the ballots, but simply "to tabulate the returns and describe the result as it 'appears.'" The vote as it thus "appeared" is 60,095 for the repeal of prohibition and 60,853 for the retention of prohibition. Thus the majority for the retention of constitutional prohibition in Maine is less than sixty-three hundredths of one per cent of the total vote. What this means may perhaps be made clear by reducing it to simpler terms. Suppose a town that contained a thousand voters should, after thirty years of no-license, take a vote upon the question, and the majority against reintroducing license should be but six, the conditions at present in Maine would be fairly well reproduced; and they would be more closely paralleled if, in addition, there should be grave doubt whether, because of errors and violation of law by election officers, that majority of six represented the real will of the voters. As The Outlook has already pointed out, the difficulty of enforcing a law concerning which public opinion is so equally divided is greatly enhanced when in certain localities public opinion is very strongly against the law. In Maine this is the case in almost all the cities—in every one of them, we believe, with a single exception. Governor Plaisted states what in a democracy is in the long run truth when he says, "No law can be enforced in communities where two men out of every three are opposed to the law." Such a statement as this, of course, does not apply to a State's prison, where the governed have no part in saying what the rules of the community shall be or in choosing those who are to administer them. American cities, however, are not State's prisons. Governor Plaisted says in his report that the resolution which submitted the repeal amendment to the people requires the reassembling of the Legislature in special session to receive the report of the Governor and Council. When this Legislature meets, the Governor says that it ought to revise the law regarding the conduct of elections so that the evils revealed in this vote may not recur, and to submit to the popular vote an amendment of the Constitution which will enable the cities to make their own regulations of the liquor traffic, subject to the law of the State, leaving prohibition in full force in the country, where it has been shown that it is sustained by public sentiment. As a practical way out of a real difficulty Governor Plaisted's proposal is worthy of serious consideration, and should be discussed on its merits.

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AN ARTIST'S GENEROSITY

Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick's fine definition of democracy, "The belief that our highest pleasures are increased by sharing them," has recently received striking illustration in the generosity of three men of widely different interests and occupations, who have shared with their fellow-men the gifts fortune has bestowed on them, and have divided their inheritance among those who have contributed to their success. The first of these is Edwin Austin Abbey, the distinguished American painter, who recently died in England; a man of international reputation, who won his spurs in this country, but whose most mature and characteristic work was done in England, where he had resided for many years. Few illustrators have surpassed Mr. Abbey in the delicacy of his fancy and the charm of his drawing. He was elected by nature to illustrate Herrick and the Shakespearean comedies. The later years of his life were devoted largely to mural work, and his pictures on the walls of the Boston Public Library illustrating the legend of the Holy Grail have been seen, perhaps, by more Americans than anything else he has done, though many will prefer his later work in the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where his command of color is marvelously shown. Mr. Abbey was not only an accomplished but a very successful artist, and his will, recently published, expresses apparently the joint determination of Mrs. Abbey and himself. In death as in life, Mr. Abbey showed his devotion to art by giving ultimately all his estate for the fostering of art. He gave his house, Chelsea Lodge, in London, to the Royal Academy for the use of its President, stipulating that the house shall be known as the Abbey House, and that the bronze bust of himself by Onslow Ford, his own portrait of Mrs. Abbey, and a marble by Saint-Gaudens shall be permanently kept under the roof. He gave also his library, at his home in the country, to be removed to Chelsea House for the use of the Royal Academy, and he set aside a fund of thirty thousand dollars as an endowment for Chelsea Lodge. To the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City he bequeathed his original drawings for the illustration of the Shakespeare comedies, and several paintings; to the Boston Museum the drawings made to illustrate Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The residue of his estate is to create the Mead-Abbey fund, the income of which is to be used for the purchase of the best works of art from the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy; these works of art are to be placed in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, and are to be the property of the United States.

A CAPITALIST'S GIFTS

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is probably the largest and most experienced giver in history, has created another corporation, to be known as the Carnegie Corporation of New York, organized under a charter granted by the Legislature last summer, "to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States"—a definition of purpose sufficiently broad to cover almost any educational enterprise, and to include everybody who needs education. It is proposed to accomplish this object by aiding technical schools, institutions of higher learning, libraries, scientific research, hero funds, useful publications, and such other agencies and means as shall be from time to time found appropriate. The incorporators include the heads of the group of corporations already organized to direct the expenditure of the great sums Mr. Carnegie has already given: the Endowment for International Peace, the Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, the Carnegie Institute of Washington, and the Carnegie Hero Fund; Mr. Robert A. Franks, his business representative, and Mr. James Bertram, his private secretary. For this purpose Mr. Carnegie placed in the hands of the new corporation the sum of $25,000,000; and it is expected that the business of founding and aiding libraries and educational institutions, which has occupied Mr. Carnegie's time and thought for many years, will be turned over to this corporation, and will in the future be conducted by it. His gifts now exceed $200,000,000. When it is remembered that sixty years ago he was a bobbin-boy in a cotton factory, his career reads like a fairy tale.

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A JOURNALIST'S BEQUESTS

Joseph Pulitzer's disposition of his large estate is interesting as affording a practical example of sharing with the Nation the great prosperity which conditions brought to a boy who came to America as an immigrant without means. In pursuance of a scheme announced several years ago, Mr. Pulitzer left a second bequest of $1,000,000 to Columbia University, in New York City, for the establishment of a School of Journalism, and $250,000 as a "Pulitzer Scholarship Fund." To the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the same city he bequeathed $500,000, and he showed his consideration for his personal and domestic employees by liberal remembrances in the form of large bequests. To his sons, and their sons, he bequeathed his capital stock in the New York "World" and the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," enjoining upon them and their descendants the duty of "preserving, perfecting, and perpetuating the 'World' newspaper, to the maintenance and publishing of which," he declared, he had "sacrificed his health and strength," and had striven to create and conduct it as "a public institution from motives higher than mere gain." Meanwhile, and for a period of years, the stock of the two newspapers is to be placed in the hands of trustees, one of those named in the will being Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, who has declined the responsibility on account of his judicial duties. The Outlook has frankly expressed its judgment of the Pulitzer influence on journalism in the United States, pointing out its energy and enterprise in news-gathering, its independence, and its quick perception of the dramatic values of news; and, on the other side, its violation of the right of privacy, its sensationalism, and its partisan indifference to facts. Mr. Pulitzer's policy was not only at variance with his professions of journalistic principles, but frankly contradicted and nullified them. In stating his views in establishing the School of Journalism he declared that he was deeply interested in the elevation of the profession, that he regarded it as one of immense importance in its influence on the minds and morals of the people, and that he desired to assist in directing to the profession young men of character and ability, and to help those already engaged in its practice to acquire the highest moral and intellectual training. We hope that his benefaction will help to undo the evil which some of his journalistic practice created. Among the rewards established by Mr. Pulitzer is an annual prize of a gold medal costing five hundred dollars "for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during the year;" he also provided funds for the support of three graduates of the school, who shall have passed their examinations with the highest honors, to enable them to spend a year in Europe studying the political, social, and moral conditions of the people. Another annual prize of five hundred dollars is to be awarded for the best editorial article written during the year, the test of excellence being "clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reason, and the power to influence public opinion;" and he provided for a prize of a thousand dollars to be awarded annually for an American novel published during the year which shall present "the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." He provided also for prizes for plays and other writings. His interest in music is indicated by a bequest of $500,000 to the Philharmonic Society in New York, and by a liberal provision for a scholarship for students of music.

A SOLEMN WARNING

The charge was made last week, in a report covering a period of eighteen months, submitted to Mayor Gaynor of New York City by the Commissioner of Accounts, that the Fire Department permits theaters and other buildings to violate the laws placed on the statute-books as preventive measures, and that false and misleading reports are made to cover up this laxity. When these matters were brought to the attention of the present Fire Commissioner, he replied that the investigation covered a period previous to his administration; that conditions are now entirely changed, and that the Department is doing the best it can with a limited force; but that there will not be any proper inspection until this Department is supplied with sufficient men to make the needed inspection. He announces that he has already asked the Board of Estimate for five hundred and thirty-five men, but that the Board of Estimate has failed to appropriate the money. The Commissioner of Accounts declares, on the other hand, that conditions have not been remedied, and that theaters are in the same condition now that they were prior to June 1, 1911. This is a matter of the gravest importance. The Outlook reports these statements because they constitute ground for very serious charges in case of disaster by fire in any of the theaters. If the charges of the Commissioner of Accounts are well based, there are men in New York whose responsibilities are greater than any man can afford to bear, and whose position in case of disaster would expose them not only to severe condemnation, but to the imposition of the severest penalties which the law provides for criminal neglect of duty.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

Under the influence of the revolution, changes are taking place so rapidly in China that it is impossible for American readers at a distance of thousands of miles to keep up with them day by day and to understand their relative import. The Chinese themselves can hardly understand that import, and the newspaper correspondents can only cable the events of the day or of the week, leaving a general interpretation for some more decisive action or some more decisive result than the revolution has yet produced. The only thing which at this time can be said to be absolutely certain is that the old China has gone forever. The old mediæval, reactionary party has permanently disintegrated, and the ruling dynasty has yielded to the inevitable and taken a long step towards a constitutional monarchy by accepting Yuan Shi-kai as Prime Minister. The new Cabinet which he heads, and which succeeds the Cabinet, containing some Manchu princes and nobles, that resigned last week, is composed largely of commoners. Yuan Shi-kai is not only Prime Minister with the assent of the Imperial party, but is commander-in-chief of the Chinese army and navy. That his sympathies are liberal is indicated by the fact that in northern China he appears to be the favorite candidate of the republican revolutionists for President, in spite of the fact that by accepting the leadership of the Cabinet he has undertaken to preserve a constitutional monarchy from the attacks of the radical republicans. It may be that his attitude is like that of Cavour, in the revolutionary struggle of Italy in the middle of the last century, who profoundly believed that the Italian people could best obtain human rights and political liberty, not by establishing a republic, but by sustaining a liberal and constitutional monarchy.

IS A CHINESE REPUBLIC POSSIBLE?

Opposed to Yuan Shi-kai, the leader of the constitutional monarchy, is Li Yuan-hung, the leader of the revolutionary republicans. Last week Li notified the foreign consuls that a central Republican Government had been established with headquarters at Wuchang, a city of more than half a million inhabitants in the south-eastern part of China on the Yangtze River, with a very large native and foreign trade. He asked the consuls to obtain recognition of the new Republic from their respective governments, and asserted his readiness to deal with foreign affairs and to maintain existing treaties and loan agreements. At the present writing there is no information that this central Republican Government has been recognized by foreign nations. But Li Yuan-hung has evidently great influence with the radical republicans of China. He has treated his men with justice, has enforced strict discipline, and has maintained an entirely praiseworthy attitude towards foreigners and foreign rights. His position as a military and political leader is indicated by the following proclamation which he recently issued:

> I am to dispel the Manchu Government and to revive the rights of the Han people. [The Han dynasty marked a period of high civilization in China long before the Manchu conquest.] Let all keep orderly and not disobey the military discipline. The rewards of merits and the punishment of crimes are as follows:
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> Those who conceal any Government officials are to be beheaded.
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> Those who inflict injuries on foreigners are to be beheaded.
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> Those who deal with the merchants unfairly are to be beheaded.
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> Those who interrupt commerce are to be beheaded.
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> Those who give way to slaughter, burning, and adultery are to be beheaded.
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> Those who attempt to close the markets are to be beheaded.
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> Those who fight against the volunteers are to be beheaded.
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> Those who supply the troops with foodstuffs will be rewarded.
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> Those who supply ammunition are to be rewarded.
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> Those who can afford protection to the foreign concessions are to be highly rewarded.
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> Those who guard the churches are to be highly rewarded.
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> Those who can lead on the people to submission are to be highly rewarded.
>
> Those who can encourage the country people to join will be rewarded.
>
> Those who give information as to the movements of the enemy will be rewarded.
>
> Those who maintain the prosperity of commerce are to be rewarded.
>
> The eighth moon of the 4609th
> year of the Hwang dynasty.

The foregoing necessarily brief outline of the situation clearly indicates that the upheaval in China means progress. Of the two leaders in command of the opposing forces, one may be called a conservative Progressive, the other a radical Progressive. It is too early to make general statements regarding the ultimate result of the revolution. But we should suppose that the conservative Progressives under the leadership of Yuan Shi-kai would probably prove to have a greater cohesive power than the radical Progressives under the leadership of Li Yuan-hung.

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A MOROCCAN AFTERMATH

Last week was an important one in Germany. It was marked by a rather theatrical event—the appearance of the Crown Prince in the Reichstag, the lower house of the German Parliament, as an opponent of his father's policy. It seems to be characteristic of the Hohenzollern princes to oppose their fathers. The Crown Prince's grandfather, as a Liberal, did not sympathize with everything for which William I stood, as the present Crown Prince does not apparently sympathize with everything for which William II stands. Moreover, the Kaiser may remember that he himself did not sympathize with everything for which his own father stood! At all events, William II's latter-day Moroccan policy has been admirable. True, his Foreign Minister has seemed arrogant, and even bellicose. But, whatever the Minister may have done, neither the Emperor nor his Imperial Chancellor has done anything, we believe, to provoke France. Week before last in the Reichstag the Chancellor, as the supreme official of the German Empire, delivered a careful, cautious, and yet thoroughly patriotic statement outlining the African relations of France and Germany as developed by the Moroccan situation. He also outlined the clever conclusions, already in treaty form, which had been reached by the two nations. The statement was, of course, made by the Kaiser's authority and command. But the speech did not please the jingoes. It would appear that the Crown Prince is a decided jingo, for from the Imperial box in the Reichstag chamber he openly indicated his approval of certain criticisms in the speeches of those who replied to the Chancellor. To say that the Crown Prince's action annoyed the Emperor is to put it mildly. With his characteristic immediateness of action, William II did two things. He sent his son back to Dantsic, where the Crown Prince has his temporary residence. The Kaiser also "inspired" an editorial in the semi-official "Kölnische Zeitung," which says:

> We do not desire that the Crown Prince be prevented from expressing his opinion in a fitting manner and place, not however in the way chosen in the Reichstag, the effect of which we consider extremely grave. . . . The absence of the Crown Prince at Friday's sitting was due to the Emperor, to whom Thursday's events and the considerations involved therein cannot be agreeable.

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THE CHURCH AND TRIPOLI

The war in Tripoli may have one unexpected effect in Italy. It may bring Church and State nearer together. Since 1871, when the Italians took Rome from the Pope's sovereignty, the Roman Catholic Church has maintained a general attitude of coldness if not of hostility toward the Government. Any change arising out of the situation in Tripoli will be due, we think, not only to the attentions shown by the Italian army officials to all representatives of the Church, whether in their humanitarian or in their ecclesiastical capacity, but also and in especial to commendation of the Government's work from Church authorities. Of course it is a satisfaction to the Church to feel that, for the first time since the Knights of St. John were defeated by the Turks and lost Tripoli (1551), the Cross has been raised over the land. But it is also significant to note that Monsignor Rossetti, Apostolic Delegate at the town of Tripoli, in his recent despatch to the Pope, adds: "This time, next to the Cross is the flag of Savoy." During the bombardment Monsignor Rossetti, with the Franciscan monks and nuns, remained in Tripoli to nurse the wounded, and they "prayed to the Almighty to grant victory to the arms of faith and civilization." The message ends by imploring the Apostolic benediction on Tripoli and its new rulers. In Italy at least two cardinals have taken strong ground—namely, the venerable Cardinal Capecelatro and Cardinal Maffi—urging the prayers of all for the army and insisting that its success would be a victory not only for their country but for the Catholic faith and Christian civilization in that northern Africa "from which in the past there came to us the towering genius of St. Augustine." The well-informed "America" also informs us that the Bishop of Trivento has delivered a discourse in his cathedral on the glorious victory of Lepanto, when, in 1571, the Christian powers signally defeated the Turk, and exhorted his hearers to pray for a like success of Italian arms in Tripoli. Moreover, in Rome itself the conscripts were gathered together for mass on the day of their departure and were warmly encouraged by the pastor to do their full duty for their country. Finally, the Catholic Union has enthusiastically indorsed the war.

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THE NEW UNIONIST LEADER IN THE COMMONS

The resignation of Mr. Balfour found the Unionist party in England divided into two camps. A contest developing considerable bitterness of feeling immediately arose between the two camps for the selection of the new leader of the party. The candidate of the one faction was Mr. J. Austen Chamberlain, the son of Joseph Chamberlain, and the most prominent leader of the Tariff Reform forces; the candidate of the other faction was Mr. Walter Hume Long. When it became clear that neither candidate could be selected without peril to the future of the party, a compromise was effected and the leadership of the party in the House of Commons intrusted to Mr. A. Bonar Law. The selection is interesting, for Mr. Law is by birth a Canadian, though, in part at least, of Scottish descent. Mr. Law has had a comparatively short Parliamentary career and has never been a member of the Cabinet. He was elected to Parliament from Glasgow in 1900, and in 1906 was elected from a district in London. At the last general election he vacated this seat to contest a close seat in Manchester on the Tariff Reform platform. He was defeated, but a few months later was elected again from a division in Lancashire. Mr. Law is an entirely new hand at leadership, but he has shown himself to be a sturdy fighter and an able debater. His attacks upon the land tax clauses of the famous Lloyd-George Budget gave him considerable prominence among the militant debaters in the Commons. He is an ardent believer in Tariff Reform, which, it must be remembered, in England means Protection. He is largely lacking in the charm of personality and in magnetism, but, at a time when his party is in opposition and when its chief task is to make destructive raids upon the policies and measures of its opponents, his peculiar talents should be of service. As a compromise selection, however, and the favorite candidate of neither faction, he will doubtless find his task by no means an easy one. The question of the leadership of the party as a whole in the country, which Mr. Balfour held, as well as the position of leadership in the House of Commons, has not yet been decided. The Unionist party has a large task before it if it is to offer effective opposition to the programme of the Government next year, supported as it is by a united coalition. For this task it needs leadership which will bring it out of its dissensions and weld it together.

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THE DELHI DURBAR

Last week the King and Queen of England sailed for India, where, as Emperor and Empress of India, they are to be crowned at Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Emperors. The journey has no parallel in the history of the British throne. For the first time a British Emperor of India is going there to be crowned. It is true that King Edward visited India, but he visited the country as Prince, not as Emperor, and was crowned there by proxy. The present King has visited India as Prince, but now he returns to it as Emperor, with the Empress at his side. In an extraordinary degree the occasion has awakened the interest of the English people, without regard to sex, class, or politics. The women of Belfast, Ireland, have shown their interest by presenting to Queen Mary a court train of Irish point lace of so elaborate a design that no less than sixty skilled workers have been engaged on the labor for the past six months. The King and Queen traveled to India by the new liner Medina, of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, converted for the occasion into a royal yacht. The departure from Portsmouth was made impressive by the thunder of royal salutes from the war-ships in the harbor and the shore batteries. The bands of the war-ships played "God Save the King" while the crews manned the sides. Seven dreadnoughts and three cruisers of the home fleet started with the Medina to convoy her down the Channel. The Medina also passed through the lines of the vessels of the home fleet from which the war-ships escorting the royal yacht were detached. Underneath all this celebration there is the underlying reason for the presence of the King in India. The Delhi Durbar will be a supreme appeal to the Indian natives for loyalty. So-called nationalism in India must be met by a display on the part of the controlling power. And the real nationalism in India will make an appeal to the King-Emperor. No matter how much the imagination of Oriental people may be appealed to by pageantry and pomp and potential might, underneath these Oriental characteristics is the ever-deepening sense of the necessity for representative democracy, and of a far greater solidarity between Government and people. The Delhi Durbar thus promises to be of use in two directions.

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A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL AND A PARTIALLY SUCCESSFUL PLAY

Sometimes a successful novel is turned into a successful play; but in the vast majority of such cases the success of the play is due rather to the skill with which the material is dramatized than to the quality of the novel which supplies the material. The excellence of a novel is far from being a guarantee of excellence in the drama based upon it. Mr. Robert Hichens in "The Garden of Allah" wrote a novel of compelling power and atmospheric charm; full of the mysterious fascination of the great desert, and depicting a human tragedy of unusual spiritual poignancy. "The Garden of Allah" is a successful novel, not merely in the sense that it has met with popular approval, but in the larger sense that it achieves in full measure the author's purpose. To make "The Garden of Allah" a successful play four things were needed: a great theme, the ability to develop the theme through the medium of dramatic action, the power to write dramatically and poetically, and the skill to provide a picturesque and, in the best sense, spectacular scenic setting for the drama. Two of these things, it has been shown by the performance at the Century Theater in New York (formerly the New Theater), Mr. Hichens possessed. As in the novel, so in the play, he had a great theme. A Trappist monk, who had entered the monastery when he was but a boy, has lived the life of silence and devotion for twenty years. Suddenly, through contact with a man from the world whose love for a woman possesses his whole being, he finds the desire for life, for the life of a man and not of a monk, taking an irresistible hold on him. His resistance finally overcome, he flees from the monastery and in a village of the desert seeks at once to hide himself and to find the life which he craves. There, under the spell of the desert, he does find the love of a good woman who is at the same time strong and deeply religious. Her love and the innate power of his own nature finally lead him back to God, whom he had striven in vain to forget. In turn he renounces his worldly happiness and returns to the monastery. Such a theme is full of possibilities, not only for a novel, but for a drama. Mr. Hichens also had at his command, either in himself or in others, a large measure of skill in scenic construction. The scenic background of the play is a succession of wonderful pictures of the desert. It makes of the production a rich and impressive spectacle. But the second and third requisites which we have outlined Mr. Hichens had not at his command. The play is hardly a play at all, for it lacks plot, development, and action; and most of the dialogue is commonplace and prosaic. There are, of course, exceptions to these generalizations; there are two scenes which are full of dramatic force, and one passage which rises to a high level of dramatic writing. That passage, however, curiously enough, is, if we are not mistaken, taken almost entire from the corresponding scene in the novel. Which probably suggests the truth of the matter—Mr. Hichens is a dramatic novelist, but he is not a dramatist. We should probably have added a fifth requisite to the four which we have mentioned—namely, competent players. In the actor of the principal rôle in the play Mr. Hichens is particularly fortunate. Mr. Lewis Waller is an English actor of well-deserved popularity who is now seen, we believe, for the first time in this country. He makes of Boris Androvsky, the rebellious Trappist monk, a figure vital, human, and full of tragic pathos. His delivery of the long monologue—the one passage to which we have referred as being of not only literary but also dramatic excellence—in which Boris relates to his wife the story of his temptation and his sin, is masterful not only in elocution but also in acting. We could only wish that Mr. Hichens or his managers had been as successful in selecting an actress for the other leading part. In spite of the drawbacks which we have suggested, the presentation of "The Garden of Allah" is one of the important events of the present dramatic season in New York. If the playgoer will not expect it to be what it is not, a real play constructed with dramatic skill and written with poetic art, and will accept it for what it is, a gorgeous spectacle and a fascinating picture of the desert, with one or two dramatic scenes and some admirable acting by the leading actor, he will find a great deal to enjoy in it.

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THE NATIONAL ACADEMY ASSOCIATION

Last spring the National Academy of Design of New York City adopted a plan looking towards an amalgamation of the American Institute of Architects, the Architectural League of New York, the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, the National Sculpture Society, the Society of Mural Painters, the American Water-Color Society, the New York Water-Color Club, and the National Society of Illustrators. The plan was to incorporate a new society which should put up a building to house all of the organizations interested. In this building there would be an annual exhibition covering all the branches of the art of design and there would be subordinate exhibitions of the work of the various societies the year round, so that at any time during the year some exhibition would be in progress. The plan was accepted by the various societies. and then came the task of obtaining money to carry out the project. It is a pleasure to report that this money has now been assured by six wealthy citizens of New York City who have pledged themselves to raise the necessary funds, namely, a million five hundred thousand dollars. With the promise of the money needed, the delegates of the different societies are now called together to agree finally on a site for the new building and to discuss plans for it. We are glad to report that the plans for the erection of a gallery in Central Park or in some other city park have at last been abandoned. A number of sites are under consideration, and it is understood that the societies have now definitely decided on one of them, although unable yet to announce its situation. The Outlook urges the men who are directing this great movement to build for the future, to build adequately, and to build beautifully.

MR. CLARK'S FATAL DEFECT

Mr. Champ Clark is doing his best to eliminate himself from the Presidential field. If newspaper reports are to be trusted, Mr. Clark has followed up his first remark about the annexation of Canada by a declaration that on an annexation-of-Canada platform he could carry every State in the Union, and has gone so far as to offer to lay a wager on the widespread determination of Americans to lay hands on Canada. The kind of mental stolidity here expressed is contagious, and Mr. Clark has caught the attention of an Englishman of his own type who cannot recognize unconscious humor. The other day, in the British House of Commons, the question was solemnly put to the Government as to whether Mr. Taft, aided by Mr. Bryce, was engaged in an enterprise to dismember the British Empire, and one of the Secretaries carefully explained to the inquiring Member that the Speaker of the American House of Representatives must not be taken seriously. These things would concern no one except Mr. Clark's neighbors if he were not holding the second position in political power and public importance in the country; a position to which no man ought to be elected who is deficient in the sense of humor. The only consolation for the absence of a sense of humor in the Speaker of the House of Representatives is the rapidity and thoroughness with which it has disposed of his Presidential aspirations.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD SPIRIT AND TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

The formation of an organization the purpose of which is primarily training for citizenship has resulted from the National Conference on Social Center and Civic Development held in Madison, Wisconsin, under the auspices of the University of Wisconsin and a temporary Social Center Association. The Association's purpose is training for citizenship through the promotion of the spirit of neighborhood, and for the promotion of this spirit the association sees the logical place to be the community's one great common property, dedicated to its most intimate interest—the public schools. The first plank in the platform adopted at the Conference says: "The social center represents all the people in those interests which are common to all. It is the people's forum and permanent headquarters for citizenship and neighborly spirit. In it the people come to know one another and how to make their government work. The public school plant now functions only in part. Its present service is paternal. The social center makes it also function fraternally. Details of this widened use of the school plant vary with local needs, but its spirit is the Lincoln spirit." That one State is already committed to this broader ideal of education is witnessed by the passage of a bill in the last Wisconsin Legislature providing for the free use of school-houses and school grounds for discussion or recreational purposes, upon due application. The idea is to get the people's property in the school plants wholly into the hands of the people for the making of citizens. This significant social movement attempts to answer several questions variously expressing the same perplexity. One question comes clamorously upon the report of the Chicago Vice Commission, as it has been coming for years to the ears of social workers: "Human beings are not bad—they are good. And they love play. What that is good can we substitute for that which is bad into which the wholesome recreational instinct draws them?" One question is the challenge of the dance-hall promoter, as it is of the political boss: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" And one question is the newly formulated question of the taxpayers, who see that they are getting only a fractional return for what they have invested in public school property, "Ought not school-houses to be used more than six hours a day?" The Social Center Association believes that it has found the answer. It was first put to the test in Rochester a few years ago at the hands of Edward J. Ward, who originated the school center idea and gave it successful expression in the Rochester public schools. Governor Hughes, on visiting these social centers, said: "I am more interested in what you are doing here than in anything else in the world. You are buttressing the foundations of democracy." To the University of Wisconsin the idea was an application of its own principle of "abandoning old standards as to the scope of a university and adopting a new standard: that the university shall expand to include all lines of educational work for which it is the best-fitted instrument." Through the extension division of the University, of which he is now a member, Mr. Ward has been for a year developing social centers in Wisconsin towns, and his work has resulted in this Conference. The National Association has established headquarters in New York, and the next Conference is to be held in Topeka.

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MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S OPINIONS

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the vital historian, so to speak, of "The Five Towns," and the literary photographer of life in the potteries district of England, whose "Old Wives' Tales" and "Clayhanger" have been very widely read in this country, is beginning the study of American affairs, after the usual fashion, by an interview. Mr. Bennett, as a more or less realistic novelist, has, however, probably formed the habit of studying a situation before he talks about it, and so he avoids American topics and gives a running comment on English fiction which will interest many American readers. As a realist, it is natural that he should interpret English fiction from the standpoint of his own practice. Defoe, he says, was the first great realist; Richardson, the greatest of them all; and then came Fielding. He expresses the opinion that the French got their first notions of what realism was in England from Richardson. Before debating this opinion of Richardson one would like to get Mr. Bennett's definition of the term realism as used in this connection. It may be possible to bring "The History of Sir Charles Grandison" and "Pamela" under the head of realism by taking account of the enormous mass of details they present. Mr. Bennett's treatment of Scott is entertaining. Scott, from his point of view, was a sentimentalist; "a nice, jolly Scottish gentleman, interested in property, you know, always building houses and so forth, and of course he was an enormously able person, no doubt of that; and when he had a little time to spare from building houses he would write a novel." Scott, he said, was a rank sentimentalist; his women are always the same; "he keeps on drawing the same girls over and over again in book after book, and none of them has any color." Mr. Bennett must have forgotten Di Vernon when he expressed this naïve judgment; and he must have forgotten other achievements when he said that realism is the old method and romanticism "is the modern thing, the innovation." Mr. Bennett does concede that Scott created the art of landscape in English fiction. With Dickens and Thackeray, after the manner of the realist, he has very little patience. He does not class either as "quite a first-rate artist," though he thinks Dickens very much superior to Thackeray. Between Jane Austen and Thomas Hardy he finds no really great English novel. Meredith, of course, he does not like; Meredith mixed too many ideas with his facts. He finds a lot of very poor stuff in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." He entertains a kindly opinion of Jane Austen, who, "considering that she lived a retired life and was a spinster, had quite an extraordinary outlook." In the rush of the interview he pulled himself up, so to speak, to express the opinion that "The Cloister and the Hearth" was "a first-class thing." George Eliot, he thinks, started many chapters well, but always blurred them before she got to the end; "she is clever in dialogue, but that's about all." He goes so far as to admit that Stevenson did some little good because he cared for style, whereas Dickens and Thackeray "never cared tuppence about it." This statement would certainly amuse Thackeray and might have disturbed Dickens. It is really a very entertaining opinion when one comes to test the style of many novelists of the realistic school with a page or two of Thackeray.

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SERVETUS The Paris "Rappel" brings the news of the dedication at Vienne of the monument to Michael Servetus. The delightful little old Roman city on the Rhone, where Servetus spent many years of his life and where he attended its citizens, victims of epidemic, is an appropriate place for a monument to him. There are already monuments to his memory, but they extol him as a religious martyr. The Vienne monument celebrates his distinction as a scientist. Devoting his attention to the circulation of the blood, Servetus is said to have discovered the part played by the lungs in purifying the blood. He published his discovery and was bitterly attacked by the French medical corps. It was at Vienne, too, that Servetus wrote the book which, condemned by Catholic and Calvinist alike, led to his persecution and horrible death in 1553 at the instigation of John Calvin. The latest of the Servetus monuments is the work of the sculptor Joseph Bernard, and has attracted much favorable comment. Among the speakers at the dedication was the Hon. Curtis Guild, our Ambassador to Russia.

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NOBEL PRIZE AWARDS Madame Curie, the distinguished French scientist who, with her husband, discovered radium, and was recognized with him in the awarding of the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1903, has received further recognition by the bestowal of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry. Madame Curie is a Polish woman by birth; her husband has died since the awarding of the first prize, but she has carried on uninterruptedly her scientific work, and with such notable success as to command the respect of the whole scientific world. The Nobel Prize, it will be remembered, is a sum equal to one-fifth of the annual income of a fund of eight million dollars left by Alfred Nobel, a Swedish engineer and philanthropist, the inventor of dynamite. The prizes are awarded each year for the most important invention or discovery in physics, chemistry, physiology, and medicine, for the most notable literary work of an idealistic nature, and for the most effective work in the interests of peace. This year's prize for literature has been awarded to M. Maeterlinck, who is commonly regarded, since the death of Tolstoy, as the foremost figure in European literature. Last winter the production of "The Blue Bird" in New York made Maeterlinck's name familiar to thousands of children; and the coming to this country next month of Madame Maeterlinck, who is an accomplished actress, to appear in some of the characters in M. Maeterlinck's plays promises to be one of the most interesting features of the coming dramatic season.

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THE TRUSTS, THE PRESS, AND MR. ROOSEVELT

Mr. Roosevelt's editorial article, which appeared in last week's Outlook, on "The Trusts, the People, and the Square Deal" has interested both the public and the newspapers in an extraordinary degree. The daily newspapers of New York City reprinted the article in full, and many of them reported it with what are called, in the jargon of the composing-room, "scare heads." That the public at large has been deeply interested we have received ample evidence in unsolicited but welcome personal correspondence and in numerous personal interviews with all types of citizens.

We concur heartily in the general judgment that Mr. Roosevelt's article is a very strong presentation of the doctrine and policy of regulation as a solution of the trust problem—the only political doctrine and policy, as we believe, by which the great industrial problem now before the American people can be solved. But why it is considered an extraordinary doctrine or an unusual presentation on Mr. Roosevelt's part we fail to understand. He has been preaching this doctrine and acting upon this policy for years. The Outlook has also been urging this doctrine and policy for years—since 1899, for example, when railway pooling was advocated by The Outlook at a time when such an advocacy was considered by many worthy and thoughtful people to be a corrupt support of monopoly. That Mr. Roosevelt's article should at this time arouse so much public interest and meet with so widespread public approval is an indication to us that the country is ripe for an effective policy, carried on under strong and wise leadership, of "trust regulation" instead of 'trust busting."

In passing, we may note that one of the amusing features of the prominence which the daily newspapers, especially of New York City, have given to Mr. Roosevelt's article is the expressed fear, in some cases professed, in some cases, we suppose, genuine, that in publishing this editorial at this time Mr. Roosevelt in some mysterious manner has put himself on the list of possible Presidential candidates. Those who really know Mr. Roosevelt's mind know that he is *not* a Presidential candidate, that he does not desire to be such a candidate, and that the thought of such a candidacy never occurs to him in his discussions of questions of public and National interest.

Among the letters that have been called forth by Mr. Roosevelt's article are two letters on the passage in that article which refers to regulation by the courts. These are printed on another page, together with Mr. Roosevelt's comments upon them. These two letters from high legal authority emphasize one of the two points to which Mr. Roosevelt has called the attention of the country. One is that the trust problem will be solved, not by the disorganization of business, but by the regulation of great corporations; the other is that such regulation can be adequately undertaken, not by the courts, but only by some administrative body.

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MUTINY

Men who are employed by the public cannot strike. They can, and sometimes they do, mutiny. When they do mutiny, they should be treated not as strikers but as mutineers.

Mayor Gaynor and Commissioner Edwards of New York City have served not only their city but their country well by refusing to regard the concerted insubordination of city employees of the Street Cleaning Department as a strike. These public officials, it may be said, have simply done their duty. That, however, is no reason for refusing them praise. Sometimes simple and plain duty is like a mountain top that lies in full view but can only be reached by the surmounting of great difficulties and the incurring of great peril. These two men ran some risk of physical injury, and they were subjected to denunciation. They refused, however, to allow fear of damage either to body or to reputation to deter them from the path which led to the fulfillment of their obligation to the public. For this they deserve the support of all patriotic citizens.

In this disturbance, which cost one human life by violence, and endangered hundreds of thousands of human lives by disease, there were involved three distinct issues. It is important, in all discussion of this disturbance, that these issues be not confused.

The first issue arose before the disturbance broke out. The employees of the Street Cleaning Department who were assigned to their duty of collecting the refuse of the city had been ordered to perform their duty at night. In compliance with that order these men had been doing their work at night for several weeks. They did not relish night work, and made known their objection. For reasons, however, which the Commissioner thought sufficient, their objection was overruled. Many citizens sided with the men. There were many complaints that the noise of the carts and the clash and rattle of ash-cans prevented sleep. On the other hand, it was said that the men, in hope of enlisting support for their side, made as much noise as possible in order that the night collection of garbage and ashes might become a public nuisance. The old evils of flying dust and obstructed streets and sidewalks while both streets and sidewalks were most crowded were forgotten in the new annoyance. The oncoming of winter gave new occasion, moreover, for sympathy with the views of the men. After all, however, the decision of such a question as this must be left to some responsible authority—in this case the Commissioner of the Department; and he decided in favor of continuing the night collection.

The second issue arose when it became clear that the Commissioner was not going to revoke his order. This issue was presented by the refusal of the men to do what they were ordered to do. When soldiers do that in warfare, they are given short shrift. Of course, in combating accumulating dirt and its potent ally disease, an army of street-cleaners is not face to face with any such acute public dangers as those confronting a military force; and therefore insubordination among street-cleaners does not call for any such severity as that which is absolutely necessary in war times; but the principle in the one case is the same as that in the other—those who disrupt the forces of public defense range themselves on the side of the public enemy. They are not in any respect on the same basis as the employees of a private employer. They are wage-earners only in the sense that soldiers are wage-earners. Their employer is the public, and not an individual or a concern engaged in industry for profit. In ordinary industrial operations the only way the employee often has of securing for himself anything like a fair share of the product is to join with his fellows in ceasing work, but in public affairs the conditions are entirely different. The public employee is not producing wealth to be shared with another; he is performing a public function, and when once he enters upon that duty he must be ready, like the soldier, to do whatever the public need requires of him. And it does not rest with him to determine what the public need is. That rests with those who have been put into office by the people. If he regards the duty laid on him as too hard, he has ample chance of changing his occupation at the right time, and in the meantime must accept the hardships as well as the emoluments of public service. If he thinks his superior incompetent, he has what the private employee has not, the chance to register his disapproval at the polls. To express his discontent by conspiring with others to cripple the work of the Government is sedition. For one, or one thousand, to attempt to dictate to five million people, is subversive not only of government in general but of the foundations of democracy in particular. As soon as this issue is raised, any issue as to the wisdom of any specific policy becomes of comparatively little moment.

The third issue that was raised was even more fundamental—it was the elementary issue of public order. When the men openly mutinied, there followed turbulence and riot. Missiles were thrown from windows and housetops upon those engaged to do the work of the unfaithful street-cleaners. One man, at least, was killed, and a number of persons were injured. After some delay, which perhaps was unavoidable, the police showed their strength, and disorder ceased. Government which does not protect life and limb commits suicide. That issue the Mayor and the police, when once they were sure it was raised, settled promptly in favor of civilization.

Each of these three issues should be considered on its merits: the issue of good order, the issue of mutiny, and the issue of night work for street-cleaners. Now that the two fundamental issues have been settled in accord with intelligence and decency, the other issue, raised by the request of the men, should be discussed by the city. And no remembrance of the discomfort or danger to which the people of the city have been subjected should prevent the people from considering these requests sympathetically and from reaching an intelligent conclusion with regard not only for the interest of the people, but also for the welfare of the men.

A BOOK OF POEMS

The volume which contains the poetry of Dr. Henry van Dyke[1] represents a substantial achievement in a field to which many are called but few are chosen. Never, perhaps, were so many called as to-day, when the art of writing is widely and sometimes successfully taught, and the passion for expression fostered by ease with the pen and ease of access to the public. Verse of every variety flows freely from many facile pens; and, if it fails of readers, eases the pain of expression. Some of this verse is like the band music which sets children dancing in the streets; its rhythm is simple, obvious, physically captivating. If it were notated, the phonographs would send it blaring across the continent; for it is addressed, as was all primitive poetry, to the ear; but, unfortunately, it lacks the *naïveté* of feeling, the artless sincerity, of primitive poetry. On the other hand, much of this verse scorns the street and sings only for the scholarly, the cultivated, the few connoisseurs who sip a verse as delicately and critically as a gourmet sips a rare wine of a memorable vintage. It is the product of trained thought divorced from emotion; it is purely intellectual and is addressed entirely to the eye.

It is unfortunate that the poetry which is widely read is largely, though not entirely, of the first class; while the critics of the day are largely, though not exclusively, interested in poetry of the second class. The real song, which is carried by an impulse of emotion and boldly spreads a musical wing, is likely to be regarded as lacking dignity and reserve; while the chiseled verse, which has a mortuary perfection of phrase, is promptly welcomed to the seats reserved for the poets; among whom, it is hardly necessary to say, there are many frankly warm-hearted persons and some very indifferent scholars.

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[1] The Poems of Henry van Dyke. Now first Collected and Revised, with many Hitherto Unpublished. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Dr. van Dyke's poetry happily combines musical rhythm, deep feeling, and fine intellectual quality. It was his great good luck, in view of his vocation as poet, to be much afoot in the fields and woods when the world was young to him, and so to learn the secrets of Nature without being aware of the process; to be born in the true faith instead of going through the pangs of conversion, with its intense self-consciousness. Every one who knows the anthologies of the verse that lives knows what nests of singing birds those little books are, and how short, simple, and moving most of the immortal songs are. They are as far from the library as the flower that shines, dewy and fragrant and miraculously alive, along the edge of the woodland path is from the botanical laboratory. And how many people there are who recognize the winged song when it has reached the anthology but do not know it when it passes them on the way!

The open-hearted reader who comes straight from the anthologies between whose covers there is a mysterious stirring of wings, an enchanting murmur of musical sounds, cannot read the group of poems which opens this book, "Songs Out-of-Doors," without feeling that he is still hearing real voices in the air. For these are not songs about Nature; they are the voices of Nature, suffused with human emotion. Springtime comes with the first verse:

"When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering through the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair,"

and the invitation to fish and loaf and dream holds through four hundred and fifty pages. The note is not always so clear, the tone not always so sure, as in the songs of Nature; but there is always the lift of the heart, the vision of faith. It is the unaffected feeling, the self-effacing art, of this group of songs which relates them to the winged verse in English poetry, and gives the sense of finality which comes only when life and art are at one. One must go back a long way to recall a bit of pathos more tender and deep than "The Whip-poor-will;" a translation of a bird's song into terms of human experience without losing its haunting melody:

"'Twas but a cloud of sadness,
That lightly passed away;
But I have learned the meaning
Of sorrow, since that day.
For nevermore at twilight,
Beside the silent mill,
I'll wait for you, in the falling dew,
And hear the whip-poor-will.

But if you still remember,
In that fair land of light,
The pains and fears that touch us
Along this edge of night,
I think all earthly grieving,
And all our mortal ill,
To you must seem like a sad boy's dream,
Who hears the whip-poor-will."

The simplicity born of deep emotion which gives these lines their appeal is often at Dr. van Dyke's command, and is the convincing evidence of his call to the vocation of poet. For while the finely phrased, sonorous line is within the reach of the resolute, the touches of final felicity are the Heaven-sent attestation of the poet's vision and gift:

"A slender, haunting, twilight form
Of wonder and surprise,
She seemed a fairy or a child,
Till, deep within her eyes,
I saw the homeward-leading star
Of womanhood arise."

Dr. van Dyke has many interests and as many themes. Music, the plastic arts, the poets, the country, labor, friendship, religion, have in turn stirred him to expression. He has planned and executed large things like "The Builders," and "The House of Rimmon," a poetic play of vital motives and striking situations; he has told stories in verse like "The Toiling of Felix," which escapes didacticism but does not blur a profound truth; and in all these varied forms, often with high success, he has established his claim as a poet who knows and thinks as well as feels. But, whatever poetic form he may use, Dr. van Dyke is a lyric poet, a singer by the grace of Heaven; and he is at his best when he is out of doors or when experience, in its personal or larger relations, liberates his imagination. If one were venturing to select the verse in this volume that will live, he would add to the bird-songs and out-of-door songs such poems as "The White Bees," "The God of the Open Air," "A Mile with Me." In "The House of Rimmon" the dramatist is still the poet, and there are few passages in modern poetry more beautiful than the song of the dawn which Ruahmah sings before Naaman's tent, and the exquisite art with which she paints the far-reaching splendor of daybreak across the world for the blind man:

"The gulf
Of Jordan, filled with violet haze, conceals
The river's winding trail with wreaths of mist
Below us marble-crowned Samaria thrones

Upon her emerald hill amid the Vale
Of Barley, while the plains to northward change
Their color like the shimmering necks of doves.
The lark springs up, with morning in her wings,
To climb her singing stairway in the blue,
And all the fields are sprinkled with her joy."

Dr. van Dyke has shown many times his extraordinary command of the phrase that characterizes accurately and fills the ear as well. What could be more graphic and apt than his description of Mark Twain:

"We knew you well, dear Yorick of the West,
The very soul of large and friendly jest!
You loved and mocked the broad grotesque of things
In this new world where all the folk are kings.

Your breezy humor cleared the air, with sport
Of shams that haunt the democratic court;
For even where the sovereign people rule,
A human monarch needs a royal fool."

This volume justifies and explains a reputation which is both popular and professional; for Dr. van Dyke has won the suffrages of the few as well as the applause of the many. Read as a whole, his collected work cannot fail to advance his reputation as a poet who understands his art and knows the secrets of skill as well as of inspiration. He is not always at his best; like all poets, he has his fortunate hours and moods; but when time winnows this harvest of aspiration, skill, and industry, it will add to the abundance already stored up for the sustenance of the soul in this toiling democracy, that so sorely needs the inspirations and consolations of poetry.

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LYNCHING AND THE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE repeated race riots and lynchings that have occurred in the Northern States during the last decade or so must have convinced the least observant that neither race feeling nor the tendency to lynching is in any sense peculiar to the South. It is a horrible wrong for which the whole country must bear the responsibility, and as to which no part of the country can afford to point the finger at any other. Lynch law is in itself a dreadful thing, but the manifestations that accompany it when the cause is due to race hatred are peculiarly horrible. In the many cases in which the lynching is not for rape there is literally not the slightest excuse of any kind or sort that can be advanced for it. The recent murder by a mob of a Negro prisoner at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where the man had committed a crime against an officer, a dreadful crime, but one of a type committed by thousands of white men every year in the Union, was revolting to the last degree. The action of the mob in torturing the criminal to death and the action of the public authorities in failing to punish the mob that had tortured him brought disgrace not only upon the community in which it took place but also upon the entire country. Mob spirit grows by what it feeds on. When men grow accustomed to lynch men for one crime, they speedily begin to lynch them for other crimes, while any man who takes part in putting even the worst of men to death by torture must have his moral character permanently lowered.

In honorable contrast to this was what occurred early in November at Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Here a Negro committed rape; he was taken to prison, indicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary within five days. The law is greatly at fault not to make the penalty the same as that for murder (the offense is graver); it is an outrage that this brutal criminal should not have suffered the death penalty. But Pennsylvania, and the country, are to be congratulated upon the observance of the law, and upon *the speed of justice*, in this Uniontown case.

In such a case as that at Coatesville there is literally not the slightest excuse for the action of the mob and then for the action of the people as a whole in condoning the action of the mob. Where a man is put to death for rape there need not be the slightest sympathy for him. Such a criminal is outside the pale of humanity. The reason of our condemnation of the crime is not in the slightest degree any sympathy with the malefactor who is slain, for on him we should look with nothing but horror; our indignation is aroused by the fact that the members of the mob hurt themselves, and take a step toward putting themselves on a level of criminality with their victim; and, moreover, by avenging one crime by another they simply commit an added wrong upon society.

But mere denunciation of the crime of a mob amounts to little or nothing. We must recognize what the facts are that excite the mob to act. Dreadful though it is for the mob spirit to be roused in a community by such a crime, it would be an even worse calamity if the community did not feel the fury of indignation which produces the mob spirit; and such a fury of indignation should be able to seek satisfaction under the law and not against the law. There is no question whatever that there are serious breakdowns in the administration of justice in America; breakdowns for which we are all of us more or less responsible—the people as a whole, the legislatures, the lawyers, and the courts. Slowness in deciding cases, readiness to admit appeals, the subordination of justice to legal technicalities, the irritating delays in getting the machinery of the law in motion, and the utterly improper attention paid by the courts to the sharpness of lawyers in invoking technicalities—all of these result in frequent miscarriages of justice and in delays which, if long enough, amount, especially in their effect upon the public, to an absolute miscarriage of justice. When such is the case, the community is deliberately preparing itself for the violence of mob action if ever a crime is committed that arouses the utmost intensity of furious passion—and of all crimes the crime of rape is the one which most arouses such furious intensity. Each community should provide that rape be treated as a capital crime, and that legislation be enacted permitting the instant assembling of a grand and petty jury, and the immediate trial of the criminal, and his immediate execution if convicted.

Many incidents which have recently occurred emphasize what is needed. The various deeds of mob violence give one side of the picture. Recently an incident has occurred in New York City which gives the other side, an equally bad side, of the picture. The facts are set forth in a letter from the District Attorney of Kings County, now before me. On August 25 last a huge white man named Frank Brach was arrested for the rape of a young Austrian girl. The girl positively identified the man, and he was indicted before the Grand Jury, not only for rape, but for highway robbery. He was actually released on $2,000 bail. Detectives who had arrested him at this time followed him up when another girl was also criminally assaulted while this defendant was out on bail. They caught him and brought him to the bedside of the victim, where she identified him at once by his hands. For this second offense, on motion, he was again admitted to bail for $5,000, and is now out on bail, the total amount of his bond being $7,000, including $1,000 on the charge of highway robbery.

Surely it is to the deepest discredit of the people of New York that the laws are such that a man charged with two crimes of such a character should now be free on bail. Both victims identified him. The case against this white man is infinitely more complete than the case against most of the Negroes that are lynched, and it is certainly a matter for grave doubt whether the delay and the leniency of the law toward a man charged as this man has been is not as grave a menace to order as lynching itself. Certainly the people who plume themselves on being law-abiding cannot afford to throw stones at communities guilty of lynching unless they see to it that the laws are such as to do quick and sharp justice in a case like this, and, above all, such as to prevent the possibility of a man held for so dreadful a crime being released and permitted to repeat the crime. Whether ultimately determined to be guilty or innocent, the man mentioned above should have been left in jail to await trial; and his trial should have taken place at once.

In a letter recently written by a minister of the Gospel whose life and preaching have illustrated in peculiarly happy manner the combination of courage, common sense, and high ethical purpose, occurs the following passage: "It would seem as though this century and this country were smitten with sentimentality. You may have noted the anecdote of the late Mr. Evarts in President White's autobiography. At a dinner in Washington the subject of capital punishment came up, whereupon Mr. Evarts remarked that the American people had no regard for human life, except for that life which by due process of law had been declared forfeit to society!" Maudlin sympathy for criminals is a potent provocation to brutal and lawless mob action against criminals and against persons merely accused of crime—and is morally not one whit better; and so long as decent citizens refuse to rouse themselves, and to secure laws which will prevent such action as that taken in Brooklyn, as above recited, and which will also secure speedy and condign punishment of men convicted of the one crime worse than murder, they must themselves share responsibility for the conditions that bring about mob violence.

THE ELECTIONS: THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THIS autumn's State and municipal elections, according to many observers, were not devoid of significance. In Kentucky, after four years of Republican rule, the voters gave majorities to practically all the Democratic candidates and elected a Democratic Governor. On the other hand, in Maryland, after years of Democratic rule, the voters elected a Republican Governor, a result accomplished, of course, by the votes of independent Democrats. But this is not the only interesting result in Maryland. As the New York "Evening Post" says:

> The disfranchising amendment has been snowed under. It is to be hoped that ordinary horse sense exists in sufficient quantity among Maryland Democrats to make this latest verdict on the perennial nuisance of disfranchisement agitation suffice for good and all. The Negrophobia, real or pretended, which underlies these ever-repeated attempts to get around the Constitution of the United States, is peculiarly indefensible in a State in which the colored population is not much more than one-sixth of the total.

In New Jersey, Governor Woodrow Wilson was last year swept into office on a Democratic tidal wave. The Legislature, Democratic on joint ballot last year, is Republican this year. The New York "Tribune" presents a Republican view in interpreting this result as unfavorable to Governor Wilson and his party. It argues that the result was not due to the antagonism of the Democratic machine in Essex County, as follows:

> Such antagonism undoubtedly existed and had an effect upon the election in that county. But it cannot explain the result in other counties, such as Somerset, where the Essex machine had no influence, where the Democratic Senatorial candidate was a man of high character and ability and was peculiarly identified with the Governor's policies, and where the Governor himself made special efforts for that candidate's success, and yet where the people have, by a substantial majority, elected the Republican candidate. Neither can it be said that there has been a reaction against rationally Progressive policies, such as were begun by Governor Wilson's Republican predecessors and have been continued with good effect by him; for the most conspicuous Republican candidates who were elected on Tuesday are men who have been in the very forefront of reform legislation. . . . It seems difficult, therefore, to interpret Tuesday's vote otherwise than as unfavorable to Governor Wilson's political prestige, if not, indeed, as expressive of a lack of confidence in him. Perhaps the confidence is chiefly lacking, not in him personally, but in the party of which he has made himself the leader and spokesman.

To which may be added the comment of the Democratic New York "American:"

> The setback to Governor Wilson was due in part, perhaps, to the fact that he is a sudden convert to Progressive policies advanced by others for many years without his expressed sympathy or public aid. In some quarters he has raised doubts, which time may remove, of his entire sincerity, and in others fears that he is unsafe.

Quite another view is that of the Boston "Transcript:"

> To the superficial observer the Republican gain in New Jersey is injurious to Woodrow Wilson's chances, but this should not be so taken. He is fighting a battle in New Jersey, not only with the common enemy, the Republicans, but with his own party as well, and it is the venal element in his own party, equipped with an abundance of campaign funds, that exerted itself to the utmost to accomplish his undoing this year. It will be remembered that in Essex County, where Jersey City is located, the old machine captured the nominations for the Assembly, and Wilson refused to go into that county to speak for the Democratic candidates. Few of them were elected, and even these cannot be put down as Wilson men, while in some districts undoubtedly the old Democratic machine men voted outright for the Republicans in order to blacken the Governor's chances for preferment in the Nation at large.

The New York "World" thus describes and interprets the election in New York State:

> Under Murphy's peerless leadership a Democratic legislative majority of 31 on joint ballot is turned into a Republican majority of 43. A Republican Board of Aldermen has been elected in New York City. This is the answer to Murphy's Legislature, to Murphy's Senatorial caucus, to Murphy's Levy Election Law, to Murphy's charter, to Murphy's direct primaries, to the record of Murphy's government made at Albany since January 1, 1911. . . . Here Mr. Taft can find his brightest ray of comfort. How can a Democratic President be elected without New York's forty-five electoral votes?

The New York "Times" agrees to this:

> The most solid consolation from the whole situation comes to the Regular Republicans, and from New York. It is recognized by the leaders of both parties that New York will be the pivotal State next year. Neither side can win without it. New York will cast forty-five votes in the next

Electoral College—as many as Ohio and Indiana together, or more than half a dozen of the Insurgent Republican States of the Northwest. If he can carry New York, the President can afford to lose the Insurgent States, without taking the trouble to fight for them, and still be sure of re-election. His supporters here have been counting most hopefully on the disastrous results of Murphy's control of the Legislature last winter. Now they are confident that with ordinary care on the part of the Republican leaders the State can be held in the Republican column in the Presidential election. Some of them are frank enough to admit that they would rather have the leadership in other hands than those of William Barnes, Jr., but then again Barnes has friends who point out that he has been singularly successful in Albany County, and that he is shrewd enough to make no glaring mistakes at this very critical juncture.

As the New York "Globe" says, Mr. Barnes stands in the way:

> "I'm not bossing any Assembly," says Chairman Barnes, of the Republican State Committee. "The State had enough of that sort of thing at the last session." If Mr. Barnes will but stick to this resolution he will save both himself and the party organization with which he is connected much unnecessary trouble. The electorate, when taking away power from a Boss Murphy, had no notion of transferring it to a Boss Barnes. If Mr. Barnes is foolish enough to try to play the rôle of superintendent of legislation, he will start among the Republicans of the State a bigger row than has wrecked the Democratic organization.

In Massachusetts, although Governor Foss will be Chief Executive for another year, as confirmed by last week's election, he will be surrounded by Republicans. The Legislature becomes more strongly Republican than ever. The great question in Massachusetts was Governor Foss himself. The Boston "Globe" says that he is entitled to regard his election as a fair referendum of the people on his administration. In agreement with this Democratic view is that of the Republican "Journal" of the same city, which says:

> The Governor put himself and his record alone before the people. The claims of accomplishments were crudely put and singularly represented. . . . The people have accepted the record at its face value.

The New York "Sun" calls attention to the following reasons for the Foss victory:

> Mr. Foss was elected to rebuke the course of the Administration toward business; and especially the prosecution of the United States Steel Corporation. . . . The Republican managers had been justified in expecting the election of Frothingham, but they were wickershammed. Second, and here again the essential comic of "the real" Foss juts out, he was greatly helped by his opposition to the revision of milk. As a professed friend of pure milk he naturally vetoed a bill enabling the Board of Health Board to make an honest milk revision. The grateful farmers thanked their friend at the polls.

The Boston "Transcript" expresses its opinion of the result as follows;

> The re-election of Governor Foss by any vote at all is a misfortune to Massachusetts and a source of regret to all who are acquainted intimately with the actual doings of the Foss régime on Beacon Hill during the past ten months, and are aware of the bogus quality of his progressiveness.

In Rhode Island the Republicans received an overwhelming indorsement. Every member of the Republican State ticket was elected. Governor Pothier's election for a fourth term is the first action of its kind in over forty years. One reason for Mr. Pothier's triumph, said the Providence "Journal," lies in his "courageous, businesslike vetoes" of appropriation bills passed by an Assembly that had failed to provide adequate revenues.

> A Governor who can rise above party affiliations to the extent of offending scores of his associates is an executive in fact as well as in name.

Like Maryland, so Rhode Island had an important question to settle other than the Governorship. As the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" recently remarked:

> Rhode Island and Massachusetts are luxurious commonwealths; they enjoy the pleasure of a gubernatorial election every year.

What was true when the above was written is no longer true, for Rhode Island has now accepted the proposition to hold biennial elections.

Most surprising of all was the result in New Mexico, quite different from the clean sweep prophesied by some Republicans. This leads the Albuquerque "Journal" to remark:

> The victory has been won fairly and cleanly; the temper of the people is unmistakable; bossism has had the rebuke which it has earned by a generation of injustice and selfishness; and when the Republican party again comes up before the people to ask their suffrage it must come as a progressive and reorganized party, brought back to the straight and narrow way of Republican principles as enunciated by Abraham Lincoln.

So much for the States. As for the cities, the greatest municipal victory was in Philadelphia. As the Philadelphia "Record" says:

> The election of Rudolph Blankenburg on Tuesday atoned for many of Philadelphia's previous failures to wrest the control of the local government from the corrupt organization whose leaders have grown rich through manipulation of the agencies that are supposed to be

employed for the general good. It was well, indeed, that when a plundered people arose in their might to smite their oppressors the champion selected to represent them at the head of their government should be this noble citizen of Philadephia who, throughout all of the years of corrupt government, has fought against every form of graft.

The next most important mayoralty results occurred in Ohio. The success of Democratic candidates in Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus is variously interpreted as a triumph for non-partisanship, as a blow to President Taft's prestige, and as perhaps a corresponding impetus to the Presidential chances of Governor Harmon. Most newspaper critics unite in the opinion that the President blundered in tying himself to what has been regarded as Boss Cox's ticket in Cincinnati.

In Cleveland, the popularity of the Hon. Newton D. Baker, the winning candidate, is thus emphasized by the Cleveland "Leader," his opponent:

> Mayor-elect Baker has the good wishes of the entire city in this hour of his overwhelming triumph. He goes into office backed by an impressive plurality which apparently is larger than the biggest which his late chief, Mr. Johnson, ever received. It can no longer be said that he is any man's political heir, or that he needs any other source of strength than his own great popularity.

In San Francisco, for the first time in three years, anti-union-labor forces came into control of the city. The San Francisco "Chronicle" remarks that—

> The result of the election means internal peace on the basis of a square deal for all, and the universal rejoicing shows how eager for peace this much-tormented community is.

The two notable features of the municipal elections were the growth of Socialism and the course of the government by commission idea. The most complete Socialist sweep occurred in Schenectady, New York. In Columbus the main feature of the mayoralty campaign was the casting of ten thousand votes for the Socialist candidate and the election of four Socialist members to the City Council. A dozen Ohio towns of minor rank elected Socialist mayors. Five Utah cities were carried by Socialist tickets, and there were Socialist successes elsewhere. The opinion of the people regarding Socialism is thus defined by the Hartford "Courant:"

> Socialism, when it is another name for the break-up of society, is one thing; Socialism, such as the very organization and cohesion of society implies, is another; and Socialism, as a political party to which voters turn because they're tired of both the old ones, is a third thing and quite different. It stands rather for political than social disintegration. It is a notice rather than a policy.

To this the New York "Sun" agrees:

> A feature of the elections was, of course, the large increase in the Socialist vote, but there can be few people so foolish as to think that this really means any increase in the adherents of out and out Socialist principles. It only means, and the fact makes for political hopefulness rather than otherwise, that large numbers of people, especially the working classes and those living in cities, are profoundly dissatisfied with the misgovernment of municipalities by both the old parties, and with the insincere and disturbing attitude adopted by the old parties toward matters affecting corporations, and the current tendency toward the concentration of industry.

As to the commission government idea, Salt Lake City inaugurated that form of government this autumn, and in Massachusetts Lowell and Lawrence decided to test it. But Cambridge and Pittsfield voted against it. For the result in Chelsea, where for the first time commission government was abandoned after trial, the Springfield "Republican" gives the following explanation:

> The action of Chelsea merits explanation. The city has a large Jewish population, and they were against a board with a small membership, fearing that they might fail to be represented on it as extensively as their numbers warranted. The form of government adopted, however, is not unprogressive, consisting, as it does, of a single chamber of nine aldermen and a mayor, and with the initiative, referendum, and recall in reserve for popular use in emergencies.

On the whole, says the Portland "Oregonian,"

> the elections may be said to indicate clearly that the Republicans are in vastly better situation before the country than they were a year ago. Republicans are showing that they are not at all disposed to let the Presidential election of 1912 go by default.

Not so, says the St. Louis "Republic:"

> The election results show that the great popular revolt against stand-pat Republicanism which was registered at the polls one year ago continues with hardly any abatement.

The St. Paul "Despatch" thus sums up the situation:

> It will take a very sanguine spirit and active imagination to extract from the results very much satisfaction for either Democrats or Republicans.

THE TOBACCO TRUST AND THE COURT

[In the course of his editorial last week on "The Trusts, the People, and the Square Deal" Mr. Roosevelt wrote as follows:

> Where, as in the case of the Standard Oil, and especially the Tobacco, trusts, the corporation has been guilty of immoral and anti-social practices, there is need for far more drastic and thoroughgoing action than any that has been taken, under the recent decree of the Supreme Court. In the case of the Tobacco Trust, for instance, the settlement in the Circuit Court, in which the representatives of the Government seem inclined to concur, practically leaves all of the companies still substantially under the control of the twenty-nine original defendants. Such a result is lamentable from the standpoint of justice. The decision of the Circuit Court, if allowed to stand, means that the Tobacco Trust has merely been obliged to change its clothes, that none of the real offenders have received any real punishment, while, as the New York "Times," a pro-trust paper, says, the tobacco concerns, in their new clothes, are in positions of "ease and luxury," and "immune from prosecution under the law."
>
> Surely, miscarriage of justice is not too strong a term to apply to such a result when considered in connection with what the Supreme Court said of this Trust.

In respect to this, a citizen of New York who, by training, ability, and position, is peculiarly competent to express his opinion on the matter, has written Mr. Roosevelt a letter. We here print this letter, with Mr. Roosevelt's comment upon it.—THE EDITORS.]

Dear Colonel Roosevelt:

I have seen the article in this week's Outlook entitled "The Trusts, the People, and the Square Deal," and it seems to me that the implication that the Circuit Court is responsible for the failure to break up the community of ownership feature in the new tobacco companies needs a little supplementing.

The decree of the Circuit Court in the Standard Oil Case distributed the stock of the constituent companies *pro rata*, so that they were owned in the same proportion as the original stock, and that decree the Supreme Court affirmed. It is true that the Government did not appeal in that case, but the Supreme Court evidently did not consider itself limited thereby, because in discussing the relief to be granted the Court said it was necessary to examine that afforded by the lower court "in order to fix how far it is necessary to take from or *add to* that relief to the end that the prohibitions of the statute may have complete and operative force." (Italics mine.) And thereupon the Supreme Court approved the decree which necessarily resulted in a community of ownership. So in the Northern Securities Case a *pro rata* distribution was approved by the Supreme Court, although the subject was not discussed at any length. And upon the Tobacco hearing the Attorney-General stated in open court that, in view of these decisions, he felt that he could make no objection to the plan upon the ground of community of ownership, but desired the matter held open for five years.

The Standard Oil decision of the Supreme Court, together with the position of the Attorney-General, concluded the Circuit Court in the Tobacco Case, except upon the proposal of the Attorney-General for a provision holding open the reorganization for five years. Upon that point the Court was not bound by the authority of the Supreme Court, but its decision cannot be said to have in any sense approved of the feature of community of ownership, except in so far as the individual opinions of the several judges may be thought so to indicate.

Faithfully yours,

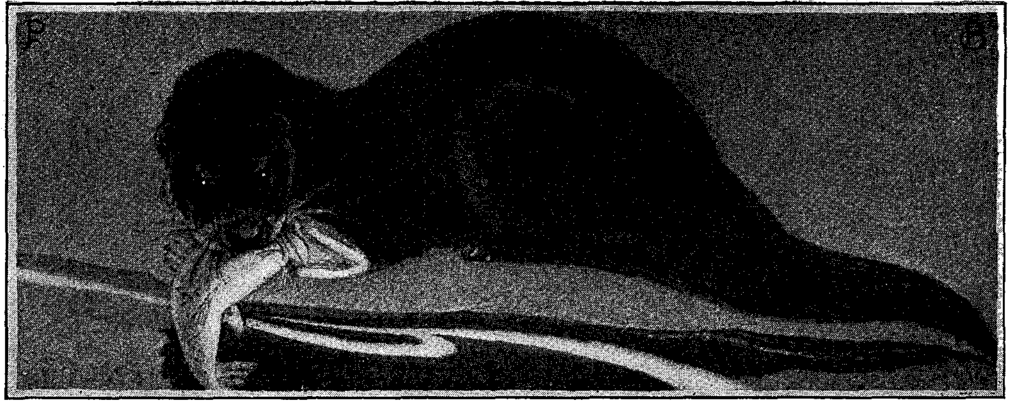
To my mind the vital point to be considered, from the standpoint of constructive treatment of the Trust problem, is not whether the Circuit Court might (or might not) possibly have made its treatment of the Tobacco Trust slightly more drastic, but the fact that it has now been proved beyond possibility of doubt that the Anti-Trust Law by itself does not give, and cannot be made to give, anything even approaching a fairly complete solution of the Trust question. To try to settle the problem merely by lawsuits, and to seek to impose on the courts utterly alien duties of an administrative character, is to insure failure.

A distinguished United States Judge, in writing to me on this same article, concludes with the following words:

> The courts ought as far as possible to be relieved from the task of regulating the Trusts. It is not their business. They suffer in the process. It is of first importance that the courts shall be universally respected. So long as their work is confined to doing justice between man and man it is not difficult for them to retain the general respect of the community and to deserve it. Whenever they are called on to do other things they are likely to lose it, and to some extent deserve to lose it. They fail when they are called on to pass upon questions of governmental policy precisely as they have always failed when they have been given many offices to fill. They fail because they are merely ordinary men and they are put at work for which their judicial training probably makes them, if anything, a little less fit than the ordinary man.

What is needed is the creation of a Federal administrative body with full power to do for ordinary inter-State industrial business carried on on a large scale what the Inter-State Commerce Commission now does for inter-State transportation business.

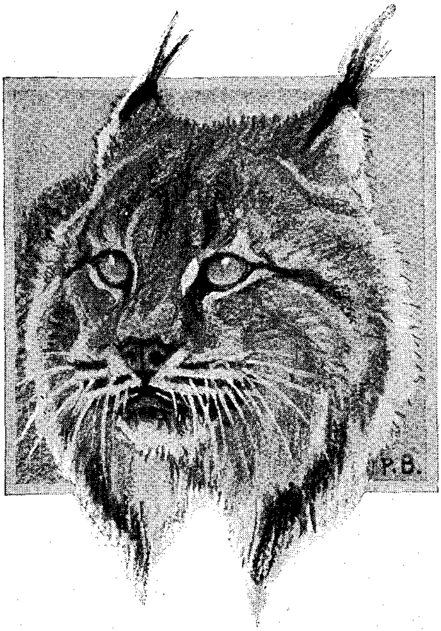
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

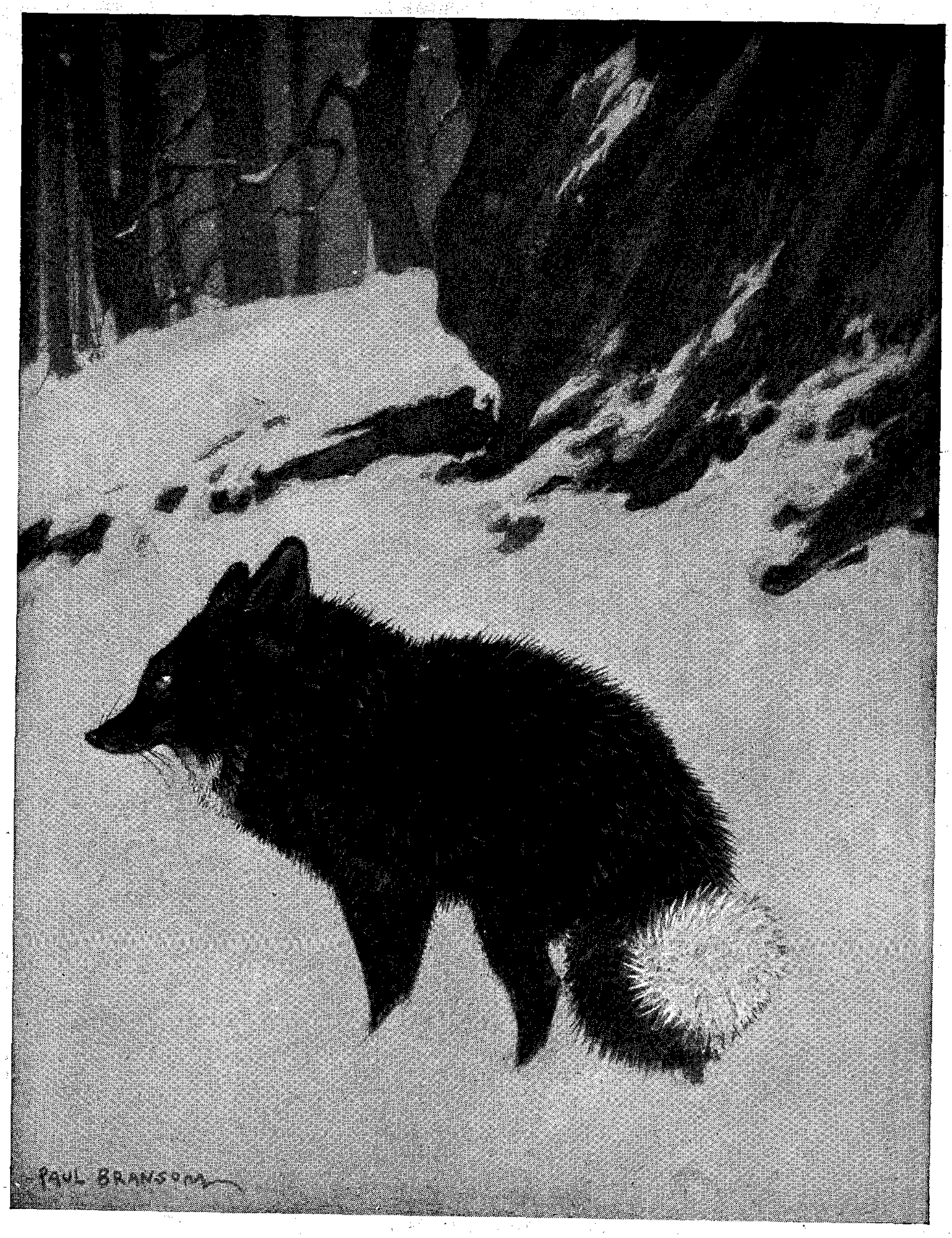


A PRICE UPON HIS HEAD

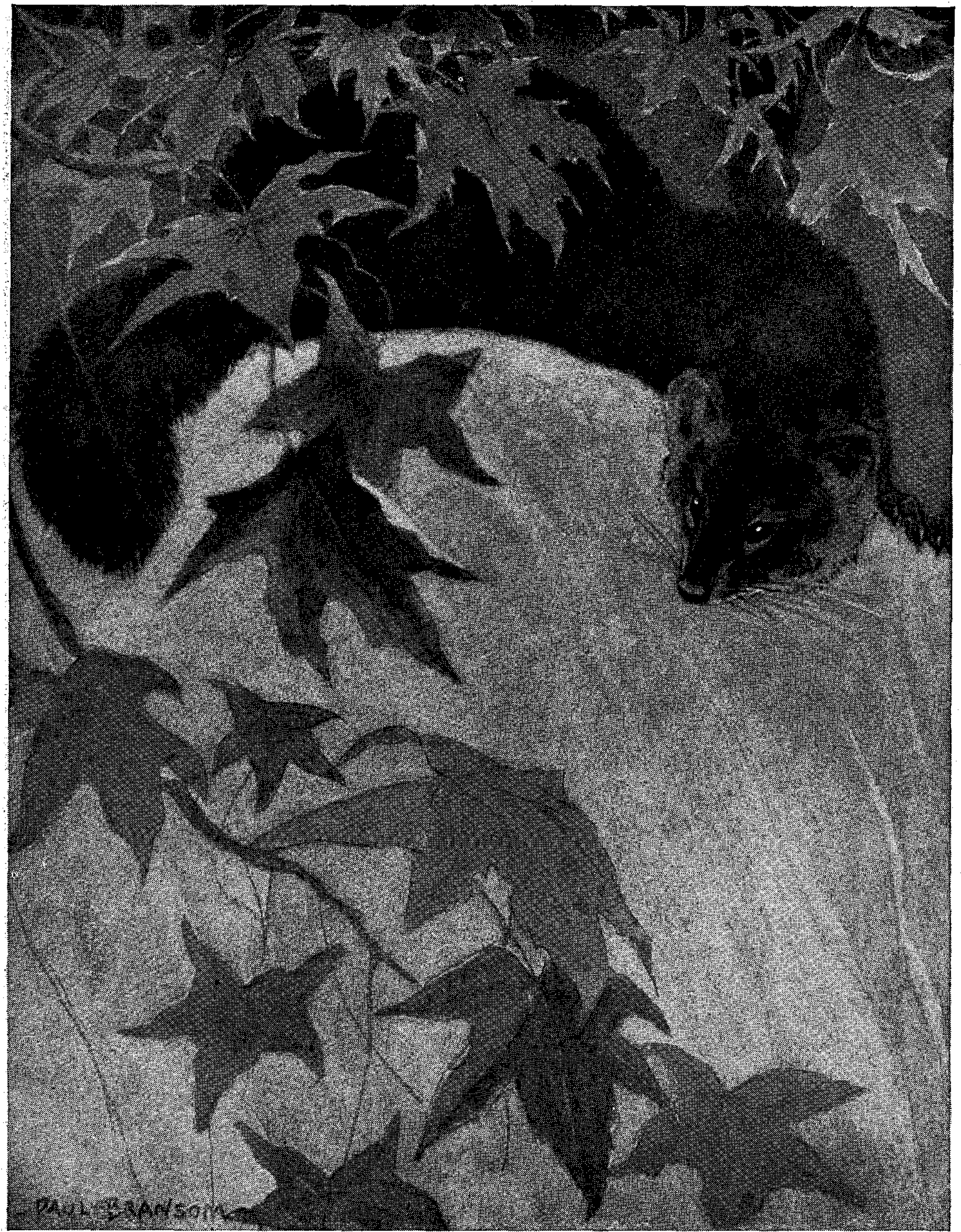
BY PAUL BRANSOM

INTRODUCING SOME ANIMALS OF THE FAR PLACES WHO GIVE THEIR LIVES THAT WOMEN MAY BE FASHIONABLE AND WARM

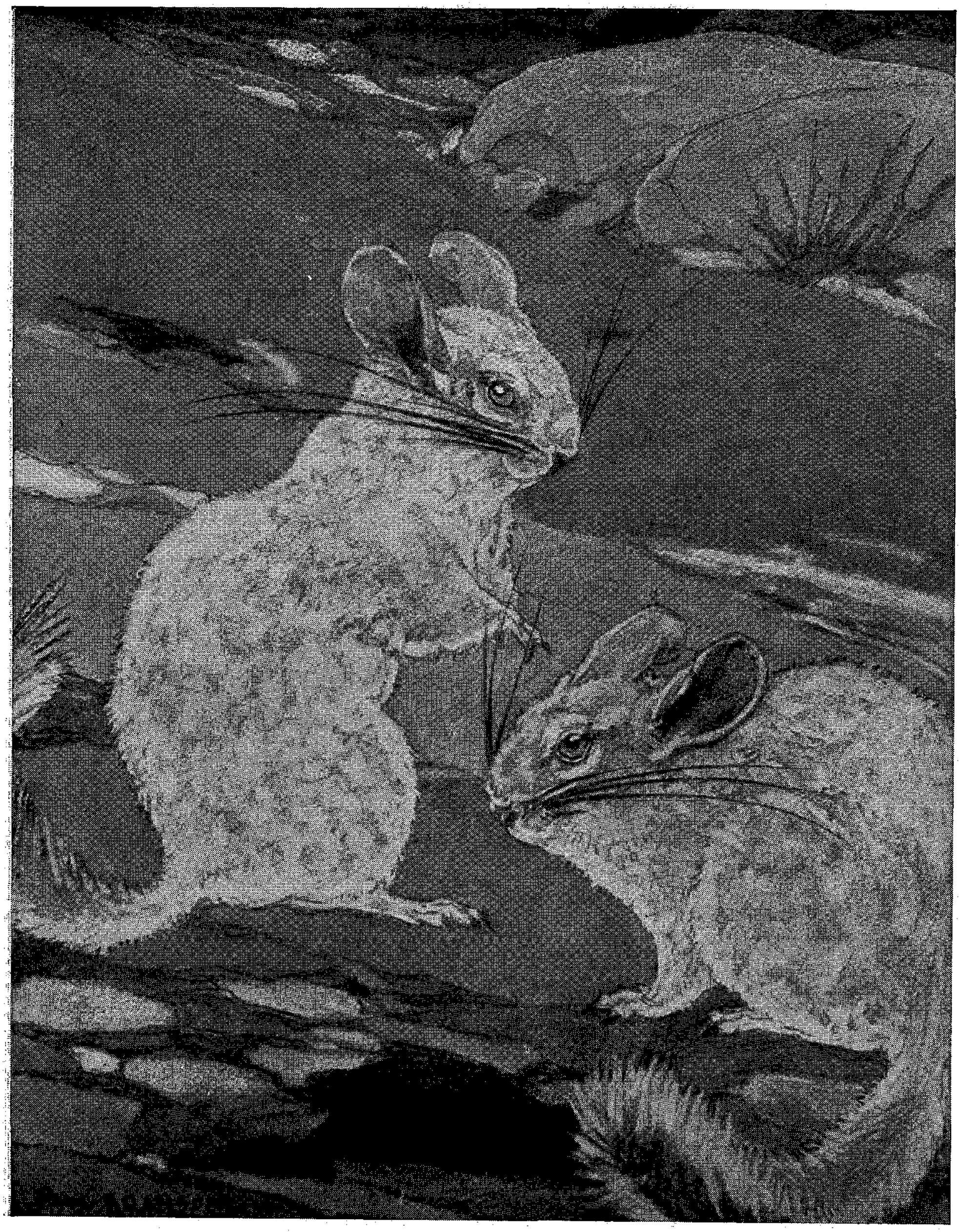




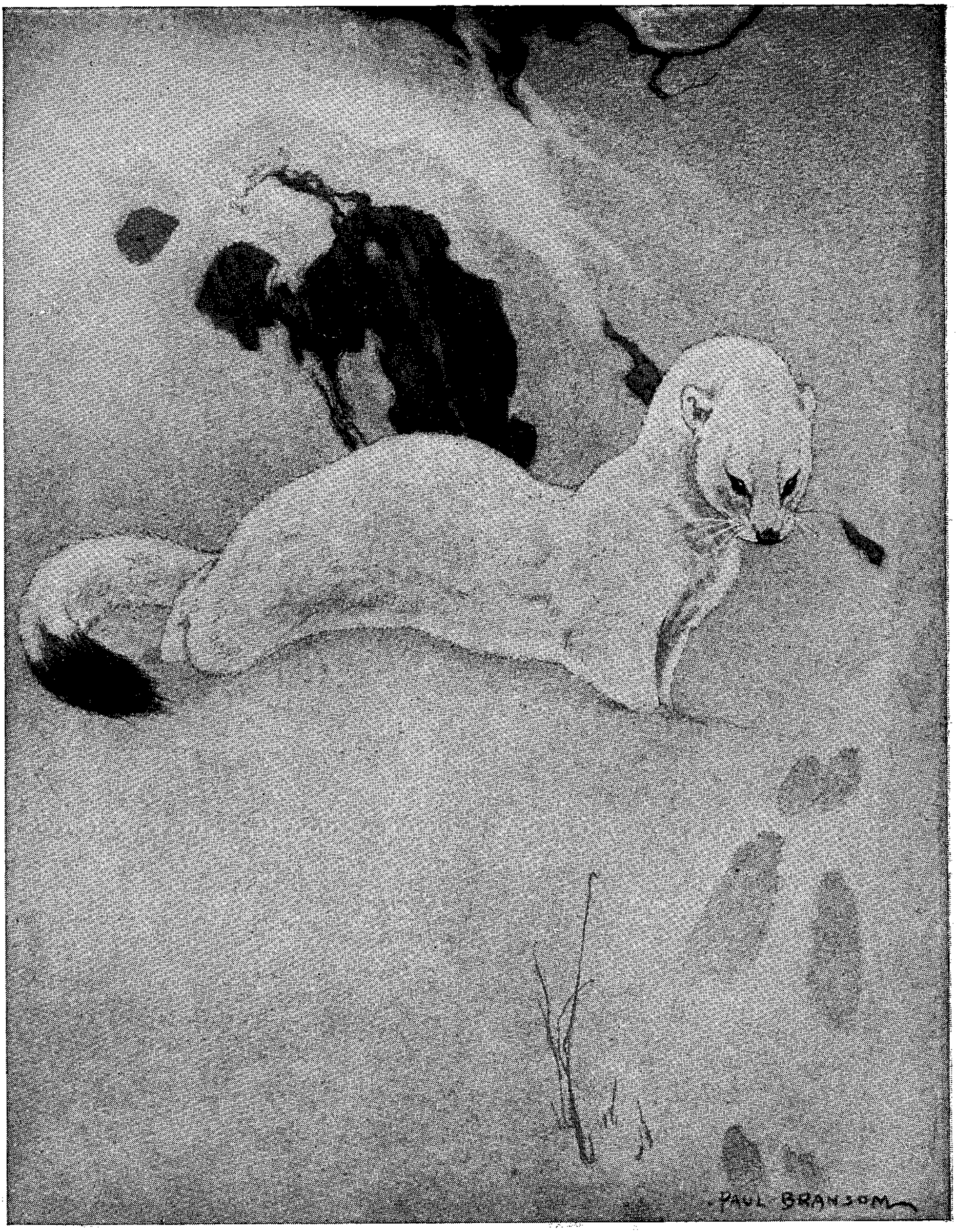
Silver Fox. This exquisite pelt, so widely imitated, is the grand prize of the trapper. It is probably the most precious of all furs. Not a species reproducing itself, the Silver Fox is simply a glorified freak of nature. It is born in a family of common red foxes, but as it grows the full splendor of its raiment appears and it is marked for life.



The famous Russian Sable, like the Ermine, is a member of the weasel family, but it does not change color. Like the other fur-bearers, the Sable's coat attains its full beauty only in the winter. This creature has been hunted nearly to the point of extermination, and is now confined to the almost inaccessible mountain forests of Eastern Siberia and Kamchatka.



Imagine a large rabbit with the legs and tail of a squirrel and with long black whiskers, and you have the Chinchilla. For sheer beauty and exquisite texture the coat of this creature surpasses them all. Its modest smoky, pearl-gray color, flecked and penciled with vague blue-black, makes it a veritable "fur jewel." The Chinchilla lives in the higher Andes.



Ermine, the royal fur of romance and tradition, is simply the winter dress of the northern weasel of Europe and Asia, whose brown coat turns white with the coming of the snow. Its courage is as fine as its coat; it never hesitates to fight animals many times its size. Why the tip of the tail remains black the naturalists are unable to say.

The Lost Chapters

By Kate Langley Bosher

Author of "Mary Cary," "Miss Gibbie Gault," etc., etc.

With Drawings by Sarah K. Smith

"PLEASE don't go out, Fire! Please don't!"

On her knees, she struck another match and placed it to the paper under the logs on the andirons, and as the flame caught and curled she blew softly, as if to encourage its faint efforts, and nodded towards it.

"You're the only thing I have to welcome me home, Fire, and when you don't burn—" The crackle of the blazing wood made her start back, and in her hand she caught a flying spark and threw it on the hearth, then slowly rose from her knees.

For a moment she stood with her foot on the fender, pulling off her gloves, which were damp and sticky, and as she held first one cold hand and then the other towards the now roaring fire she nodded again.

"Thank you. You are doing your best to-night, and it is the kind of night one needs a friend like you. I don't know what I would do if I didn't have you to look forward to."

The clock on the mantel in front of her struck seven. Should she dress and go down to dinner? For a minute longer she hesitated. It was Saturday, and she knew exactly what would be served for dinner, and how served. Yesterday and to-day and forever she knew what there would be for dinner. No, she would not go down. She would change her dress, but she did not care for dinner—that is, the dinner she would get downstairs.

Going into the next room, she began to undress. Stopping in front of the bureau, she looked at the face reflected in the mirror, as if struck by something unnoticed before. "I believe"—she put her face closer to the mirror—"I believe, Miss Ingram, you are getting gray."

Again the hair on her forehead was lifted lightly. Undoubtedly it was getting gray. Well, why not? When a woman is thirty-seven, sensitiveness is silly; so are sighs. She drew in a little breath. If the Book were written, it would not matter; but to die and feel that nothing had been done— She studied the face looking into hers. "I wonder how it happened that so many things you wanted to do have never been done, will never be done," she asked it. "You must have been a very unsystematic person."

Turning away with a queer little shake of the head, she sat down on a low chair and began to change her shoes and stockings. Presently she held out her foot with its rosetted slipper, and spoke to it. "If you are no longer little, I like you to look nice," she said. "It makes me feel more religious."

At the closet door she hesitated, then took down a soft blue house-dress and put it on. Turning out the lights in the bedroom, she went back to the sitting-room, put a fresh log on the andirons, straightened a chair here and there, pinched a dead leaf or two off a fern near the desk, shook the cushions on the couch, then walked over to the window and stood for a moment looking down on the street below before drawing the curtains.

"Very far up in the air and very far down in the town," she said, half aloud, "but these old-fashioned rooms are home, and home is a very good place to be in on a night like this." With a little shiver she watched the whirling, writhing, twisting snowflakes which filled the air and so thickened it that the few people on the street below seemed but bent bits of darkness on a white background; then she drew the curtains and came towards the table with its books and magazines and lighted lamp. Turning off all lights, she drew the big cushioned chair close to the crackling logs, took her seat in it, pulled up her skirt, put her feet on the high brass fender, and leaned back in tired content, her hands idly crossed in her lap.

"It is the unfailing sign of age," she nodded to the flames, "this getting so tired at night; this surrender to do-nothingness. The sure sign of age."

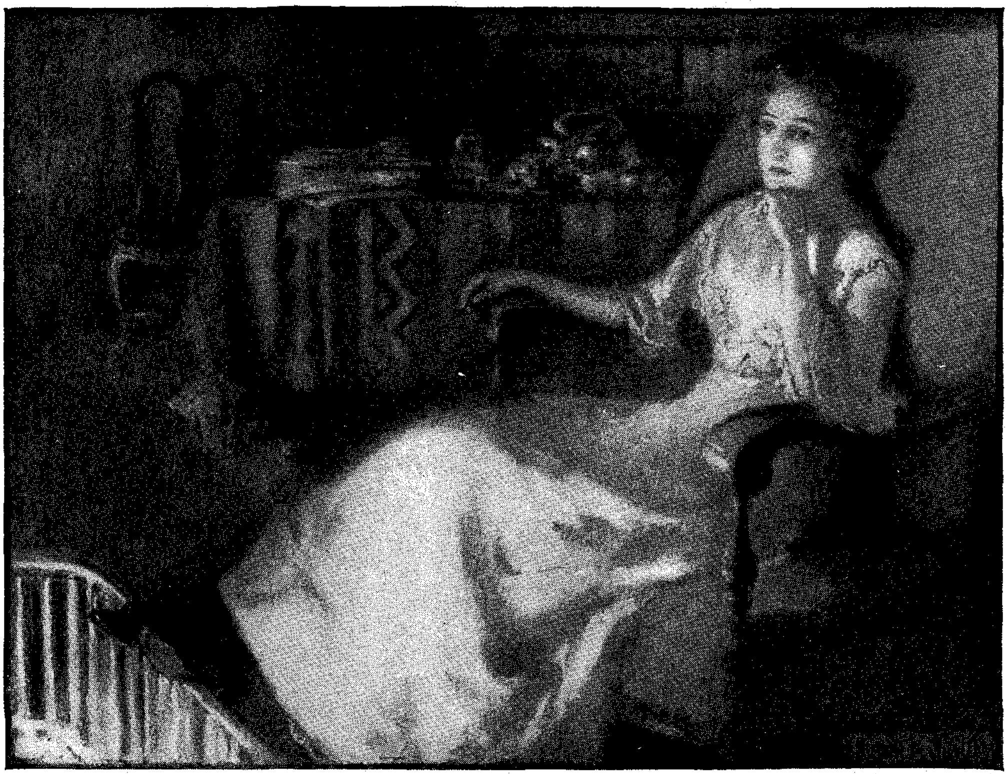
After a while she turned her head and looked around the room. In the firelight it was very pretty, very warm and cheerful. She had taken these rooms on account of the fireplaces. "Man cannot live on bread alone, nor a woman alone on steam heat," she said as if to some one at her side; "that is, this woman can't. There must be pictures in the fire to see. But if any one thinks I love to live alone—" She shook her head. "I don't love to live alone, but it is safer if there isn't the right person to live with. I wonder how many people live the way they would like best to live!"

Her eyes came back to the dancing flames, and with elbows on the arms of her chair she tapped her lips with the tips of her fingers. It was very queer, the things life did to one. Life should never be dull, for the unexpected was always happening. It had certainly happened to her. That is, a long, long time ago it had. For many years it had been uneventful enough, just the routine of daily work, but it was not dull. It might be prosaic and quiet and monotonous, but it was not dull. As long as there were people and dreams life could not be dull.

Her eyes narrowed and the tapping of her lips ceased. It had taken her a long time to realize how few of life's dreams come true. Even yet she felt at times the strangling sensations that smothered the breath in her throat when they brought her father home dead, and she was awakened to what life could mean. She was nineteen when they brought him home dead. It had been cruel and merciless, that realization of insecurity, that overthrow of plans and purposes, and in the presence of death she had stood terrified at the helplessness of life. Even at the time, she was glad Josephine and Margaretta were married. They had always had things, and the terrible change would have meant more to them than to her. Wilton must go to work, they said, when they found how little there would be after things had been settled; but she had said he must continue at college, and she had gone to work instead. She had not been afraid. Youth was hers, and in her working she had dreamed. The reversal, so overwhelming to Josephine and Margaretta, so incomprehensible to Annie, so upsetting to Wilton, should be a blessing to her, she remembered thinking, for it would force her to work in the field of her secret desire, the field she had hidden in her heart because it was too precious to be talked of lightly, and some day she would do something that would be worth the dreadful change. After a while the Book would be written, and then there would be money for all the things Annie had to have. Poor Annie! Luxuries to her were necessities, but to supply them during the long years of invalidism following the giving up of the big house and the going into the tiny apartment had meant denial of all things else, and to write had been impossible. Every hour was needed for work that paid, save those that were used in waiting on Annie when the day's work was done; and for twelve years she had taught.

Not until after Annie's death had her evenings been free. And then, because of the longer hours in a business office where she had secured a position with a better salary, she was too tired to think clearly, and only in disconnected pages, here and there, had she put down from time to time the material which was to go to the making of the Book. Still, she had written some; mostly short stories that would never be published and that no one knew anything about. Years ago she had sent some of them to different magazines, but they had all come back, and never since had she let them go traveling. Somehow she couldn't. She loved them very much, these little brain-children, these queer, dear little children that publishers and other people would not care about. As each story was finished she had put it in a big envelope, dated it, kissed it with a soft little laugh, and added it to her collection in the bottom drawer of her grandmother's old mahogany desk—and nobody ever knew. So many things were happening all around her, real things done by real people, that were so amazing and amusing, so terrible in the commonplaceness of their tragedy, or so irresistible in their comicalness, that to put them down had been a necessity. But the Book was to be different. Her very best must go into that, and in it there were to be many things she wanted to say.

If only she could get a little time! She pushed her chair back farther from the fire and recrossed her feet. Nearly twenty years had gone by since the dream of the Book had been born. She was now thirty-seven, and nothing had been done, nothing accomplished. She had become a piece of mechanism which went to an office every day in the week, except Sunday, at nine o'clock and left it at five in the afternoon, and on Sundays she was too tired to go to church. That is, she used to be too tired. For the past two years things had been very different. They had been very happy, the last two years, the happiest since the great change came. To



"TURNING OFF ALL LIGHTS, SHE DREW THE BIG CUSHIONED CHAIR CLOSE TO THE CRACKLING LOGS, TOOK HER SEAT IN IT, PULLED UP HER SKIRT, PUT HER FEET ON THE HIGH BRASS FENDER, AND LEANED BACK IN TIRED CONTENT"

be in the editorial rooms of a big magazine was to be on the borderland of the world in which she would like to live, and for a working world it was quite the pleasantest to be found.

Of course Mr. Bleekman was queer. As his secretary she soon found out just how queer; but she had found out a good many other things he did not know she knew, and his brusqueness and bluntness did not matter now. It was unbelievable that a man of such bigness of heart and brilliance of brain should be as shy as an old-fashioned child; and how he did hate people who asked him to dinner and things, and how he hated to be bothered with what he called inconsequentials! She laughed and nodded to the flames curling softly around the glowing logs. Yes, she understood him very well. Better, much better than he understood himself. To work with him, to catch his ideas, help him develop his plans and purposes and put his theories into operation, had become a genuine joy, and work was no longer drudgery; it was indeed the bread of life that gave sustenance to the spirit and health to the body.

And yet out of the office she saw but little of him. He lived alone in apartments and took care of two sisters in a small town in the far South; but, save to his clubs, he went out but little, and apparently his life was as lonely as hers. In his world his name stood high; but was he happy? She thought not. He had been too busy to understand, to care greatly, but of late his passion for work seemed lessening at times, and then again it possessed him with an intensity he did not know was forced, and often at her own desk she had wondered how long it would be before he would ask what it was all for; why the struggle for the golden apple when there was no one in whose lap to lay it.

He had gotten in the habit of talking a good deal more of late, and often they wandered from the field of business into realms of endless speculation and theory concerning people and things and human destiny; and then they would come back with sudden realization that the others had gone home and they should be going also. Many times he had walked to her apartment with her, and at the door she had told him good-by. She had never asked him in. If he wished to come, he must ask her if he could do so.

Stooping forward, she put a fresh log on the fire, brushed a bit of charred wood under the andirons, tapped the arms of her chair with her long, slender fingers, and smiled a sleepy, whimsical smile. How amazed he would be to know the secret longing of her heart; how incredulous that she, a lady hack-horse, should dream of writing a book! It was to have had thirty chapters. She knew the headings of all. Some of them were written, but the others—

In the soft glow of the sputtering flames her face grew tired and white, and she closed her eyes to keep back foolish tears. She wondered if, in all the world, there was any one who could understand what it had meant, this giving up of her beloved dream. She had had to laugh and work and never let any one know, and now she was thirty-seven.

Slipping into a more comfortable position, she rested her head upon the cushioned back of her chair and tried to shut out all thought. Time lost was lost. She wondered why she was so tired.

"Why, Annie!" She sat upright in her chair. "What in the world are you doing out on a night like this? It is snowing, and your feet—"

Annie laughed. It was strange to hear Annie laugh. She was usually in pain, and fretful and peevish, but now she laughed and laid a roll of paper in her sister's lap.

"You go out in bad weather and don't think about your feet," she said, shaking the snow from her shoulders. "But I had something I could not keep any longer. I had to bring it to-night. It is the first six chapters of your Book. You were twelve years in writing them. You could have written them in as many weeks if it had not been for me. I can only stay a minute. I did not understand until too late. It is so dreadful to understand too late!"

With a swift kiss Annie was gone. Why, Annie had never been out in the dark and cold! She must bring her back. She tried to rise, and the roll of paper fell upon the floor; but before she could pick it up a little old woman, bent and wrinkled and almost blind, handed it to her. She leaned back in her chair, dazed with unbelief at what she saw.

"Miss May-Jane!" Her voice was incredulous, questioning. "Why, Miss May-Jane!"

"Had to come, Carolyn. Had to come." The bent little woman straightened. She, too, had something in her hand. "It's the seventh chapter of your book," she said, cheerfully. "You thought it was lost, but I found it and have kept it until I could see to walk, for I wanted to bring it myself. You wrote it during the winter my eyes gave out. Wrote it in those twilight hours when you would come by and read to me so I wouldn't lose my mind from loneliness and thinking of what used to be. It took a long time to write this chapter. You couldn't come until after office hours, and Josephine fussed so if you were late for dinner that you had to hurry home. You never did have proper spirit where Josephine was concerned."

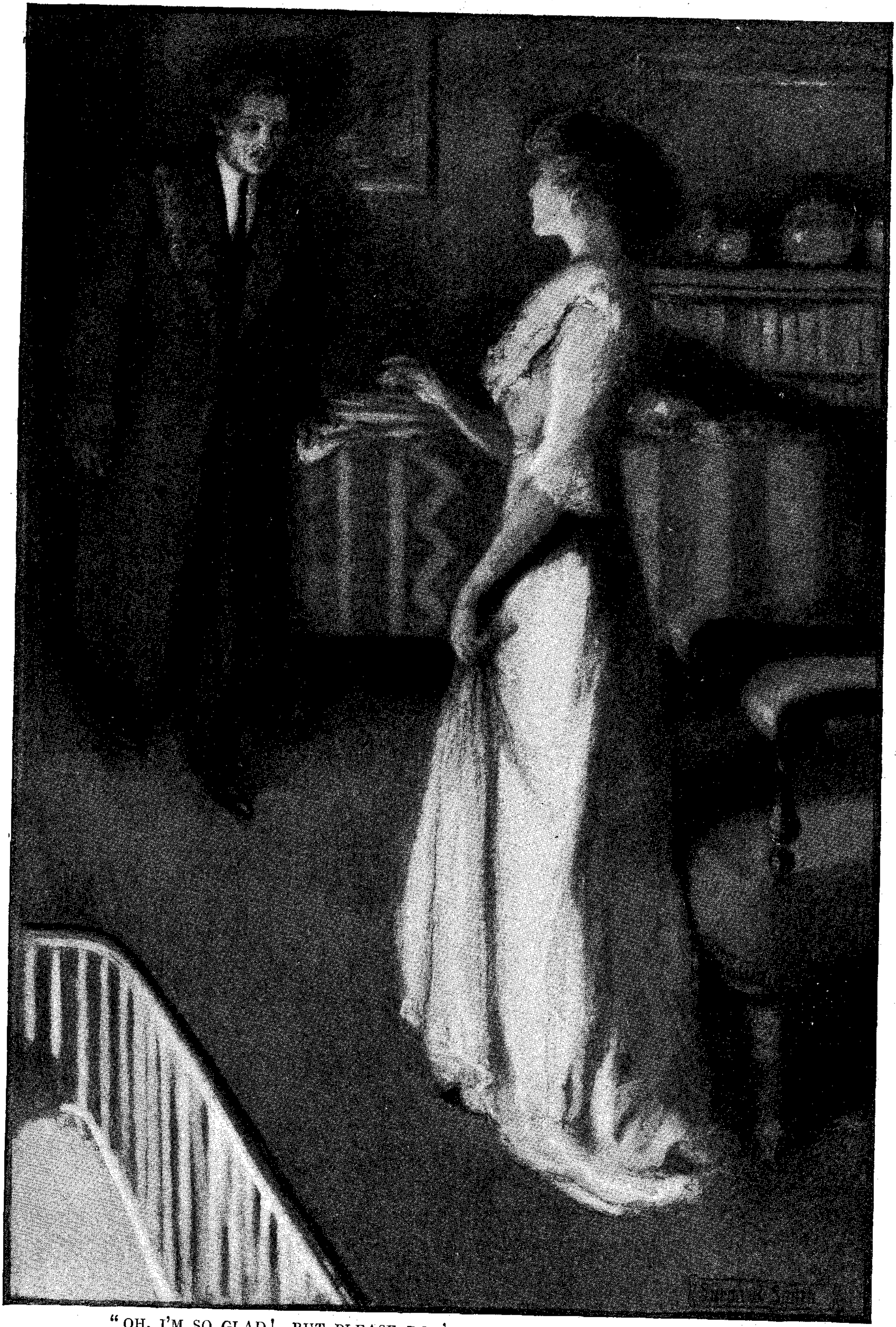
"But to-night—" Carolyn took the roll of paper held out to her. "It is so bitter cold to-night, and you are not accustomed to being out alone. Are you sure your feet are not wet? I must make you some tea!" She started to rise, but was pushed back in her chair, and before she could speak again Miss May-Jane was gone.

It was very remarkable. She thought Miss May-Jane was dead. And to think that she should have found this seventh chapter! She loved that chapter very much because she had thought it all out in the nights when she couldn't sleep—the nights at Josephine's when Isabel shared the room with her, and there was no privacy and no silence save when it was too late to write.

"Aunt Carolyn!"

She turned quickly and caught the child at her back in her arms and covered his little bare feet with the skirt of her dress. He was in his night-clothes, but laughing, not shivering, and as he cuddled close he put up his mouth to be kissed.

"I bringed it to you." Again a roll of paper was held towards her. "I found it in my bed, and I knowed it was yours, because when you thought I was asleep I saw you write it. It was when I was sick and you used to hold me in your arms so I could breathe better. Don't you remember?" His little hands came together in joyful glee. "I knowed it was snowing, and I came just like this." He stuck his bare feet towards the flames. "Why can't I be your little boy, Aunt Carolyn? Mother's got so many children, and you ain't even got one. Father was going to burn these up." He held up the roll of paper he had brought, which roll was marked chapters eight, nine, ten, eleven,



"OH, I'M SO GLAD! BUT PLEASE DON'T SAY *ANYTHING* ABOUT THE BOOK. THERE ISN'T—" "YOU HAVE BEEN CRYING," HE INTERRUPTED, AND IN HIS VOICE WAS THAT SHE HAD NOT HEARD BEFORE. "WHAT IS IT?"

twelve. "But I ran away with them. I saw you crying when you wrote one of them, and you laughed and laughed over another, and one you near 'bout bit the end of your pen off before you got through. I wasn't sick all of the two years you took to write them, but some of us were."

"Oh, Wilton, Wilton!" She pressed the little head close to her heart and kissed its hair, felt anxiously the thin gown to see if it was damp. "How could you come out in the snow on such a dreadful, dreadful night just to bring me some chapters of a book! What would all the books in all the world matter if you should take cold?"

"I guess I'll have to go now." He slipped out of her arms and down upon the floor, and with an agonized cry she stretched out her hands to hold him back. But he was gone, and in his place a young girl was standing, and, like the others, she too held a roll of paper which she drew from her muff.

"You wrote it the summer you sent me to the seashore," she said, smiling in the troubled face which was trying to recognize her, to remember who she was. "I'm Susie Platt."

"Why, Susie!" Carolyn's hands were held out warmly. "Of course I didn't know you! Why, you're really plump and round. You are well and happy! I can tell by your eyes. But you shouldn't have come out on a stormy night. You are not strong enough."

"Oh, yes, I am." Susie laughed and loosened the shabby fur at her throat. "After you got me in the hospital and then sent me to the seashore I got all well again, and I've been working most of the winter. Oh, Miss Carolyn, you can never know how much I thank you! For some things there ain't any right kind of words. When you used to come in that ward and come straight to me and sit down beside me like I was—like I wasn't what I was—I'd almost die for shame and sorrow; and yet there'd been nothing for me to have gone to but the bad, if you hadn't stood by me. I didn't want to do wrong, but nobody trusts a girl who's lost her way and is so tired and lonely that she don't care for nothing except to die. It was when I was at the hospital that you wrote chapter thirteen. You wrote it during your lunch hour, when you'd come to see how I was getting on. The other two chapters were written when you worked half your holiday so I could go away. You didn't think I knew, but I did. And you thought these chapters were lost. They weren't. I've had them hid in the bottom of my trunk for a long time, and to-night I had to bring them."

She stopped, and, with her eyes on the floor again, fingered the fur at her throat, then she looked up at the woman before her.

"I'm going to be married, Miss Carolyn."

"Does—does he know, Susie?"

"Yes'm. He knows everything. I knew you'd say he must, and I told him. And he says—he says he has not been so clean a man that he can taunt me, a woman. I must go now, he is waiting." And before answer could be made she, too, was gone.

It was very bewildering. Why had so many people come out on such a terrible night—people who had never been before—and to bring her the chapters lost so long she had almost forgotten them? They did not matter now. It was hardly probable the Book would ever be finished. The days at the office were too full for any personal work, and in the evenings she had been too tired to do more than sit before the fire and drift and dream about things she had no right to drift and dream about. Sweet, happy things that might have been. It was very strange they should have come! And here was some one else—two or three people—more than that!

"Just me, Miss Carolyn, and I ain't got a minute. The mother of nine don't have much time for visiting; but this here piece of paper was in the bottom of the carriage that day you come down and took me out to ride when I was getting over the typhoids fevers and the twins was just starting into 'em, and the old man out of a job and near 'bout out of his mind, and there weren't a streak of light as big as a twinkle that he or I could see. When we started out that day—'twas some kind of a holiday—I just wished it was my funeral I was taking part in; but somehow, when I come back I felt different, and I was plum ashamed of myself for being so low down in sperit, and the very next day the sun commenced to shine. You left this in the carriage unbeknownst to you. 'Tain't more'n a page or two, but you might need it, and I couldn't rest till I brought it."

"And here are some more pages, Carolyn. They were around the candy and nuts in that wonderful box you sent last Christmas." The sweet, fine face bent over Carolyn and kissed her. "You didn't know what it meant to a country minister's wife and children to get a box like that with so many beautiful things in it; things no one else would have thought of, and which took time to select. I would have brought them before, but—"

"She waited for me, Miss Carolyn." A fresh voice interrupted the slender little woman in the black dress and an outstretched hand held a sheet of paper toward hers. "This was inside the turkey you sent mother Thanksgiving Day two years ago. When you left the office the afternoon before, I saw where you went, though you didn't see me, and I heard you tell the boy where to leave the turkey and just to say a friend sent it. The bunch of chrysanthemums that went with it you bought on the street. I saw that, too. They made mother so happy she cried. I've been wanting to give you this for a long time, and to-night—"

She did not finish. Somebody else was handing a sheet here, and some one a page or two there, and at her feet and in her lap they were being dropped so thickly that they were stifling her. There was lame Freddie, the janitor's little son; and old Mr. Creighton, from whom she bought her fruit, and whose wife was an invalid; and the little librarian whose health had failed; and others whom she hardly knew by name. What on earth had made them come? It was nothing, these little things they were talking about. Just things everybody did for somebody else, and she didn't want these odd sheets. And how silly of her to be crying! A few minutes ago she had thought she was not only lonely but alone in the world; and here, on this dreadful night, so many had come. She put out her hands to draw Freddie, who on his crutches was smiling so strangely, closer to her, but as she touched him he vanished, as did all the rest, and suddenly the room was empty, as empty as air.

"Did you say come in?"

The door was pushed open, but as Mr. Bleekman came inside he stopped and looked at the chair with its sleeping occupant as if uncertain what to do. In the firelight the tears on her cheeks showed plainly, and, motionless, he gazed at her, perplexed and dismayed.

Her eyes opened, and instantly she was on her feet. With a swift movement of her hands she seemed to brush something away, then, remembering, shook back her head as though to throw off bewilderment, looked at the man in front of her, and held out her hand.

"Oh, I'm so glad! But please don't say anything about the Book. There isn't—"

"You have been crying," he interrupted, and in his voice was that she had not heard before. "What is it?" He took her hand in his, then took the other and held that also. "What is it—Carolyn?"

"Nothing. I am just a—just a very foolish person who dreams very foolish things without a bit of sense in them. I think I must have been dreaming to-night."

Again he looked at her, and this time his face whitened. "I, too, have been dreaming dreams, Carolyn," he said after a long, long pause. "And I have come to-night to tell you of my dreams. I can wait no longer. Already time and happiness have been lost."

In her throat a half-sob quivered into trembling laughter. "Oh, I'm so glad it isn't about the Book you've come! I'm never going to write a book. And nothing has been lost. Nothing is ever really lost!"

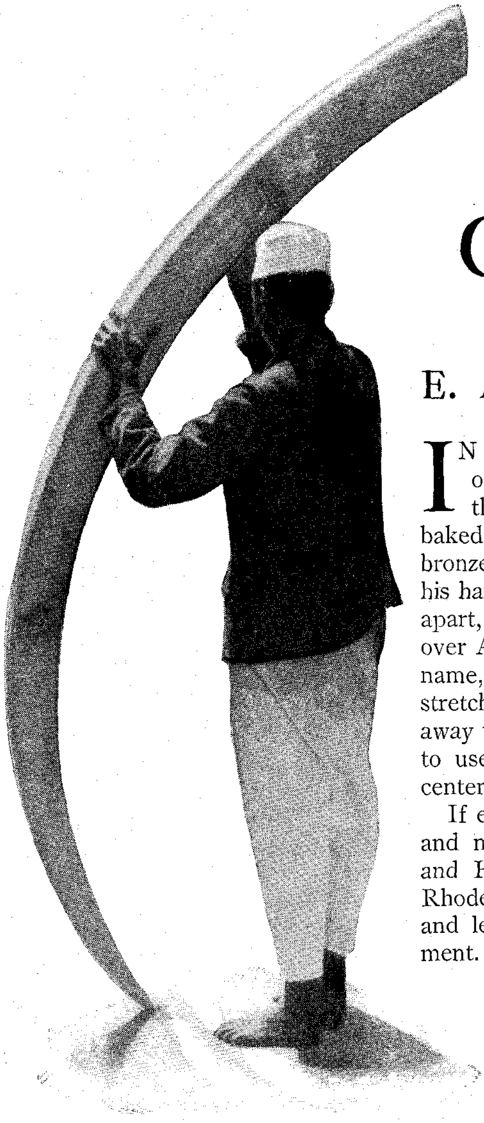
A SHABBY LITTLE ROOM

BY EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

In this little shabby room
With its cheaply papered walls,
You do wonder, I presume,
How I live whom Beauty calls?

Does the bird, pray, mind the bough
Whence he springs unto the sky,
Be it bare or flowered or how—
Then why any more should I?

Would you Beauty create—Art—
Prison once or fix it well,
In a palace keep your heart,
But—mind—very humbly dwell.



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All Aboard for Cape Town!

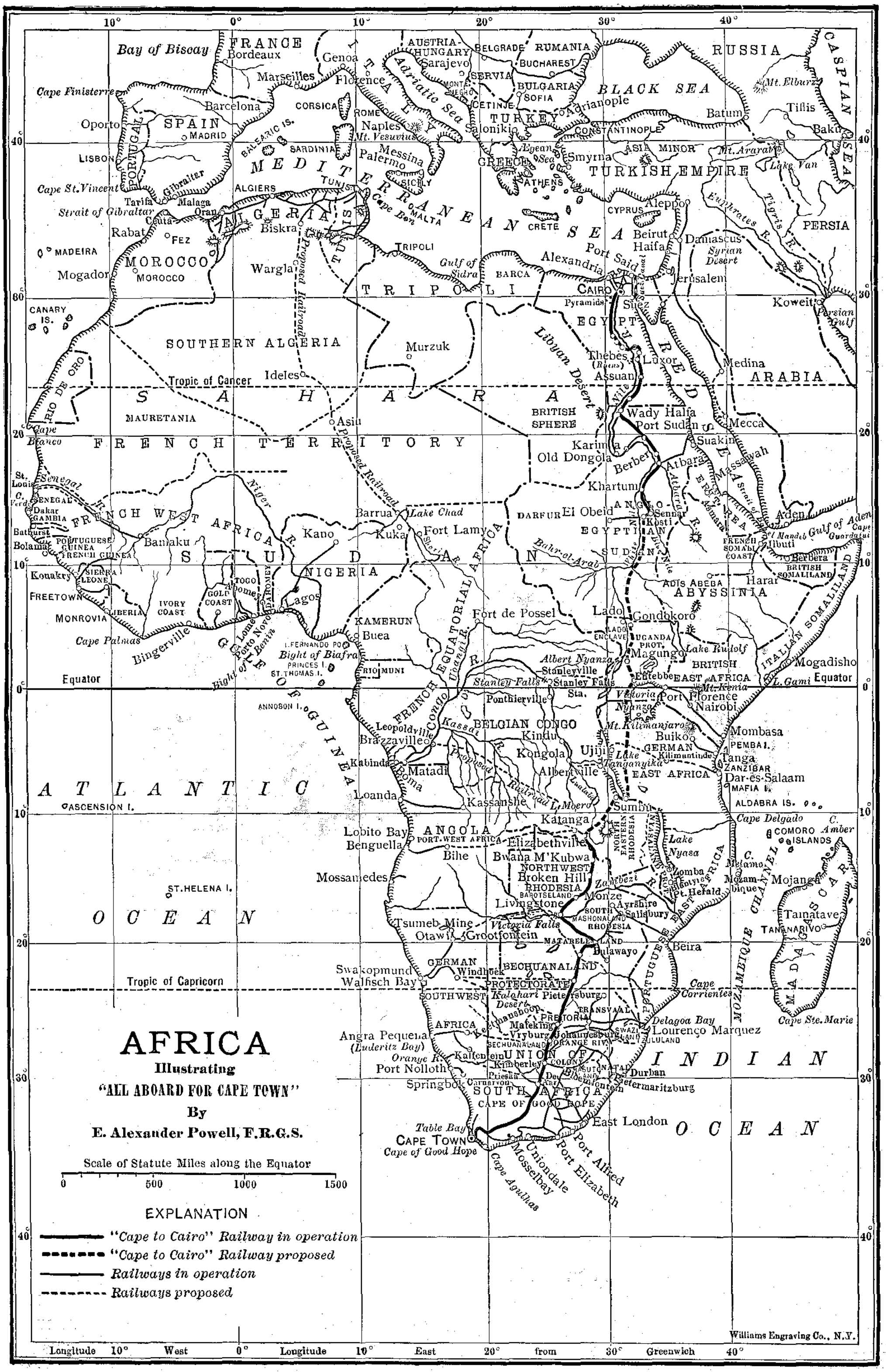
By

E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

IN Bulawayo, which is in Matabeleland, stands one of the most significant and impressive statues in the world. From the middle of that dusty, sun-baked thoroughfare known as Main Street rises the bronze image of a bulky, thick-set, shabbily clad man, his hands clasped behind him, his feet planted firmly apart, as he stares in profound meditation northward over Africa. Cecil John Rhodes was the dreamer's name, and in his vision he saw twin lines of steel stretching from the Cape of Good Hope straight away to the shores of the Mediterranean; a railway, to use his own words, "cutting Africa through the center and picking up trade all the way."

If ever a man was a strange blending of dreamer and materialist, of utopian and buccaneer, of Clive and Hastings with Hawkins and Drake, it was Cecil Rhodes. In other words, he dreamed great dreams, and let no scruples stand in the way of their fulfillment. Having trekked over nearly the whole of that vast territory that stretches northward from the Orange and the Vaal to the shores of Lake Tanganyika, his imagination saw in this fertile, sparsely settled country virgin soil for the building up of a new and greater Britain. The predominance of the British in Egypt and in South Africa, and the fact that the territory under British control stretched with but a single break from the mouths of the Nile to Table Bay, gave rise in the great empire-builder's mind to the project of a trunk line railway "from the Cape to Cairo," and under the British flag all the way. Though Rhodes's dream of an "all red" railway was rudely shattered by the convention of 1889, which allowed Germany to stretch a barrier across the continent from the Indian Ocean to the Congo State, he never abandoned the hope that a British zone would eventually be acquired through German East Africa, either by treaty or purchase, even going so far as to open negotiations with the Kaiser to this end on his own initiative.

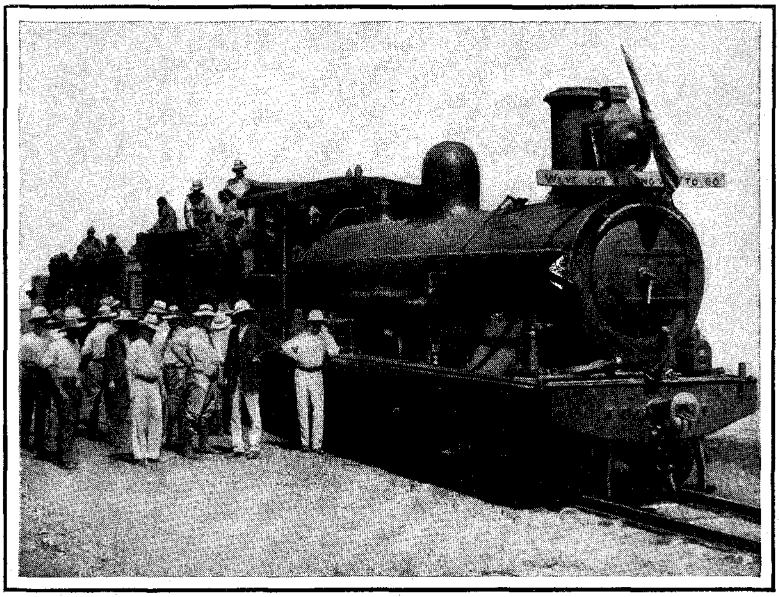
It was a picturesque vision, said the men to whom he confided his dream, but impractical and impossible, for in those days the line from Alexandria to Assuan, and another from Cape Town to Kimberley, practically comprised the railway system of the continent, and five thousand miles of unmapped forest, desert, and jungle, filled with hostile natives, savage beasts, and deadly fevers, lay between. But the man who had added to the British Empire a territory greater than France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy combined; who had organized the corporation controlling the South African diamond fields; who had put down a formidable native uprising single-handed by going unarmed and unaccompanied into the

AFRICA
Illustrating
"ALL ABOARD FOR CAPE TOWN"
By
E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.
Scale of Statute Miles along the Equator
0
500
1000
1500
EXPLANATION
"Cape to Cairo" Railway in operation
"Cape to Cairo" Railway proposed
Railways in operation
Railways proposed
Bay of Biscay
FRANCE
Bordeaux
Genoa
Marseilles
Florence
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
Sarajevo
BELGRADE
RUMANIA
BUCHAREST
RUSSIA
CASPIAN SEA
Mt. Elburz
Cape Finisterre
Barcelona
CORSICA
ROME
Naples
Mt. Vesuvius
SERVIA
BULGARIA
SOFIA
BLACK SEA
Batum
Tiflis
Baku
Oporto
SPAIN
MADRID
PORTUGAL
LISBON
BALEARIC IS.
SARDINIA
Adriatic Sea
ITALY
CETINJE
Adrianople
TURKEY
Salonika
CONSTANTINOPLE
ASIA MINOR
Mt. Ararat
Lake Van
Messina
Palermo
SICILY
GREECE
Egean Sea
ATHENS
Smyrna
TURKISH EMPIRE
Cape St. Vincent
Gibraltar
Strait of Gibraltar
Tarifa
Malaga
Oran
ALGIERS
TUNIS
Cape Bon
MALTA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CRETE
CYPRUS
Aleppo
Euphrates
Tigris R.
PERSIA
Ceuta
Rabat
FEZ
ALGERIA
Biskra
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
Gulf of Sidra
BARCA
Beirut
Haifa
Damascus
Syrian Desert
Jerusalem
Port Said
Alexandria
MADEIRA
MOROCCO
Mogador
Wargla
Proposed Railroad
TRIPOLI
CAIRO
Pyramids
Suez
Koweit
Persian Gulf
CANARY IS.
SOUTHERN ALGERIA
Murzuk
EGYPT
Libyan Desert
Thebes (Ruins)
Luxor
Assuan
Medina
ARABIA
RIO DE ORO
Tropic of Cancer
Ideles
SAHARA
MAURETANIA
Asiu
BRITISH SPHERE
Wady Halfa
Port Sudan
Mecca
RED SEA
Cape Blanco
FRENCH TERRITORY
Karima
Old Dongola
Berber
Suakin
Atbara
Massawah
ERITREA
Strait of Bab el Mandeb
St. Louis
Senegal
C. Verde
SENEGAL
Dakar
GAMBIA
Niger
FRENCH WEST AFRICA
Proposed Railroad
Khartum
ANGLO EGYPTIAN SUDAN
Sennar
Kosti
Blue Nile
White Nile
Aden
Gulf of Aden
Cape Guardafui
Bathurst
Bolama
PORTUGUESE GUINEA
FRENCH GUINEA
Bamaku
SUDAN
Kano
Barrua
Lake Chad
Kuka
Fort Lamy
DARFUR
El Obeid
Bahr-el-Arab
FRENCH SOMALI COAST
Jibuti
Berbera
BRITISH SOMALILAND
Konakry
SIERRA LEONE
FREETOWN
TOGO
DAHOMEY
NIGERIA
Shari
ADIS ABEBA
ABYSSINIA
Harar
SOMALILAND
LIBERIA
MONROVIA
IVORY COAST
GOLD COAST
Lome
Porto Novo
Lagos
KAMERUN
Buea
Fort de Possel
Lado
LADO ENCLAVE
Gondokoro
UGANDA PROT.
Lake Rudolf
Cape Palmas
Bingerville
Bight of Benin
GULF OF GUINEA
I. FERNANDO PO
Bight of Biafra
PRINCES I.
ST. THOMAS I.
RIO MUNI
FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA
Ubangi R.
Albert Nyanza
Masindi
Stanleyville
Stanley Falls
Stanley Falls Sta.
Entebbe
BRITISH EAST AFRICA
Mt. Kenia
ITALIAN SOMALILAND
Mogadisho
L. Gami
Equator
ANNOBON I.
Ponthierville
Victoria Nyanza
Port Florence
Nairobi
Leopoldville
Brazzaville
Congo
Kassai
BELGIAN CONGO
Kindu
Mt. Kilimanjaro
Buiko
Mombasa
PEMBA I.
Kabinda
Matadi
Boma
Kongola
Albertville
Ujiji
Lake Tanganyika
GERMAN EAST AFRICA
Kilimantinde
Tanga
ZANZIBAR
Dar-es-Salaam
MAFIA I.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
ASCENSION I.
Loanda
Proposed Railroad
Kassanshe
L. Moero
Sumbu
ALDABRA IS.
Lobito Bay
Benguella
ANGOLA
PORT. WEST AFRICA
Katanga
Elizabethville
NORTH EASTERN RHODESIA
NYASALAND
Lake Nyasa
Cape Delgado
C. Amber
COMORO ISLANDS
Bihe
Bwana M'Kubwa
NORTH WESTERN RHODESIA
Broken Hill
BAROTSELAND
Zambezi R.
Zomba
Port Herald
C. Metamo
Mozambique
Mojanga
MADAGASCAR
ST. HELENA I.
Mossamedes
Livingstone
Monze
Ayrshire
Salisbury
SOUTH RHODESIA
MASHONALAND
Tamatave
TANANARIVO
OCEAN
Tsumeb Mine
Otawi
Grootfontein
Victoria Falls
MATABELELAND
Bulawayo
Beira
PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA
MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL
Swakopmund
Walfisch Bay
GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA
Windhoek
BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE
Kalahari Desert
Pietersburg
TRANSVAAL
PRETORIA
Cape Corrientes
Cape Ste. Marie
Tropic of Capricorn
Angra Pequena (Luderitz Bay)
Keetmanshoop
Mafeking
Vryburg
Johannesburg
SWAZILAND
ZULULAND
Delagoa Bay
Lourenço Marquez
BECHUANALAND
ORANGE RIVER COLONY
Orange R.
Port Nolloth
Kalfontein
UNION OF
Kimberley
BASUTOLAND
NATAL
Durban
Pietermaritzburg
INDIAN OCEAN
Springbok
Prieska
Carnarvon
De Aar
Bloemfontein
SOUTH AFRICA
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
East London
Table Bay
CAPE TOWN
Cape of Good Hope
Mosselbay
Uniondale
Port Elizabeth
Port Alfred
Cape Agulhas
10°
0°
10°
20°
30°
40°
Longitude 10° West 0° Longitude 10° East 20° from 30° Greenwich 40°
Williams Engraving Co., N.Y.

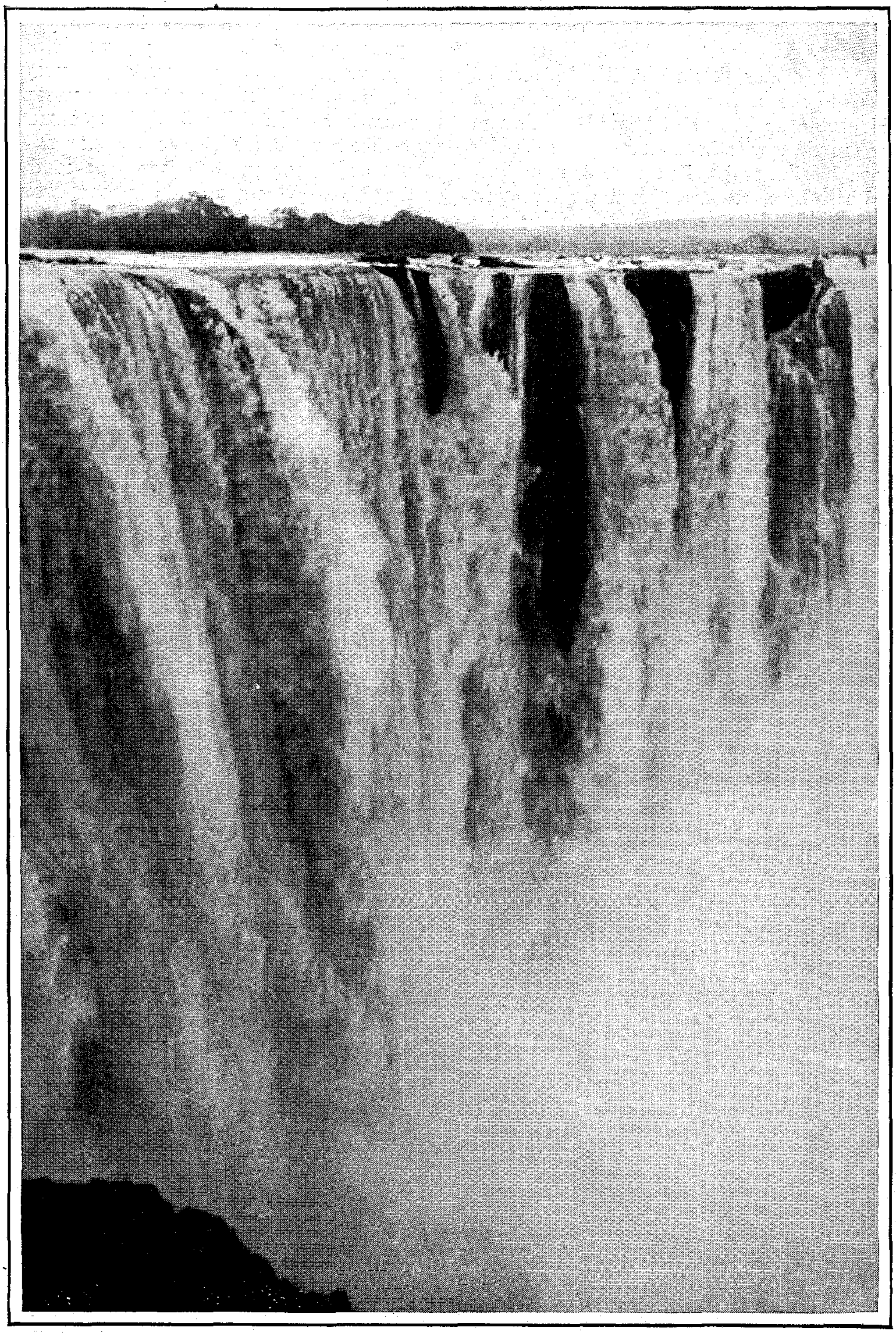
rebel camp; and who was responsible, more than any other person, for the Boer War, was not of the stamp which is daunted by either pessimistic predictions or obvious obstacles.

It was a slow and disheartening business at first, this building of a railway with a soul-inspiring name. The discovery of the diamond fields had already brought the line up to Kimberley; the finding of gold carried it northwards again to the Rand; the opening up of Rhodesia led the iron highway on to Bulawayo, and there it stopped, apparently for good. But Rhodes was undiscouraged. He felt that to push the railway northwards from Bulawayo to the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika was an obvious and necessary enterprise—the actual proof, as it were, of the British occupation. But the Boer War was scarcely over, the national purse was drained almost dry, and even the most optimistic financiers shrank from the enormous expense and problematic success of building a railway into the heart of a savage and unknown country.

Finally Rhodes turned to the Imperial Government for assistance in this imperial enterprise, for the man who had added Zululand, Bechuanaland, Matabeleland, Mashonaland, Barotseland, and Nyasaland to the Empire felt that the Empire owed him something in return. He first laid his scheme before Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, who said that nothing could be done until he had a closer estimate of the expense. Returning to Central Africa, Rhodes had a flying survey of the route made in double-quick time, and with the figures in his pocket hastened back to London. This time the Premier sent him to see Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Hicks-Beach, who was notorious for his parsimony in the expenditure of national funds, was frigid and discouraging, but finally relaxed enough to say, "Get a proper survey made of your proposed railway, with estimates drawn up by responsible engineers, and if the figure is not too unreasonable we will see what can be done." Fortified with this shred of hope, Rhodes again betook himself to the country north of the Zambesi, and, after months of work, hardship, and privation, facing death from native spears, poisonous snakes, and the sleeping sickness, his men weakened by malaria and his animals killed by the dreaded tsetse fly, he returned to England and presented his revised surveys and estimates to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That immaculately clad statesman negligently twirled his eye-glass on its string as he regarded with obvious disfavor the fever-sunken cheeks and unkempt appearance of the pioneer. "Really, M. Rhodes," he remarked coldly, "I fear it is quite out of the question for her Majesty's Government to lend your scheme its countenance or assistance." It is a pleasingly human touch that



THE FIRST TRAIN TO ARRIVE AT LIVINGSTON
FIVE MILES NORTH OF VICTORIA LAKE



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VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER

An unbroken sheet of falling, roaring, smoking water, two and a half times the height of the American Fall at Niagara as the indignant empire-builder went out he slammed the door in the Minister's face.

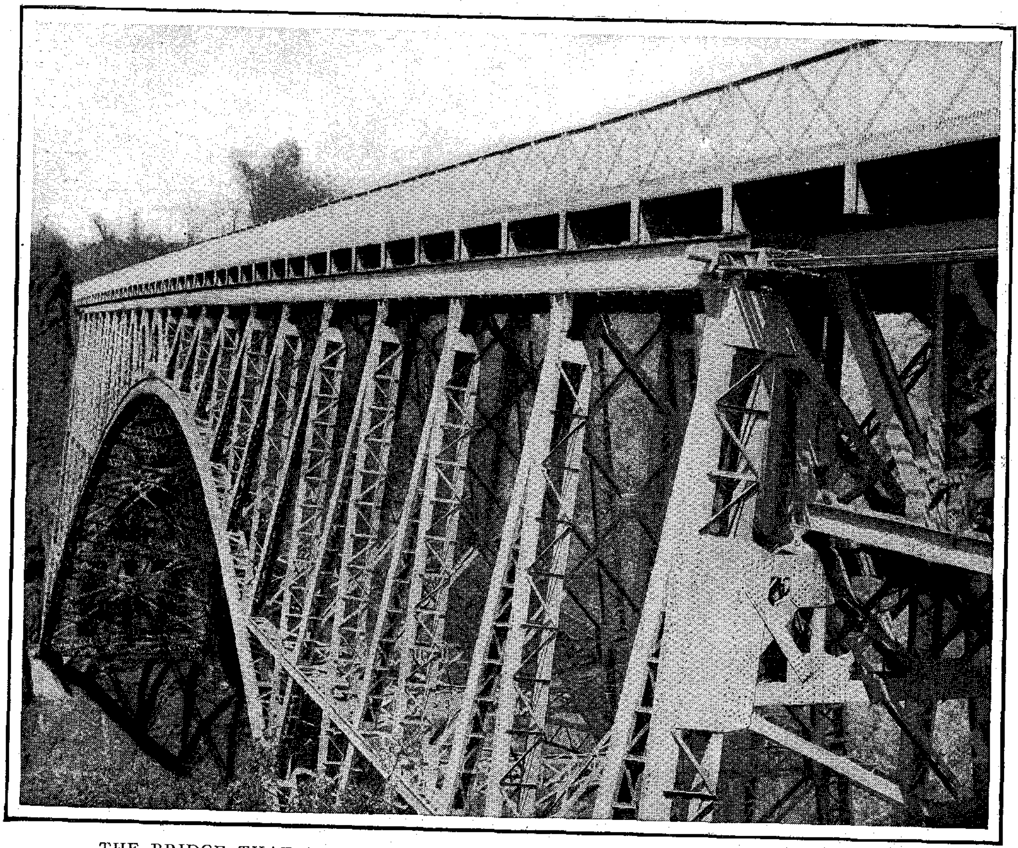
After dinner that night Rhodes strolled over to see a friend of Kimberley days, a Hebrew financier named Alfred Beit, in whom he found a sympathetic listener. As Rhodes took his hat to go, Beit casually remarked, "Look here, Rhodes, you'll want a start. Four and a half million pounds is a big sum to raise. We'll do half a million of it, Wernher [his partner] and I." That meant success. Though Ministers of the Crown turned a cold shoulder to the great imperialist who came to them with a great imperial enterprise, help came from two German Jews who had become naturalized Englishmen. The next day the City brought the total up to a million and a half, and within little more than a fortnight the entire four and a half millions were subscribed, the three names, Rhodes, Beit, and Wernher, being accepted by the man in the street as sufficient guarantee of success. It was in this fashion that Cecil Rhodes raised the money for another great stride in his railway march northwards.

By 1904 the road had progressed as far as the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, where it crosses the river on a wonderful steel arch bridge—the highest in the world—its span, looking for all the world like a frosted cobweb, rising 420 feet above the angry waters. "I want the bridge to cross the river so close to the Falls," directed Rhodes, "that the travelers will have the spray in their faces." "That is impossible," objected the British engineers. "What you ask cannot be done." "Then I will find some one who can do it," said Rhodes—and he did. The bridge was built by Americans; and as the Zambesi express rolls out above the torrent the passengers have to close the windows to keep from being drenched with spray. By 1906 the rail-head had been pushed forward to Broken Hill, a mining center in northern Rhodesia; three years later found it at Bwana M'kubwa, on the Congo border. Here the task of construction was taken up by the Katanga Railway Company, and in February of the present year freight and passenger trains were in operation straight through to Elisabethville, in the heart of the Belgian Congo, 2,316 miles north of Cape Town and only 280 miles from the southern end of Lake Tanganyika.

As you sit on the observation platform of your electric-lighted sleeping-car, anywhere along that section of the "Cape-to-Cairo" between Cape Town and the Zambesi, you rub your eyes incredulously as you watch the rolling, verdure-clad plains stretching away to the foot-hills of distant ranges, and you say to yourself, as you drink in the dry, champagne-like air, "There is some mistake; this cannot be Africa; surely I cannot be south of the Line. Where are the impenetrable forests and the reeking jungles and the naked savages and the blistering heat of which I have always heard? This is not Africa; this is the American West." And the illusion is completed by the people, for the only natives you see are careless, happy, decently clad darkies who might have come straight from the levees of Vicksburg or New Orleans, while on every station platform are groups of fine, bronze-faced, up-standing fellows in corded riding-breeches and brown boots, their flannel shirts open at the neck, their broad-brimmed hats cocked rakishly—just such types, indeed, as were common beyond the Mississippi twenty years ago, before store clothes and the motor car had spoiled the picturesqueness of our own frontier.

North of the Zambesi it is a different story, however, for there it is frontier still, with many of a frontier's drawbacks, for the prices of necessities are exorbitant and of comforts fantastic; skilled workmen can command almost any wages they please, and common labor is both scarce and poor. The miner, the scientifically trained farmer, and the skilled workman have rich opportunities in this quarter of Africa, however, for the mineral wealth is amazing, much of the soil is excellent, and civilization is advancing over a great area with three-league boots.

For excitement, variety, and picturesqueness I doubt if the journey through Barotseland and the Katanga district of the Congo can be equaled on any railway in the world. It is true that the Uganda Railway—which, by the way, does not touch Uganda at all—has been better advertised; but in quantity of game and facilities for hunting it, the territory through which it runs is no whit superior to that traversed by the "Cape-to-Cairo." The trip through Barotseland is more enlivening than any circus that ever put up canvas. All along the line are fields of corn—"mealies" they call it in South Africa—with rude towers atop of which a native sits constantly on guard to drive off the herds of wild pigs which raid the crops at night and the troops of baboons which descend upon them by day. Many of these baboons are



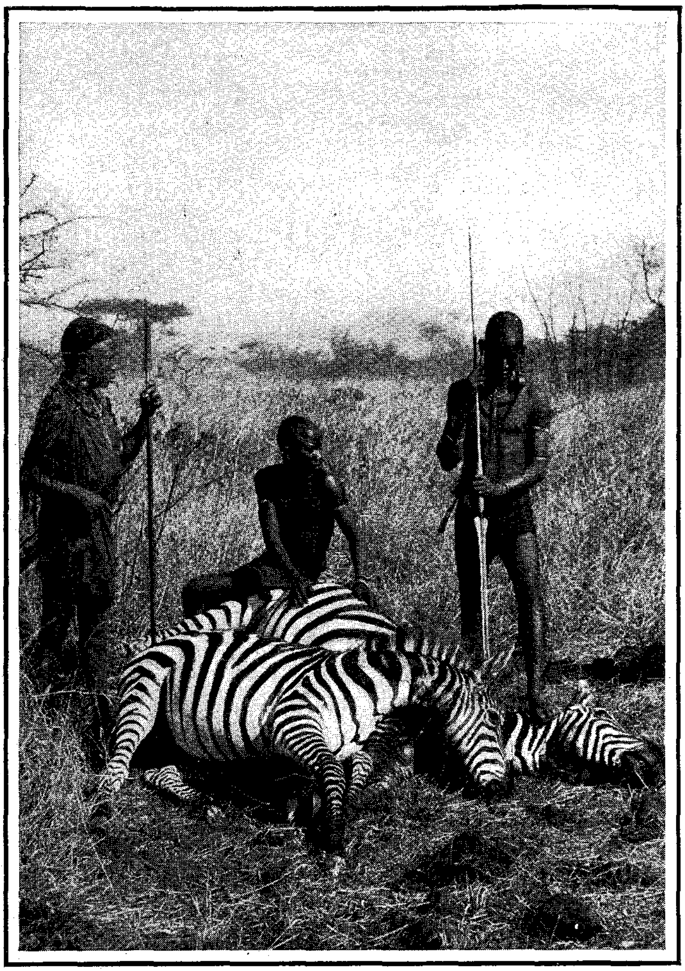
THE BRIDGE THAT SPANS THE GORGE OF THE ZAMBESI AT VICTORIA FALLS

This wonder of bridge-making is the work of American engineers. It is 420 feet high and 650 feet long, and passes so close to the falls that the passengers have to shut the windows to keep from being drenched with the spray

six feet high and weigh two hundred pounds, and there are few more extraordinary sights than seeing a score or more of them slipping away after raiding a farmer's corn-field and sweet-potato patch, their spoils tucked under their arms for all the world like so many school-boys.

Stroll three miles up or down the Zambesi from the railway bridge and you can see hippos as easily as you can at the Zoo in Central Park; in northwest Rhodesia herds of bush-buck, zebras, and ostriches scamper away at sight of the train; and as you lie in your sleeping-berth at night, while the train halts on lonely sidings, you can hear the roar of lions and see the gleam of the camp-fires with which the railway employees protect themselves. On one occasion, when our train was lying on a siding south of the Zambesi, the conductor of the dining-car suddenly exclaimed, "Look there, gentlemen—look over there!" His excitement was justified, for from over a screen of bushes, scarcely a biscuit's throw away, a herd of five giraffe craned their ridiculous necks and peered at us curiously. When I was traveling through northwest Rhodesia by the Zambesi Express, some months ago, our engine struck a bull elephant which had decided to contest the right of way. As the train was running at full speed, both engine and elephant were derailed. Returning that way some days later, we noted that the local station-master had scraped the gargantuan skull to the bone, filled it with earth, and set it on the station platform as a sort of jardinière to hold geraniums.

From the Cairo end, meanwhile, the northern section of the great transcontinental system was being pushed steadily, if slowly, southward. The difficulties of river transport experienced by the two Sudanese expeditions had proved conclusively that if the Sudan was ever to be opened up to European exploitation it must be by rail rather than by river. It was the Khalifa who was unconsciously responsible for the rapid completion of much of the Sudanese section of the



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TWO UNUSUALLY FINE SPECIMENS OF THE ZEBRA FOUND IN RHODESIA

"Cape-to-Cairo," for, in order to come to hand-grips with him, Kitchener and his soldiers pushed the railway down the desert to Khartum at record speed, laying close on two miles of track a day. There it halted for a number of years; but after the British had done their work, and Khartum had been transformed from a town of blood, lust, and fanaticism into a city with broad, shaded streets, under which stalks law and order in the khaki tunic of a Sudanese policeman, the railway-building fever, which affects some men as irresistibly as the *wanderlust* does others, took hold of Those Who Have the Say, and the line was again pushed southward, along the banks of the Blue Nile, to Sennar, 158 miles south of Khartum. With the completion, in 1910, of several iron bridges, it was advanced to Kosti, a post on the White Nile, and the close of the present year will find the rail-head at El Obeid, with the northern end of Lake Tanganyika some twelve hundred miles away.

That the near future will see the northern section extending southward, via Gondokoro, to Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the southern section northward to Lake Tanganyika, there is little doubt. Indeed, the plans are drawn, the routes mapped, the levels run, and on the Katanga-Tanganyika section the railway-builders are even now at work. But when the Victoria Nyanza has been reached by the one section, and Tanganyika by the other, there will come a halt, for between the two rail-heads there will still be six hundred miles of intervening territory—and that territory is German.

Unless, therefore, England can obtain, by hook or crook, a railway zone across German East Africa—such as we have obtained for the Canal across the Isthmus of Panama—it looks very much as though there would never be an "all red" railway from the Cape to Cairo, as though the life dream of Cecil John Rhodes would vanish into thin air. There are several reasons why Germany is not inclined to give England the much-desired right-of-way. First, because between the two nations a bitter rivalry, political and commercial, exists, and the Germans feel that already far too much of the continent is British; secondly, because the Germans are themselves building a railway to Lake Tanganyika, which will be completed by 1913, and by means of which they expect to divert to German East African ports the trade of all that portion of inner Africa from Rhodesia to the Sudan; thirdly, because it is unlikely in the extreme that England would give Germany such a *quid pro quo* as she would demand—as, for example, the cession of Walfish Bay, the British port in German Southwest Africa, and of the British protectorate of Zanzibar; fourthly, because the Germans have got the British in just such a predicament regarding the completion of the "Cape-to-Cairo" railway as the British recently had the Germans in regarding the completion of the Bagdad system—and Germans are enjoying the squirming of the Lion immensely.

That Germany is exceedingly anxious to acquire both Walfish Bay and Zanzibar, and that she stands ready to make almost any concession to obtain them, there is little doubt. The British harbor of Walfish Bay is a source of constant aggravation to the Germans, for it lies squarely in the middle of the German Southwest African coastline, its roomy roadstead and deep anchorage being in sharp contrast to the German port of Sandwich Harbor, which is being rapidly sanded up, and that of Swakopmund, an artificial harbor on which the Imperial Government has already thrown away several millions of marks. It is Zanzibar, however, that Germany is most eager to obtain, for that island's position adjacent to the mainland, from which it is separated by a channel less than thirty miles wide, and the advantages of its excellent harbor on the mainland side, mark it naturally as the chief commercial *entrepot* of East Africa, and the gate through which commerce, religion, and civilization are destined to open up the interior of the continent. Being about equidistant—some 2,400 miles—from India, the Cape, and the Canal, and controlling the line of cable communication with Mauritius and the great French possession of Madagascar, it affords a strategical position of immense importance as a naval base in the contingency of closing the Suez Canal in time of war.

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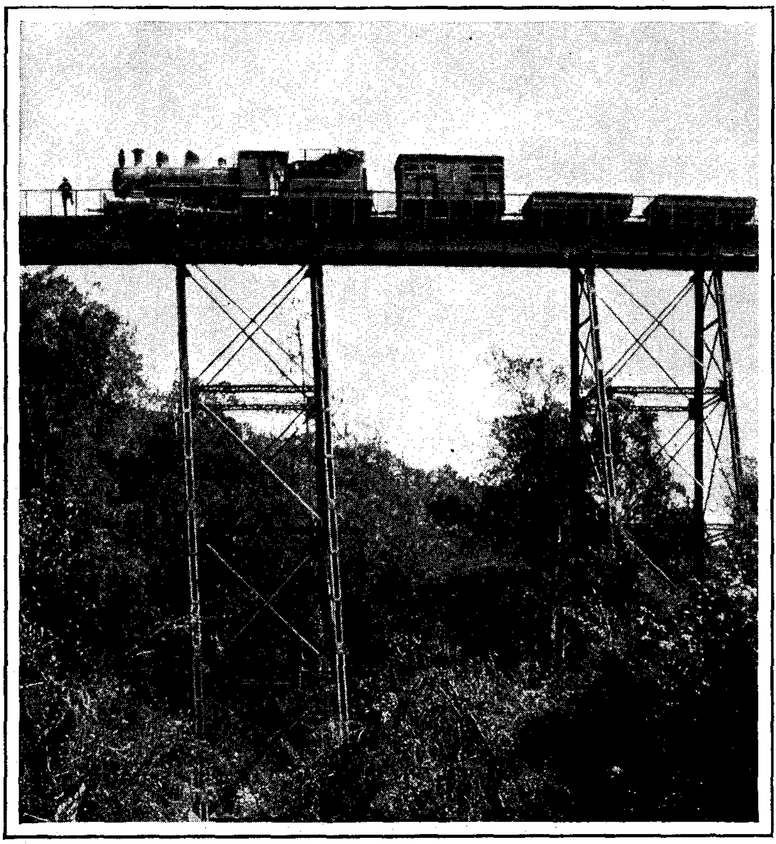
PAYING OFF CHILD LABORERS
NEAR THE LINE OF THE RAILWAY

That there will ever be an all-British railway from the Mediterranean to the Cape seems to me exceedingly doubtful, for the political, territorial, and financial obstacles are many, and not easily to be disposed of; but that the not far distant future will see the completion, under international auspices perhaps, of this great transcontinental trunk line seems to me to be as certain as that the locomotive sparks fly upward, as that the hoar-frost on the rails disappears before the sun. Rhodes always said that the success of such a system must largely depend on the junctions to the east and west coasts, which would affect such a line very much as tributary streams affect a river. A number of such tributary lines are already in operation, and others are rapidly building. Beginning at the north, the main line of the "Cape-to-Cairo" is tapped at Cairo by the railways



THE BRIDGE AND THE JUNGLE

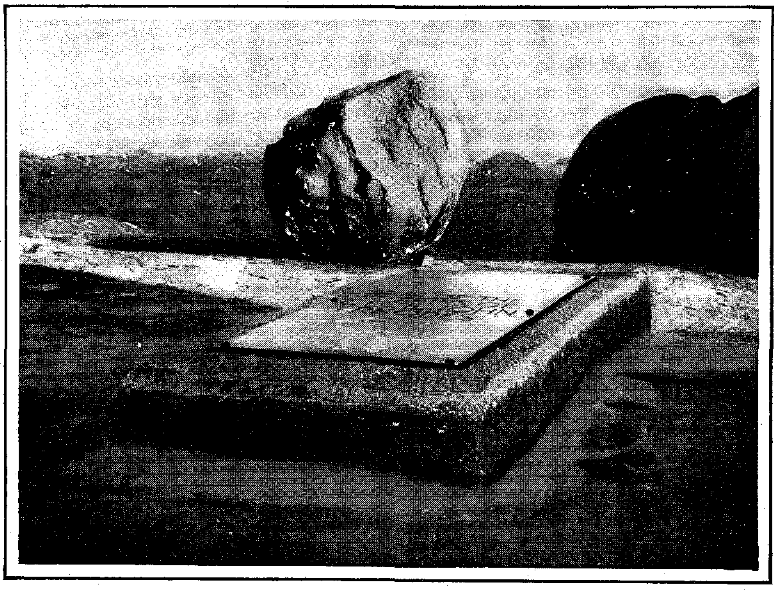
from Port Saïd and Suez; and at Atbara Junction, in the Sudan, a constantly increasing stream of traffic flows in over the line from Port Sudan, a newly built harbor on the Red Sea. The misnamed Uganda Railway is in regular operation between Mombasa on the Indian Ocean and Port Florence on the Victoria Nyanza, whence there is a steamer service to Entebbe, in Uganda. From Dar-es-Salaam, the up-to-the-minute capital of German East Africa, the Germans are rushing a railway through to Lake Tanganyika, the engineer-in-chief assuring me last spring that trains would be running through to Ujiji by the autumn of 1913. From Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, the Beira, Mashonaland, and Rhodesia Railway carries an enormous stream of traffic inland to its junction with the main line at Buluwayo. Still farther south, a line from the Portuguese colony of Delagoa Bay connects with the main system at Mafeking, on the borders of Bechuanaland, while Kimberley is the junction for a line from Durban, in Natal, and De Aar for feeders from East London and Port Elizabeth, in Cape of Good Hope.

From Swakopmund, on the other side of the continent, a railway has already been pushed nearly five hundred miles into the interior of German Southwest Africa, which will eventually link up with the "Cape-to-Cairo" in the vicinity of the Victoria Falls, running through German territory practically all the way. Still another line is being built inland from Lobito Bay in Angola (Portuguese West Africa) to join the "Cape-to-Cairo" system in the vicinity of the Congo border, about a quarter of its total length of 1,200 miles being completed. It is estimated that by means of this line the journey between England and the cities of the Rand will be shortened by at least six days. It will be seen, therefore, that the "Cape-to-Cairo" system will have eleven great feeders, eight of which are already completed and in operation, while all of the remaining four will be carrying freight and passengers not later than the autumn of 1914.

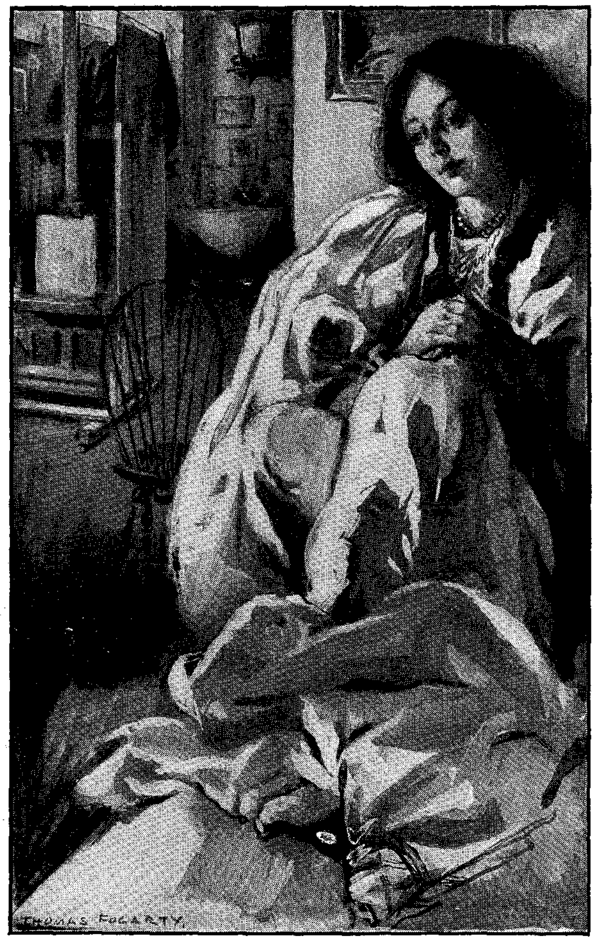
When the last rail of the "Cape-to-Cairo" is laid, and the last spike driven, its builders may say, without fear of contradiction, "In all the world no road like this." And in the nature of things it is impossible that there can ever be its like again, for there will be no more continents to open up, no more frontiers to conquer. It will start on the sandy shores of the Mediterranean and end under the shadow of Table Mountain. In between it will pass through jungle, swamp, and desert; it will zigzag across plains where elephants play by day and lions roar by night; and it will corkscrew up the slopes of snow-capped mountains.

The traveler who climbs into the Cape-to-

Cairo Limited at the Quay Station in Alexandria, in response to the conductor's cry of "All aboard! All aboard for Cape Town!" can lean from the window of his compartment as the train approaches Cairo and see the misty outlines of the Pyramids, those mysterious monuments of antiquity which were hoary with age when London was a cluster of mud huts and Paris was yet to be founded in the swamps beside the Seine; at Luxor he will pass beneath the shadow of ruined Thebes, a city beside which Athens and Rome are ludicrously modern; at Assuan he will catch a glimpse of the greatest dam ever built by man—a mile and a quarter long and built of solid masonry weighing a million tons—holding in check the waters of the longest river in the world; at Khartum, peering through the blue-glass windows which protect the passengers' eyes from the blinding sun-glare, he can see the statue of Gordon, seated on his bronze camel, peering northwards across the desert in search of the white helmets that came too late; at Entebbe his eyes will be dazzled by the shimmering waters of the Victoria Nyanza, barring Lake Superior the greatest of all fresh-water seas; at Ujiji he will see the black-and-white standard of Germany floating over the spot where Stanley, emerging from the jungle, lifted his helmet at sight of a gaunt, fever-stricken man and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I believe?" He will hold his breath in awe as the train shoots out over the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, for there will lie before him the mightiest cataract in the world—an unbroken sheet of falling, roaring, smoking water, as long as from the Grand Central Station to Union Square and two and a half times the height of the American Fall at Niagara; at Kimberley he will see the great pits in the earth which supply the women of the world with diamonds; in the outskirts of Johannesburg he will see the mountains of ore from which comes one-third of the gold supply of the world. And, finally, when his train has at last come to a halt under the glass roof of the Victoria Terminal in Cape Town, with close on six thousand miles of track behind it, the traveler, if he has any imagination and any appreciation in his soul, will make a little pilgrimage to that spot on the slopes of Table Mountain known as "World's View," where another statue of that same bulky, thick-set, shabbily clad man, this time guarded by many British lions, stares northward over Africa. He will take his stand in front of that mighty memorial and, lifting his hat, will say, "You, sir, were a great man, the greatest this benighted continent has ever known, and if one day it is transformed into a land of civilization, of peace, and of prosperity, it will be due, more than anything else, to the great iron highway, from the Nile's mouth to the continent's end, which is the fulfillment of your dream."



THE GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES IN THE MATOPO HILLS, RHODESIA



The Lady Poverty

A Christmas Story

By
Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

With Drawings by
Thomas Fogarty

I—THE GOLDEN ROOM

CHRISTMAS Eve, when things are permitted to happen, when just men in love with the God of Life are apt to meet with marvelous doings, five people were booked for a smiling adventure destined to be accomplished before sunrise.

It all began three months before with John S. Adam, the Man with the Scraggly Beard. Too often without food, thinner every day, he toiled at his masterpiece. He climbed the stair with pots of common brown paint, gray paint, green paint. A little later he carried to his room ordinary fabrics of a saffron hue. Various other simple things he carried there, and the afternoon before Christmas he was adding the last little touch which completed the glorious design of a most uncommon room. He was putting gold leaf here and there. Such was his skill that one could not tell where the luster ended and paint and fabric began.

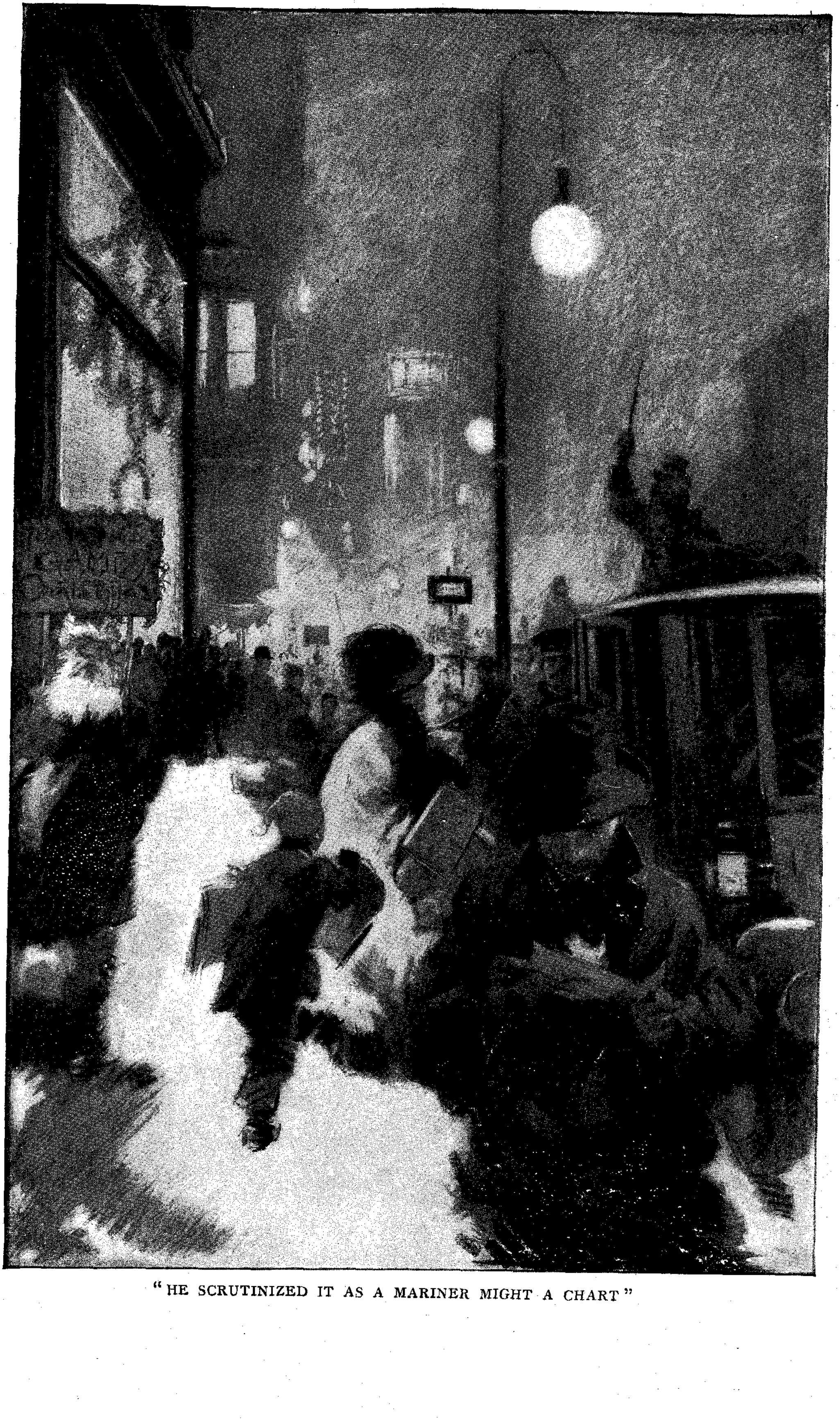
He had organized the place into a sort of shrine. In the heart of the arrangement, where one's eyes first rested, he fixed an empty picture frame. The painting for this frame was in his closet. Every day he would take it out and retouch it.

On the far side of the room was a couch—strange sleeping-place for a man with famished jaws. Coverlid and tassel and framework were golden gray, and seemed embroidered with jewels. One would not have known the place or century except for the variety of squalor outside.

Scraggly-Beard had just pawned his watch. He owed a month's room-rent. In his pocket rattled thirty-five cents, not his.

Why should a man with holes in his shoes secure the unstable consent of an irritable landlord to make his dwelling like this?

The solution of the mystery comes not in one sentence, but the whole tale.



"HE SCRUTINIZED IT AS A MARINER MIGHT A CHART"

II—"THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS"

Late in the afternoon Scraggly-Beard locked his room and descended to the street door. He looked out. It was a mild Christmas, with one or two snowflakes every half-hour.

Scraggly-Beard took from his pocket a crackling document. It was pocket-worn, evidently consulted many times. He scrutinized it as a mariner might a chart. Seemingly advised by this instrument, he steered his course north by northwest. He had intended to stop at a butcher-shop, but was seduced by a second-hand book-store. He found a good-as-new copy of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" for thirty-five cents. It was not his thirty-five cents, but he bought the book.

He reached a quarter of town even ranker than his own. He mounted four flights of stairs.

At the top of the fourth flight sat a girl enveloped in an Indian blanket. Her curling hair hung over her breast half braided. Every strand thereof was magnetic. In the midst of its soft blackness her face was a pale, starved flower.

There were the rattle and glint of spangles somewhere. He put his hat on her head, pulled half the blanket over him, and gave her a brotherly sort of an embrace.

She no more than endured his kindness. She asked: "Where is the beefsteak? I want my thirty-five-cent beefsteak." He produced "The Little Flowers," saying: "I bring you spiritual meat. This is Christmas Eve."

They were in her room by now. On his knees, where he looked as much at home as in a chair, he begged her to read a certain delectable chapter. It is the one that tells "How St. Francis and Friar Masseo placed the bread which they had begged upon a stone hard by a fountain, and St. Francis praised Poverty much. Thereafter he prayed God and St. Peter and St. Paul to cause him to be enamored of Holy Poverty; and how St. Peter and St. Paul appeared to him."

She spoke with a mixture of grandeur and exasperation, "Do you think I can eat a book?"

"A prophet did once."

"I am not a prophet."

"No; but you are Clara March, the prophetess."

For this flattery she forgave him. She read the chapter with luxurious sweetness. The latter half of the extract begins in this wise:

"St. Francis said, 'Companion mine, let us go to St. Peter and St. Paul and pray them that they will teach us and aid us to possess the immeasurable treasure of Most Holy Poverty. For she is a treasure so surpassing and so divine that we are not worthy to possess it in our most vile vessels: For this is that celestial virtue whereby all earthly things and transitory are trodden underfoot, and every barrier is removed which might hinder the soul from freely uniting itself with the eternal God. This is that virtue which enableth the soul, while yet on earth, to hold converse in heaven with the angels; this is she who bare Christ company on the cross, with Christ was buried, with Christ was raised again, and with Christ ascended into heaven; who even in this life grants to the souls which are enamored of her nimbleness to fly to heaven, seeing it is she who guards the weapons of true humility and charity. Therefore pray we the most holy Apostles of Christ, who were perfect lovers of this evangelical pearl, that they may beg this grace for us . . . to be true lovers, observers, and humble disciples of Most Precious, Most Beloved, and Evangelical Poverty.'"

III—MODERN FRANCISCANS

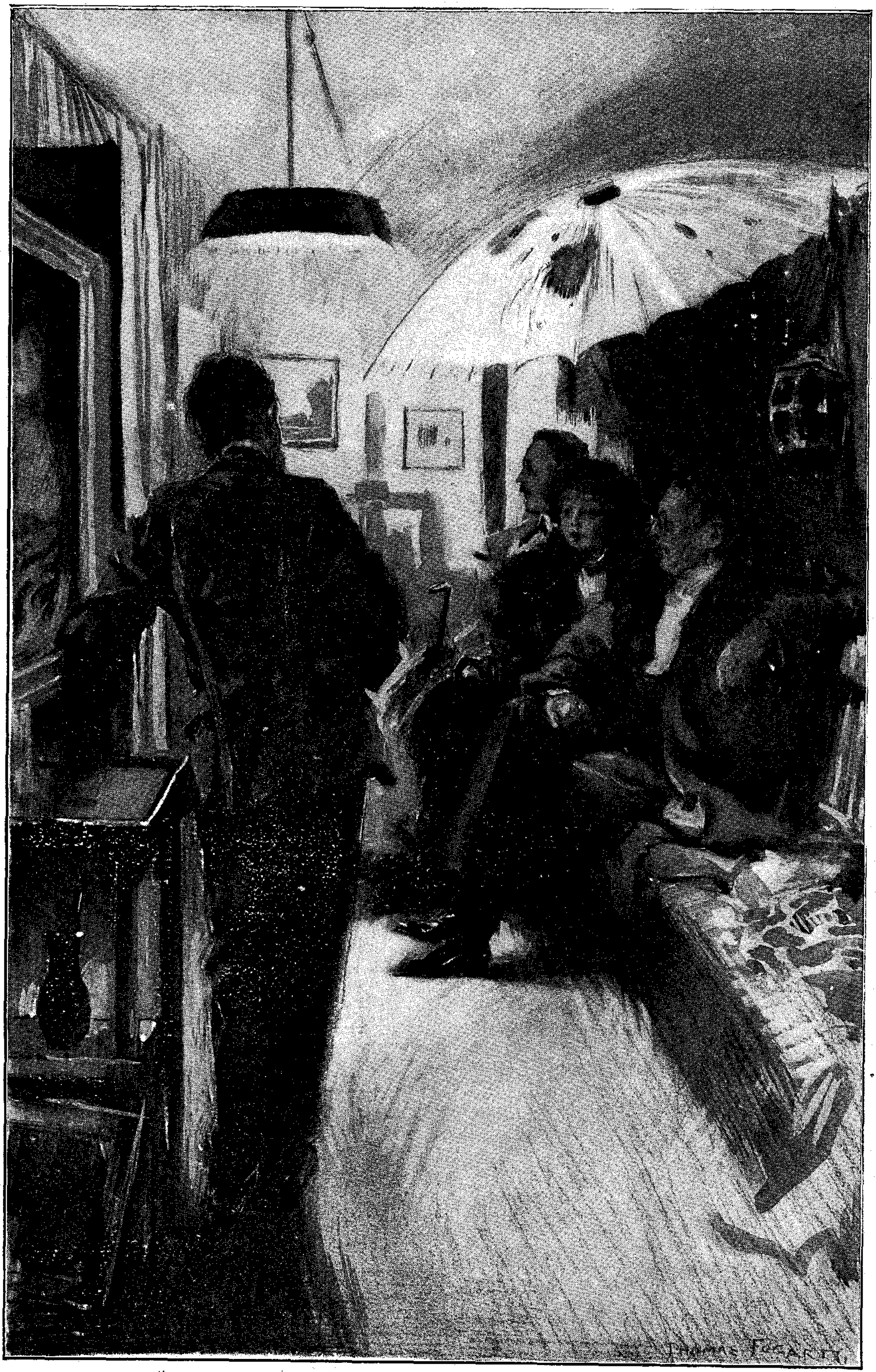
After this she spread a red tablecloth on a box that was turned over on its side and jammed with paints and canvas. She opened the door of her cooking-closet, that kept the room from being too close quarters. High on the shelf, above the big gas stove, were her books. She put "St. Francis" between "Romola" and "Hypatia."

She fried potatoes, made toast, and then found crackers and dates. They ate, and pretended to reasonable contentment. Yet they both thought of that lost beefsteak with a touch of human longing.

The girl curled up on the window-sill. It was a kind of playhouse for her, it was so broad and big. Here she slept in her blanket at night, and here looking out by day was her chief cure for hunger.

She said, without glancing round: "I was glad when you turned up yesterday. Do you realize that you had not been here since you painted my portrait three months ago? I was afraid you were tired of climbing the stairway of the Lady of Shalott."

He had always called her "the Lady of Shalott."


THOMAS FOGARTY

"HE HAD ALWAYS CALLED HER 'THE LADY OF SHALOTT'"

"I have a new name for you—pray consider it your Christmas gift—'the Lady Poverty.'"

He looked upon her for the second time in his life with eyes of complete and perfect desire. The first time was the day he began her portrait.

On the street, in the art school, with her hair properly coiled and her spangles under a black shawl, she was dingy but respectable. Now all her glory shone. One necklace was of beads like giant gooseberries. She used to say for a solemn joke that they were a sign that she was a goose for not going back to Arizona. There was a lucky penny, a gold watch, and a wilderness of spangles. And, oh, the gypsy embroideries on skirt and waist!

Half a dozen years had passed since she came to the city, a premature soul of seventeen. After a long time she learned to draw well enough to make a basis for her always successful color schemes. She became an art school prize-winner just often enough to keep her at the top of the magic stair and to harden her heart against Arizona.

All her circle brought her beeksteaks to cook, coats to mend, pictures to criticise. She was Queen of a serious Bohemia. Some of her allies had married recently, three or four had become plain business men, and she was getting a little lonely. She and Scraggly-Beard had not so much as whispered a word of desire to each other in their lives. He neglected her for long periods, yet once in a season he had stolen a few kisses on the stair, and no other in her circle had ever so ventured on her augustness. She was cold to him, and merely allowed it.

The girl had made it her ruling passion to collect the earliest works of those for whom she prophesied glory. Her walls were covered by brilliant color-compositions of beginners. They called her dwelling the Rainbow Room. Several artists, so great that they are famous in Paris and forgotten in America, count it the first day of their lives when their work was tacked to her wall.

The Man with the Scraggly Beard had nothing there. He had never produced work quite good enough. He was an unsuccessful novelist also.

This fall he had landed a prize at last—at the National Exhibition. It was painted in this attic, a portrait of this girl in her window, with these glowing compositions around her and the stars outside. It was good in character and color. In a technical way it was a little shaky. She spoke of it patronizingly.

To-night Adam said: "I am hungry for three things." She sat very straight, and looked at him with solemn roguery. "First, I am hungry to have you think I am a great painter."

"Now, Adam, do not force me to be unkind."

"Secondly, I am hungry to have you approve of a sort of Chart of Life I have—a symbolical drawing; I will bring it as soon as you conclude I am an artist."

"Bring it, anyway." She spoke with ardent, well-meant condescension. "Why didn't you bring it to-day?"

(He did not say it was now crackling in his pocket.)

"Thirdly, I want a beefsteak for you; for I see you are very hungry, and I know I am."

She tried to be stern. "Adam, I think you are the most unstable character in the United States. After all the 'St. Francis' we have read this evening—" But her voice trembled a little.

He rose. He shook his finger at her, as a teacher might at a child. "It's no use for you to try to act. The mask of years has fallen. When I said beefsteak, you looked a mile happier in spite of yourself."

She bent humbly. "Yes, I was greedy for it when you came to-night. I feel as though I never wanted to be hungry again. I don't understand myself giving up so."

"I swear, by all the gods of Egypt," said Scraggly-Beard, bowing with ostentation in the door, "I will bring you a beefsteak before midnight."

"Very well," said the sibyl. "Mrs. Sniff has one virtue as a landlady. She is always up at that hour."

IV—THE QUEST OF THE BEEFSTEAK

He dashed down the street. In an hour he was walking back and forth in front of his own stair. He took out the crisp document which he had consulted in that place before. It did not seem to get him anywhere.

His jaunty air had evaporated. He said: "I don't blame her. I'm just beast-hungry myself. I feel as though I am about to steal."

Aforetime he had found in his soul many humorous tricks to get something to eat which comported with honesty. But he was exhausted from the long decorating of his room.

Later, he might as well have been anywhere else—it was just a happy Christmas chance—but he was across from St. Patrick's Cathedral. He had a vague notion of interesting one of the passing Fifth Avenue citizens.

"What is the big card on the cathedral door?" he asked himself. He ambled across. Almost over, he was really obliged to dodge an automobile. He stumbled down to hands and knees on the sidewalk, barking his shins on the curb. The machine stopped.

The unsuccessful novelist rose mightier than he fell, for somewhere between the auto and the sidewalk he found the beefsteak idea. He hobbled elaborately, as he had seen a tramp do under similar circumstances in a moving-picture show. The automobilist followed with the usual apologies. Scraggly-Beard went on reading the sign out loud, "'No midnight mass. First mass at 4:30, Christmas morning.'" Then he turned to the automobilist with wide-eyed indifference. That gentleman had been saying: "I'll make it all right. Get in. Are you much hurt?"

"You have wrecked my train of thought."

They introduced themselves. The automobilist was named Frank Van Zandt. Neither supposed the other a person of consequence, though on the same day last fall one had appeared in the financial columns of a great daily, the other held considerable space in the art section.

Young Van Zandt introduced the occupants of the car—his father and sister. Miss Van Zandt did not catch Adam's name, but did not ask for it again.

"Sister, what does one give an utter stranger whose train of thought has been wrecked?"

"A jolly evening, I should say." Christmas was in her voice.

Well under the fur robes, the weak, shivering John S. Adam should have led the conversation directly to the steak. How could he have forgotten?

He knew he looked like a cat pulled out of an ash-barrel. Yet he presumed to turn his back upon his past and aspire to the hand of this beautiful and conventional woman.

Her father was a minister of the Gospel, he observed. The sooner, then, the knot was tied the better. Novelists are quick for plots.

Some folk have native dignity written on their brows. She was the type of whom a young reporter would write with bated breath in his first society novel. Her father had the condescending Christianity of Fifth Avenue.

Adam with the Scraggly Beard spoke to the company as a whole: "You can square yourselves by entertaining me in such a way that I shall be in a mood for mass at 4:30. Then bring me back to the cathedral door."

"You are a Catholic?" she asked.

If Adam wanted to go courting, he took a strange path.

"Lady," said he, "I will tell you the story of my life. In my twentieth year I was sent out to seek my fortune. Bidding my parents tenderly good-by, I came to New York. They had early impressed upon me the necessity of sound business habits. I began by sleeping on park benches at night, with newspapers wrapped round me for blankets. Getting bread is a mere detail when one has lodging. I will skip the summer and autumn. In winter one cannot sleep on park benches. Then one learns to walk the streets all night, and in the early morning go into the cathedral and sleep in an attitude of devotion. One must wake up every so often and read the prayer-book that one finds in the pew."

Scraggly-Beard grew graver. "When good fortune comes, as it has come to me of late, one remembers the cathedral door as a sign of welcome and rest, and one learns in happy hours to enter and meditate. The mystery of the Host and the glory of the mass become a habit, then a delight; and the habit of reading Franciscan literature, contracted during the hours of poverty, keeps one a sort of devotee from another standpoint."

The eager girl could hardly wait for him to close. "Brother and I are out for our Christmas adventures. You are our first. How do you like being an adventure?"

Scraggly-Beard thought her rather frivolous, and decided he would not marry her, after all.

The minister asked, "Then you are practically a Romanist?"

"I have never had a religious conversation with a priest in my life. I have two religions. The most important is the worship of Beauty, the other is the worship of Lady Poverty."

"Excuse my curiosity," said young Van Zandt, "what are your recent good fortunes?"

"To be frank," said Scraggly-Beard, completely in his element, for, after all, he loved to astound strangers, "I am a great painter. If you will come to my studio—as a Christmas adventure, we will say—you shall see my latest triumph."

So he took the three to his lair. They sat on the edge of the gold couch, breathless with climbing, and more breathless with astonishment.

"Well," said the young woman, "it *is* a triumph. I respect you very much, Mr.—er— But does your landlord pay you for fixing things up like this?"

"I don't mean the room," said Scraggly-Beard. "I mean this portrait. It has already won a prize, but I doubt if I will ever get through retouching it." He put it into the frame, in the heart of the shrine. "This," said he, "is Lady Poverty. I learned to paint her while I was lodging in the park and the cathedral."

The minister wanted to know the amount of the prize, but hesitated to ask.

"Poverty doesn't wear spangles," said young Van Zandt.

"This is a portrait of a real person," answered Scraggly-Beard.

While the minister asked fool questions about the color scheme Miss Van Zandt whispered to her brother: "I am trying to think who she is. It seems to me I ought to know about this picture."

The minister thought he would take a liberty and venture a joke.

"Isn't your true Franciscan wedded to poverty?"

It was a light question, but it has an extraordinary influence upon this story. The novelist resumed the main thread of his plot, and the crisis of his romance came upon him, as it were.

He sat down, as though overwhelmed by the issue. He said:

"I am not even engaged to her. If you will come with me and cheer me along, I will do what I can to persuade her to marry me to-night. You must do me the Christmas favor to perform the ceremony at once, and without a fee."

"I should think," said the minister, "that you would prefer your preliminary consultation alone."

"I will risk the embarrassment," said Adam. "It's now or never."

Young Van Zandt put his hat on his head at a rakish angle, and said: "I am curious to see this man, who has persuaded us to risk our necks in an ungodly lodging-house, persuade a lady to a little thing like marriage."

"The art of this enterprise," said Adam, as he led the bewildered company downstairs, "is to propose to the lady before witnesses, courageously, yet in such a way as not to violate her susceptibilities."

"And at the same time get her," said young Van Zandt.

"I think," said Miss Van Zandt, as they climbed into the machine, "there must be some trick. Hasn't she given you a tacit promise?"

"I will commission you to find that out before I begin," said their guide.

Half-way there, Scraggly-Beard stood up in the auto and unnecessarily shook his fist at the stars. "The beefsteak, the beefsteak!" he squealed. "I have clean forgotten the beefsteak."

Young Van Zandt laughed like a man drunk. "Here you have been preaching poverty," he said, "and now you yell for meat."

"Man, do you want me to propose to a hungry girl? She must be cheerful if I am to have any chance."

So they found a raw beefsteak for him by paying two prices at a fashionable restaurant.

"She will prove she is Lady Poverty by the fastidious way she cooks it," said Scraggly-Beard.

Miss Van Zandt insisted on bread, butter, and a few other non-essentials. "Ah," she gurgled, "to think we are going to have another adventure!"

Scraggly-Beard directed them to the exceedingly dubious barracks where the muse from Arizona lived. The landlady swore at them in a good-humored way as she opened the street door. She was clutching a bottle.

The Van Zandts followed Scraggly-Beard up the stairs with shaking confidence. The girl crept under her brother's arm. He put his hand on his hip pocket. The minister's nerve was breaking. "This is criminal folly," he was saying, when the lady from Arizona opened her door. She was not astonished. She had made welcome many and various pilgrims in her day.

Young Van Zandt completely lost himself. Her curls made him into a fool before a word was said. And Miss Van Zandt fluttered around her before the introductions were over, saying: "Why, now I know who you are! You are Clara March. Papa, the picture was not Lady Poverty at all. It is that one Macbeth tried to buy, 'The Girl in the Rainbow Room.' "

"Yes," said Scraggly-Beard. "I have been trying half the evening to induce you to guess that I am John S. Adam, and she is Clara March."

The Van Zandts' attitude changed from Christmas license to all-the-year-round respect. I have called Adam unsuccessful. But the Van Zandts were conceited enough to suppose that any artist their friends talked about had arrived.

Scraggly-Beard thrust the beefsteak into the hands of the sibyl. It was a quarter of an hour before midnight.

V—THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

The sibyl took on an exhilaration that carried all before it. Not many can cook an enormous beefsteak, entertain three strangers, and lay a tiny table with exquisite hospitality. But the sibyl had done this many times in her life. She was a little weak in body, but an adept. She put lawlessness and fantasy into the air.

After an ornate grace by the clergyman, they wished each other "Merry Christmas." As the meal went on a dozen mutual acquaintances were discovered. They grew extraordinarily intimate in the way in which they discussed the absent. It was rash, of course, but people are not responsible for their tongues after midnight at a feast. Miss Van Zandt was gathering courage for her part of the preposterous bargain with Adam. It seemed almost reasonable now. Could she discover how Miss March stood toward him?

Young Van Zandt cut the Gordian knot. In the midst of a lull he said: "Isn't this a sort of—er—" he tried to draw back, then plunged forward—"isn't this a sort of—er—announcement supper?"

Scraggly-Beard held up his hands in a humorous attempt to shield himself as Miss March rose in her place, utterly astonished. All her gentle intimacy dropped from her like a cloak. She looked very much the Stranger from Arizona, and spoke in that tongue, pointing her wrathful finger straight at Adam, "Did he tell you that *I* was engaged to *him?*"

They heard a noise in the hall, and blessed their stars. Then the door flew open. The landlady stood there cursing and blinking, but in a fair good humor. She shook her bottle at them.

"I s'pose," she said, "that you will be quiet about six o'clock in the morning."

Adam spoke with serious dignity. "I am sorry we are all so drunk to-night." He said it more to the sibyl than to the landlady. Then he added to the landlady, most resolutely, "Will you lend us your parlor for half an hour?"

"Certainly, if I can come too."

Meanwhile Miss Van Zandt drew the sibyl into the deep window, kissed her, and whispered again Adam's mysterious apology, "I am sorry we are all so drunk to-night." Miss Van Zandt was in a tremble of delight. Women are always foolish about weddings. And she felt that Clara March was not staying as angry as she wanted to stay. While they both looked at the stars, Miss Van Zandt said:

"This morning you are going from the Rainbow Room to the Golden Room."

"What is the Golden Room?" asked the sibyl. She tried to speak coldly.

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard of the Golden Room Mr. Adam made, where your picture hangs?"

"*Mr. Adam!*" the sibyl called.

Adam was explaining the compositions on the walls, in a tense way, to the landlady and the men.

"Mr. Adam, what have you been doing with my portrait? What is your Golden Room? What do you mean by these secrets? Tell me *instantly.*" She stamped her foot.

"Now," said Adam, "if you gentlemen will explain to Miss Van Zandt the names of the artists and their works, I will retire into the window with this lady and answer her questions. I have in my pocket a plan of the Golden Room which she may like to see."

The Van Zandts, in an agony of self-consciousness, pretended to go through the pictures while the resolute Adam took from his pocket the worn and crackling document he had consulted through various parts of this tale. He spread it before the sibyl. Her dark hair fell all about it. There was a two-minute silence.

The sibyl spoke in a non-committal voice: "Is this the Diagram of Life you spoke of this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Adam.

Then there was a longer pause.

Something finally happened, for Scraggly-Beard said, "Turn around, everybody. Come and see the plan." He spread it proudly on the table.

"Why, it's a marriage license!" said Miss Van Zandt, utterly surprised.

"To be sure," said the landlady.

The sibyl's eyes grew wider and wider. She sat alone on her window-sill, looking silently at the whole company a long time. Then she rose.

"These are my bridesmaids," she said, as she put her arms around the two women and went downstairs with them, all three sniffling a little.

The landlady hid her bottle in the hall.

What is a man at a wedding? A mere nuisance. Miss Van Zandt carried herself grandly in that dim parlor. The landlady wiped her mouth on her apron and stood pretty straight. As for the bride, she was glowing. All brides are. That is part of the ceremony.

The preacher is, of course, to be mentioned in the report. He was one of the most fashionable in New York.

. . . .

"You must have a wedding trip," said young Van Zandt. So the party made a tour of Manhattan.

"*Where* is this Golden Room?" asked the bride. "*What* is this Golden Room?"

"We must go to church first," said Adam.

Van Zandt steered for Fifth Avenue, and to St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was 4:40 A.M. Here Scraggly-Beard wished his friends a merry Christmas and bade them an emphatic good-morning.

And the two went in to mass.

The Voyage of the Wee Red Cap

By Ruth Sawyer

With Drawings by J. Conacher

IT was dusk hour, the night of St. Stephen, when Michael Hegarty's Dan came running, breathless, from the cross-roads. He stopped at each cabin in Killymard, opened the door, and, putting a small freckled face to the crack, he shouted:

"We're to be havin' the *ceilidhe* this night. Cathal MacBrian is over from Glenties with a tongue full o' tales. The griddle bread is mixin', an' mother says, will ye come?"

So are the neighbors gathered together around one hearthside in Ireland for story-telling on the long winter evenings. Night comes at four, and hands that have not been idle from early planting to late harvesting are folded at last. Hunger often lies close to the threshold, and great loneliness for those who have gone beyond the hills. But it is better not to be thinking. And a tale well told drives both hunger and loneliness before it.

Christmas is not kept among the cabins of Ireland; therefore there was no feast-making, no trimming of trees or hanging of stockings, in Killymard that night. Only the turf was piled more plentifully on the fire; and if, by chance, a shilling or half-crown lay hidden in a crack in the chimney-corner, it was dug out to buy food for whoever might come knocking at the door. For every cabin remembers it is the night when the Holy Mother found no room at the inn, and the hill people lovingly keep the law that forbids any stranger being turned away from their doors or hand going empty that asks for bread.

The cross-roads cabin was full when Con, the old tinker, pushed the door open and looked in timidly.

"I'm thinkin' there's no room for me—" he said, hesitating.

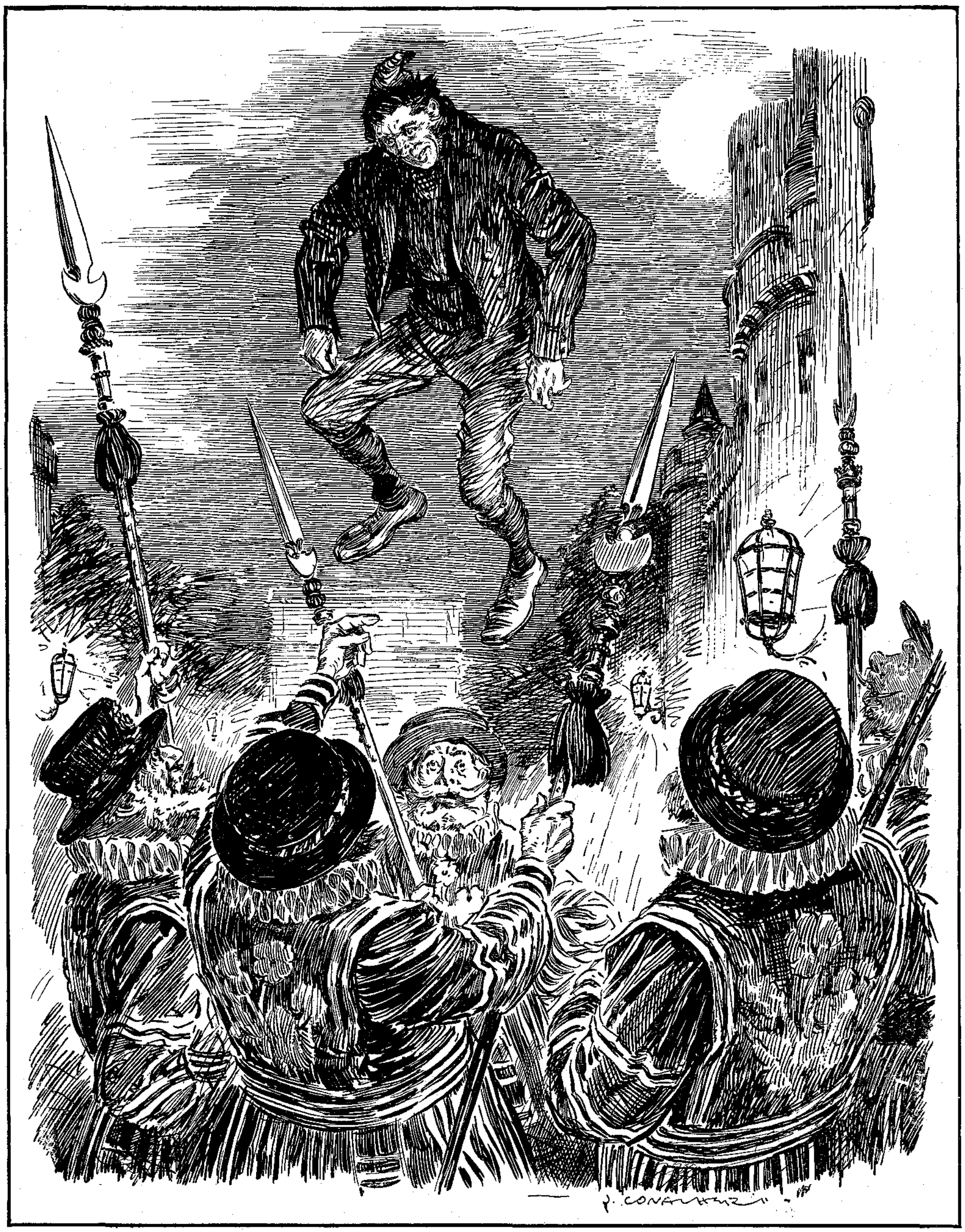
"I'm thinkin' there is," answered Michael, pushing his own chair farther from the hearth and tilting Dan from off the creepy-stool. "Did ye come far?"

"Aye, from the Gap. I've been thrampin' since dawn."

"Why didn't ye ride?" asked one of the lads, good-humoredly.

"Why didn't ye borrow a stalk of the *bouchailin buidhe* from the fairies an' fly hither on it?" another laughed.

"Aye, or ye might have looked undther



UP AND OVER THE HEADS OF THE DUMFOUNDED GUARDS HE FLEW

a blackthorn bush for the fairies' red cap; 'twould have brought ye fasther."

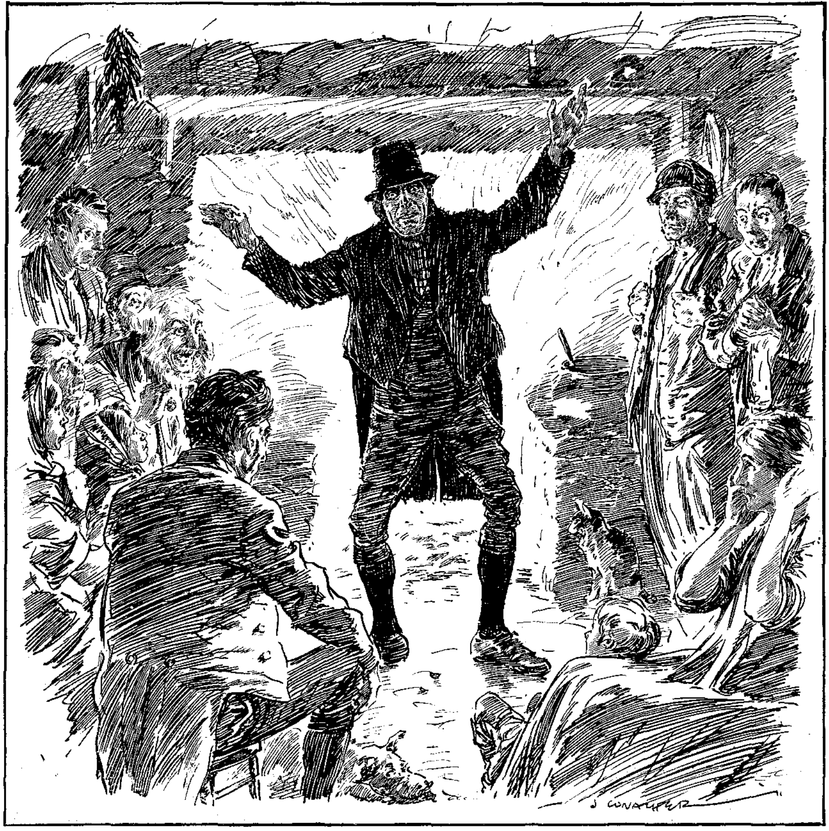
Con smiled back at the raillery. "If I'd had the wee red cap, it isn't here I'd have wished myself, meanin' no disrespect to Misther Hegarty."

"Where would ye have gone?" Michael asked, kindly.

"Thravelin'. I've heard it said by them that knows that there be wondtherful doin's in other countries on St. Stephen's Night; an' I'd be seein' them."

Then it was that Cathal MacBrian knocked the ashes from his pipe, and, leaning over, he put a fresh armful of turf on the fire. A long, contented sigh of expectancy hummed through the cabin—a tale was coming!

"Did ye ever hear Thomas, the smith o'



THE SPELL THAT CATHAL CAST ABOUT HIS LISTENERS

Tyrconnell, tell what happened to his great-uncle Teig on St. Stephen's Night?"

Not a soul answered. This is an unwritten law among the hill people, and you will rarely find it broken. Michael Hegarty epitomized it once: "No matther how well ye are knowin' the tale, ye must never say that ye've heard it before. It spoils the charm o' the tellin'; an', like as not, ye'll lose a new turn to it that ye'll be glad of yourself some day."

"The way of it was this—" began Cathal.

A hush settled on the cabin; and out of the firelight, the snapping of turf, the moaning of wind in the chimney, and the rustle of thatch was woven the spell that Cathal cast about his listeners, so that no one stirred until he had finished. And then he turned to me:

"Now ye have a tale to take back with ye. Maybe ye'll find it worth the tellin'; for I've heard it said there be closed doors even in America."

It was the night of St. Stephen, and Teig sat alone by his fire with naught in his cupboard but a pinch of tea and a bare mixing of meal, and a heart inside of him as soft and warm as the ice on the water-bucket outside the door. The turf was near burnt on the hearth—a handful of golden cinders left, just; and Teig took to counting them greedily on his fingers.

"There's one, two, three, an' four an' five," he laughed. "Faith, there be more bits o' real gold hid undther the loose clay in the corner."

It was the truth; and it was the scraping and scrooching for the last piece that had left Teig's cupboard bare of a Christmas dinner.

"Gold is betther nor eatin' an' dthrinkin'. An' if ye have naught to give, there'll be naught asked of ye;" and he laughed again.

He was thinking of the neighbors, and the doles of food and piggins of milk that would pass over their thresholds that night to the vagabones and paupers who were sure to come begging. And on the heels of that thought followed another: who would be giving old Barney his dinner? Barney lived a stone's throw from Teig, alone, in a wee tumbled-in cabin; and for a score of years past Teig had stood on the doorstep every Christmas Eve, and, making a hollow of his two hands, had called across the road:

"Hey, there, Barney, will ye come over for a sup?"

And Barney had reached for his crutches—there being but one leg to him—and had come.

"Faith," said Teig, trying another laugh, "Barney can fast for the once; 'twill be all the same in a month's time." And he fell to thinking of the gold again.

A knock came at the door. Teig pulled himself down in his chair where the shadow would cover him, and held his tongue.

"Teig, Teig!" It was the widow O'Donnelly's voice. "If ye are there, open your door. I have not got the pay for the spriggin' this month, an' the childher are needin' food."

But Teig put the leash on his tongue, and never stirred till he heard the tramp of her feet going on to the next cabin. Then he saw to it that the door was tight barred. Another knock came, and it was a stranger's voice this time:

"The other cabins are filled; not one but has its hearth crowded; will ye take us in—the two of us? The wind bites mortal sharp, not a morsel o' food have we tasted this day. Masther, will ye take us in?"

But Teig sat on, a-holding his tongue; and the tramp of the strangers' feet passed down the road. Others took their place—small feet, running. It was the miller's wee Cassie, and she called out as she ran by:

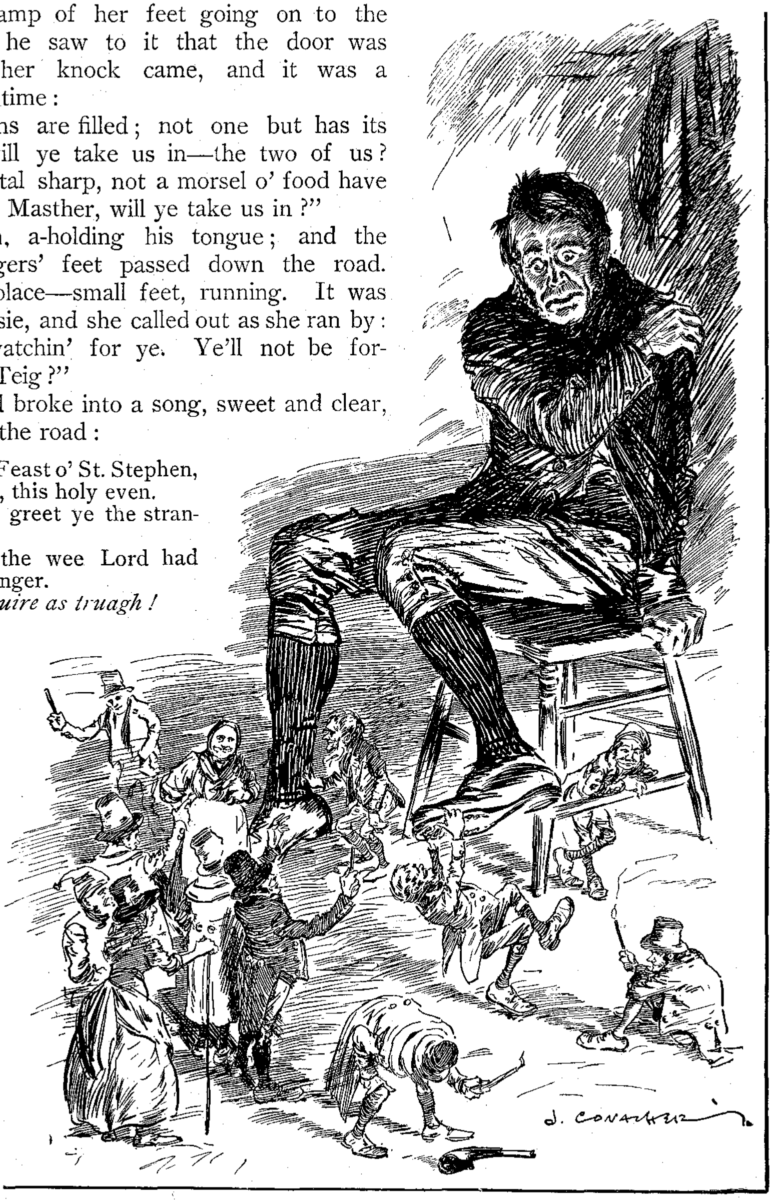
"Old Barney's watchin' for ye. Ye'll not be forgettin' him, will ye, Teig?"

And then the child broke into a song, sweet and clear, as she passed down the road:

"Listen all ye, 'tis the Feast o' St. Stephen,
Mind that ye keep it, this holy even.
Open your door an' greet ye the stranger—
For ye mind that the wee Lord had naught but a manger.
Mhuire as truagh!

Feed ye the hungry an' rest ye the weary,
This ye must do for the sake of Our Mary.
'Tis well that ye mind—ye who sit by the fire—
That the Lord he was born in a dark and cold byre.
Mhuire as truagh!"

Teig put his fingers deep in his ears. "A million murdthering curses on them that won't let me be! Can't a man try to keep what is his without bein' pesthered by



AND IN THERE TROOPED A THRONG OF THE GOOD PEOPLE them that has only idled an' wasted their days?"

And then the strange thing happened: hundreds and hundreds of wee lights began dancing outside the window, making the room bright; the hands of the clock began chasing each other round the dial, and the bolt of the door drew itself out. Slowly, without a creak or a cringe, the door opened, and in there trooped a crowd of the Good People. Their wee green cloaks were folded close about them, and each carried a rush candle.

Teig was filled with a great wonderment, entirely, when he saw the fairies, but when they saw him they laughed.

"We are takin' the loan o' your cabin this night, Teig," said they. "Ye are the only man hereabouts with an empty hearth, an' we're needin' one."

Without saying more, they bustled about the room making ready. They lengthened out the table and spread and set it; more of the Good People trooped in, bringing stools and food and drink. The pipers came last, and they sat themselves around the chimney-piece a-blowing their chanters and trying the drones. The feasting began and the pipers played, and never had Teig seen such a sight in his life. Suddenly a wee man sang out:

"Clip clap, clip clap, I wish I had my wee red cap!" And out of the air there tumbled the neatest cap Teig ever laid his two eyes on. The wee man clapped it on his head, crying:

"I wish I was in Spain!" and—whist—up the chimney he went, and away out of sight.

It happened just as I am telling it. Another wee man called for his cap, and away he went after the first. And then another, and another, until the room was empty and Teig sat alone again.

"By my soul," said Teig, "I'd like to thravel that way myself! It's a grand savin' of tickets an' baggage; an' ye get to a place before ye've had time to change your mind. Faith, there is no harm done if I thry it."

So he sang the fairies' rhyme, and out of the air dropped a wee cap for him. For a moment the wonder had him, but the next he was clapping the cap on his head and crying:

"Spain!"

Then—whist—up the chimney he went after the fairies, and before he had time to let out his breath he was standing in the middle of Spain, and strangeness all about him.

He was in a great city. The doorways of the houses were hung with flowers and the air was warm and sweet with the smell of them. Torches burned along the streets, sweetmeat-sellers went about crying their wares, and on the steps of the cathedral crouched a crowd of beggars.

"What's the meanin' o' that?" asked Teig of one of the fairies.

"They are waiting for those that are hearing mass. When they come out, they give half of what they have to those that have nothing, so on this night of all the year there shall be no hunger and no cold."

And then far down the street came the sound of a child's voice, singing:

"Listen all ye, 'tis the Feast o' St. Stephen,
Mind that ye keep it, this holy even."

"Curse it!" said Teig; "can a song fly afther ye?" And then he heard the fairies cry "Holland!" and cried "Holland!" too.

In one leap he was over France, and another over Belgium; and with the third he was standing by long ditches of water frozen fast, and over them glided hundreds upon hundreds of lads and maids. Outside each door stood a wee wooden shoe, empty. Teig saw scores of them as he looked down the ditch of a street.

"What is the meanin' o' those shoes?" he asked the fairies.

"Ye poor lad!" answered the wee man next to him; "are ye not knowing anything? This is the Gift Night of the year, when every man gives to his neighbor."

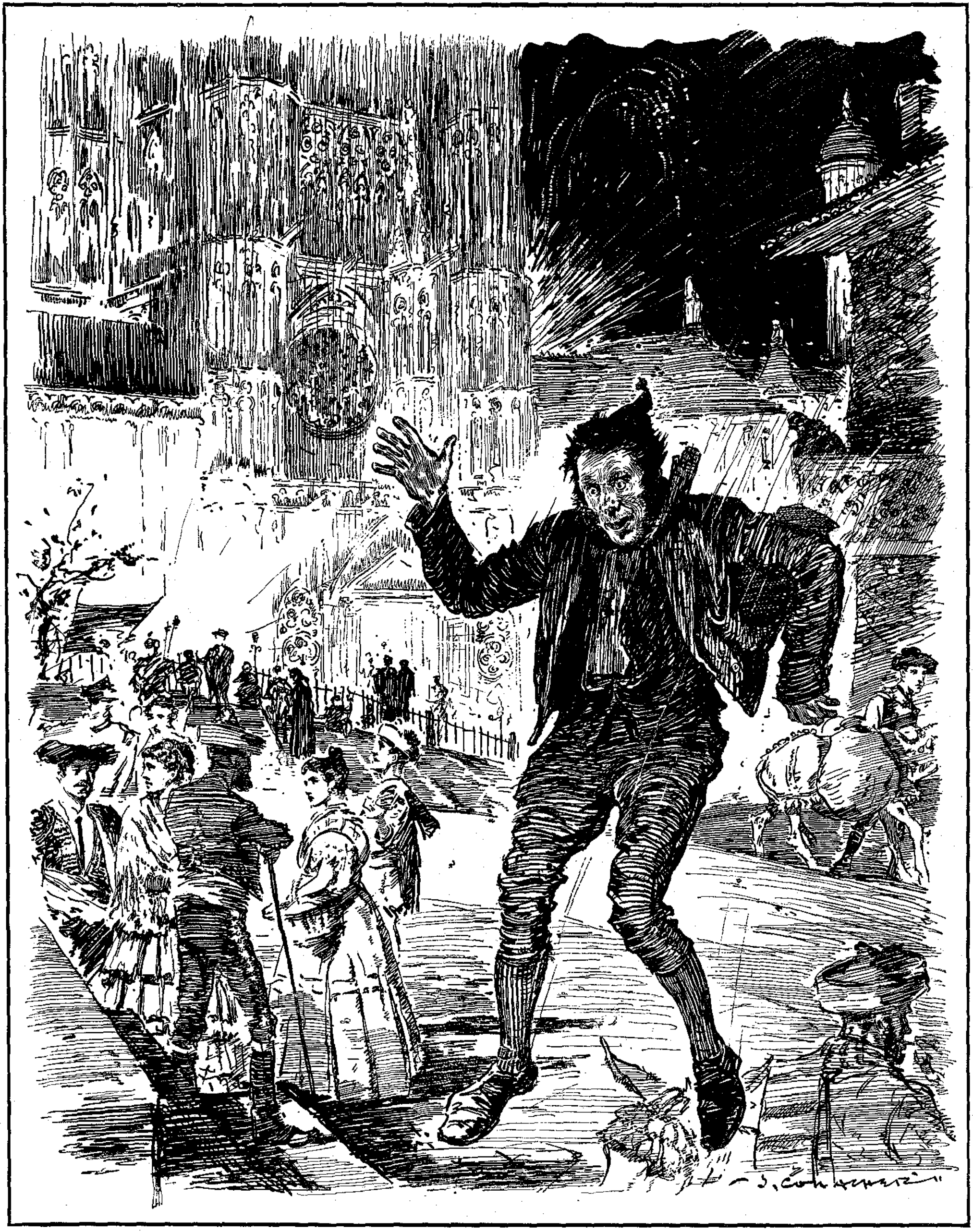
A child came to the window of one of the houses, and in her hand was a lighted candle. She was singing as she put the light down close to the glass, and Teig caught the words:

"Open your door an' greet ye the stranger—
For ye mind that the wee Lord had naught
but a manger.
Mhuire as truagh!"

"'Tis the de'il's work!" cried Teig, and he set the red cap more firmly on his head. "I'm for another country."

I cannot be telling you a half of the adventures Teig had that night, nor half the sights that he saw. But he passed by fields that held sheaves of grain for the birds and doorsteps that held bowls of porridge for the wee creatures. He saw lighted trees, sparkling and heavy with gifts; and he stood outside the churches and watched the crowds pass in, bearing gifts to the Holy Mother and Child.

At last the fairies straightened their caps



" SPAIN !"

and cried, "Now for the great hall in the King of England's palace!"

Whist—and away they went, and Teig after them; and the first thing he knew he was in London, not an arm's length from the King's throne. It was a grander sight than he had seen in any other country. The hall was filled entirely with lords and ladies; and the great doors were open for the poor and the homeless to come in and warm themselves by the King's fire and feast from the King's table. And many a hungry soul did the King serve with his own hands.

Those that had anything to give gave it in return. It might be a bit of music played on a harp or a pipe, or it might be a dance or a song; but more often it was a wish, just, for good luck and safe-keeping.

Teig was so taken up with the watching that he never heard the fairies when they wished themselves off; moreover, he never saw the wee girl that was fed and went laughing away. But he heard a bit of her song as she passed through the door:

"Feed ye the hungry an' rest ye the weary,
This ye must do for the sake of Our Mary."

Then the anger had Teig. "I'll stop your pestherin' tongue, once an' for all time!" and, catching the cap from his head, he threw it after her.

No sooner was the cap gone than every soul in the hall saw him. The next moment they were about him, catching at his coat and crying:

"Where is he from, what does he here? Bring him before the King!" And Teig was dragged along by a hundred hands to the throne where the King sat.

"He was stealing food," cried one.

"He was robbing the King's jewels," cried another.

"He looks evil," cried a third. "Kill him!"

And in a moment all the voices took it up and the hall rang with: "Aye, kill him, kill him!"

Teig's legs took to trembling, and fear put the leash on his tongue; but after a long silence he managed to whisper:

"I have done evil to no one—no one!"

"Maybe," said the King; "but have ye done good? Come, tell us, have ye given aught to any one this night? If ye have, we will pardon ye."

Not a word could Teig say, fear tightened the leash; for he was knowing full well there was no good to him that night.

"Then ye must die," said the King. "Will ye try hanging or beheading?"

"Hanging, please, your Majesty," said Teig.

The guards came rushing up and carried him off. But as he was crossing the threshold of the hall a thought sprang at him and held him, just.

"Your Majesty," he called after him, "will ye grant me a last request?"

"I will," said the King.

"Thank ye. There's a wee red cap that I'm mortal fond of, and I lost it a while ago; if I could be hung with it on, I would hang a deal more comfortable."

The cap was found and brought to Teig.

"Clip clap, clip clap, for my wee red cap, I wish I was home," he sang.

Up and over the heads of the dumfounded guard he flew, and—whist—and away out of sight. When he opened his eyes again, he was sitting close by his own hearth, with the fire burnt low. The hands of the clock were still, the bolt was fixed firm in the door. The fairies' lights were gone, and the only bright thing was the candle burning in old Barney's cabin across the road.

A running of feet sounded outside, and then the snatch of a song:

"'Tis well that ye mind—ye who sit by the fire—
That the Lord he was born in a dark and cold byre.
Mhuire as truagh!"

"Wait ye, whoever ye are!" and Teig was away to the corner, digging fast at the loose clay, as a terrier digs at a bone. He filled his hands full of the shining gold, then hurried to the door, unbarring it.

The miller's wee Cassie stood there, peering at him out of the darkness.

"Take those to the widow O'Donnelly, do ye hear? And take the rest to the store. Ye tell Jamie to bring up all that he has that is eatable an' dthrinkable; and to the neighbors ye say, 'Teig's keepin' the feast this night.' Hurry, now!"

Teig stopped a moment on the threshold until the tramp of her feet had died away; then he made a hollow of his two hands and called across the road:

"Hey, there, Barney, will ye come over for a sup?"

John R. Mott

By Joseph H. Odell

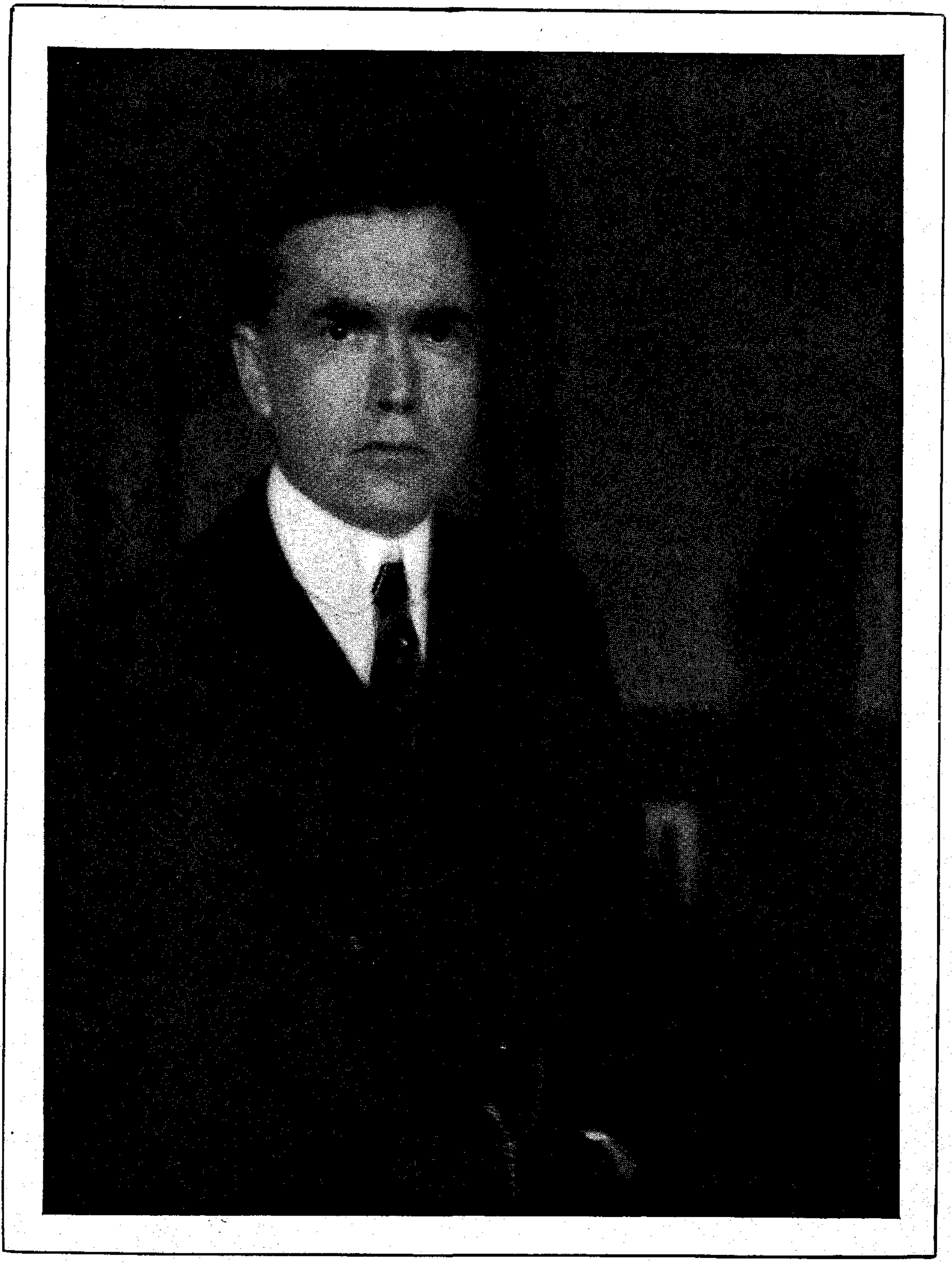
IN June of 1910 the gray old capital of Scotland staged a scene of unprecedented significance. Thirteen hundred men gathered from the ends of the earth to plan and organize a campaign for the Christianization of every nation. And they were not ordinary men—every member of the assemblage had some achievement to his credit. Together they could have drawn a map of the world from first-hand knowledge, and they represented almost every shade of doctrine and church government known to man. There were Cabinet Ministers and peers of the realm, Korean dignitaries, Hindu pundits with princely titles, Anglican archbishops and bishops, ex-governors of the British over-sea dominions, Japanese whose names are inseparable from the recent glory of Nippon, Chinese scholars, Australian officials, Americans of international renown, and representatives not only from each European nation, but from lands and islands of which the ordinary mortal has scarcely heard. On the left of the platform sat the Archbishop of Canterbury; on the right stood Lord Balfour of Burleigh, as the Herald of King George; in the center, presiding with calm and dignified impartiality over the notable gathering, was a young American layman, accorded the honor by unanimous acclamation, the most conspicuous figure in the hall—John R. Mott.

Less than a year elapses, and the setting is changed from somber Edinburgh to the gayest and most beautiful capital of the world—Constantinople, the city founded by the first Christian Emperor of Rome. The Mosque of St. Sophia, once the pride of Christendom, dominates the landscape and the imagination. The name of Mohammed is blazoned high on the wall by the corner of the apse, but over the main entrance the words of Christ are still to be read: "I am the Door: by me if any man will enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Which shall prevail—the Prophet of Arabia or the Prophet of Galilee? It is to answer this question that two hundred men, representing universities in thirty-three different countries, are assembled on the shores of the Bosphorus. They have no doubt of the issue. In the center of this group stands the same young American layman—John R. Mott. Within the past few years you might have seen the same figure dominating gatherings of intellectual men in almost every capital and university city of the world—Oxford, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Athens, Buenos Aires, Melbourne, Johannesburg, Tokyo, Peking, Calcutta, Seoul, to mention only a few.

JOHN R. MOTT, GENERALISSIMO

This man—who has influenced more young men than any other man living, who is the most widely known figure in the academic life of five continents, and who to-day is the leading force in aggressive Christianity—of what kind is he? He is stamped with all the characteristics of a man of destiny. The forehead that rises crag-like from bushy brows, the square jaw unconsciously pushed out when speaking as if to meet and defy opposition, the eyes that sweep and pierce at the same time, the neck that bears the head with a grace and strength that makes you think of a pillar in the Parthenon, the body that suggests muscles trained for endurance, all combine to indicate a man who can master men and dominate situations. He is a man built for conquests. Take off Lord Kitchener's mustache and you have John R. Mott.

If one may go back into Christian history, it is not too much to say that Mott has the passion and vision of St. Francis Xavier, the courage and audacity of Hildebrand, the ecclesiastical statesmanship of Pope Innocent III. He has dreamed what those men dreamed, and he is making his dreams come true. His faith in the work he is doing is like a sanctified infatuation. He has the imperial qualities in a superlative degree—constructive vision, determination, and a delight in detail. I have seen him electrify an audience made up of distinguished men and convince them of things they did not wish to believe, and yet he never raised his voice, hardly made a gesture. He marshaled his facts as a general brings up his forces, every unit supporting every other unit; his imagination and personal knowledge of the nations led him to seize every strategic point



JOHN R. MOTT

From a Photograph taken for The Outlook by Paul Anderson on the world-wide field; his sentences were tense and vibrant, the clarions of command. He is to-day the field marshal of belligerent Christendom, and nearly every section of the Christian Church accepts his leadership. This power to unify and co-ordinate the hitherto disorganized and disrupted forces is unique. To what church or denomination does he belong? I confess that I cannot tell, although I have known Mott for years. And nobody cares. I asked the question because I have never heard it asked. Every one realizes that he is far too big to stay within any sectarian limits. You cannot classify a man who deals with nothing but intellectual, moral, and spiritual essentials.

A MEN'S MAN WHO STANDS FOR A NEW MANHOOD

Mott graduated from Cornell University in 1888. Yale gave him his M.A. in 1899. Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1910. This year Princeton University made him a Doctor of Laws. The grounds for the Princeton honor were as follows:

"John R. Mott, honored by academic and religious bodies for his services in planning and extending the active Christian work of university students, deviser of national and international agencies for this work, particularly the World's Christian Student Federation; presiding leader in the World's Missionary Movement in Edinburgh in 1910; a traveler over four continents in search of room for work; a man of buoyant energy, deep consecration, astonishing success; a new crusader bent on the Christian conquest of the world."

The academic world does well to shower honors upon him, for he has elevated the moral life of all educational institutions. He began his great work as traveling secretary for the International Young Men's Christian Association, his department having charge of the universities and colleges of America and Canada. In this direction he developed the Student Volunteer Movement. He is now Chairman of the Movement. The strategy of the organization is soon apparent: it aims to interest students in the Christian conquest of the world. As a result of its work no less than 4,784 men have been enlisted for service in non-Christian lands. In 1910 368 student volunteers went forth to win the crusade. At the Convention of the Movement held in Rochester, New York, in January, 1910, 3,747 delegates were present, representing 735 universities and colleges. The Movement has now fourteen secretaries who spend their entire time among the institutions of learning, advising, inspiring, directing the enthusiasm of the students. What splendid strategy! The world conquest is not a matter of casual and spontaneous zeal felt by occasional people of super-spirituality, but it is preached and cultivated as a magnificent life programme in the places where the flower of the race is assembled. As a result, the personnel of the invading army is changing. It is no unusual thing to find a university sending the pick of its athletes and scholars to China, or India, or Japan.

FROM GUERRILLA WARFARE TO AN ORGANIZED CAMPAIGN

Another change has come. Only a few years ago what is known as Foreign Missions was a helter-skelter affair. A denomination in Europe or America sent out a few individuals to snatch souls as "brands from the burning." They went to a pagan country, preached on the streets or in bazaars, organized little Zions among the heathen masses, and counted it a joy if they won a score of converts in a lifetime. That guerrilla warfare has changed into a campaign so wonderfully organized, directed, and administered that we can tell at home what is being done each week in every country of the earth. I shall revert to that again. In the meantime we must continue to study the imperial genius of John R. Mott. This organized army is not an army of permanent occupancy. It is now recognized that the West cannot dominate the East, and Mott, more than any other, has planned for a short campaign. His idea is to develop a native leadership which shall have the indispensable qualification of thoroughly understanding the lines of speediest advance.

You recall the reference to the Constantinople Conference held in April of this year. That assemblage was an item of a comprehensive scheme. To Mott's foresight is due "The World's Student Christian Federation," an organization which has societies in practically every institution of higher education on earth. The purposes of this Federation as stated by Mr. Mott are: "To unite Student Christian movements or organizations throughout the world and promote mutual relations between them; to collect information regarding the religious conditions of the students of all lands; and to promote the following lines of activity, namely, to lead students to become disciples of Jesus Christ, to deepen the spiritual life of students, to enlist students in the work of extending the kingdom of Christ throughout the entire world."

The number of individual unions or societies is 2,200, having a membership of 148,500 students. In the Bible study circles of these societies there are 66,000 men meeting regularly, using the best and latest text-books, and saturating themselves with the spirit of Christianity. Among these there are 2,140 Japanese, 2,583 Hindus, 4,459 Chinese, and 5,577 South Africans. What these figures portend no one can tell. It is certain that tens of thousands of the most highly educated men in these nations will be scattered about their respective lands, holding influential positions and known as Christians.

And it will hasten the reunion of the churches. Mott sees that such must inevitably be the result. He says: "Just as war fuses together a great and complex nation, even its different and conflicting political parties, so a true and vivid conception of the vastness and difficulty of the undertaking of world conquest for Christ will serve to draw his followers together. It is well that we recall that Christ has commanded us to give all men now living an adequate opportunity to know of him. He has called us to Christianize the races and nations in every department of their life. He has summoned us to the reconstruction of the non-Christian world. It is his wish that the impact of the so-called Christian nations upon the non-Christian world be Christianized. He looks in a special sense to the universities to furnish leadership for these truly great undertakings."

Such a view is what nerved Mott for the audacious plan of capturing the student body of the universities all over the world. His very audacity fascinates and predisposes the students to follow his leadership. He stands before them in his virile manhood and challenges, dares, and dazzles them by setting a task that will drain their every energy and consume their last ounce of force. Like Garibaldi, he offers pain, privation, blood, death, and victory. Mott holds that the best manhood will always respond to a programme like that.

Another result may be crystallized in a single instance. In the province of Shantung, China, there is a university known as the Union University of Shantung. It is remarkable for several things, one of them being that it is really a union institution, built, equipped, and manned by American Presbyterians and English Baptists; and now the Episcopalians are asking to have a share in the work. President John H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York, is the Chairman of the American Advisory Committee. The Arts Department is at Weihsien and has an enrollment of over three hundred, doing college grade work under professors from Yale, Brown, Cornell, Oxford, and Cambridge. One of the difficulties of Christianizing China has been caused by the inability to secure educated Chinese for the ministry, the Chinese Government being so greatly in need of qualified men that it has paid salaries with which the Church could not compete. But this year the college has one-third of its student body—more than 100 men—pledged to give their lives to the Christian conquest of China. And Peking University has 150 men who have dedicated themselves to the ministry.

Prophetic eyes are not needed to see the consequences of such competent Christian leadership. The work called Foreign Missions is only a phase. Its present duty, to which it is bending every effort, is to train a large number of the brightest minds of each land to carry on the work, and, when that is done, to withdraw every American and European from the field. Already there is a feeling of competency among the native Christians. Japan has its own united Christian Church, and is asking the foreigners to retire. They are firmly convinced that the Japanese people would respond more quickly to a ministry composed entirely of indigenous material. Can you wonder at it? Some of the most distinguished members of the Imperial Parliament, admirals of the navy, and generals of the army are to-day active Christian advocates and workers.

HOW THE BOXER INDEMNITY FUND IS USED

Before leaving the subject of students in the Far East we may glance at a situation of which all Americans may well feel proud. I mention it because there is a balance of shame still left in our treatment of China which we should hasten to work off. The United States Government remitted the entire Boxer indemnity—the wisest thing our State Department ever did. China appreciated it, and set apart the entire amount for educating Chinese in American universities. There are now about five hundred Chinese in our preparatory schools and colleges. The Chinese Government was not yet in a state of mind to trust America in a general sense, but Chinese officials, from the Emperor down, knew and trusted John R. Mott. So they asked Mott to take the oversight of the Chinese students, which he did, not only from their point of embarkation to their destination, but throughout their entire educational course, bringing two educated Christian Chinamen from their own land to act as special secretaries, visiting, advising, and cheering the Celestial students in their respective institutions.

Another instance of the confidence in Mott shown by Chinese officials was their request that he would plan a great preparatory school for their sons, to be located near Peking. It must be similar to those well-known institutions of England and America which are recognized as the best college preparatory schools. When Mott suggested that such a system of education under Western teachers could not be carried on with religion omitted, the officials were quite ready to concede that Christianity might be freely taught in the school.

THE NEW LINE OF ATTACK ON NON-CHRISTIAN LANDS

Comparatively few people have any idea of the change of plans in the Christian conquest of the world. The old picture of a missionary still lingers in the popular imagination as a bearded visionary, with a silk hat and a green umbrella, solemnly preaching to a handful of barbarians under a cocoanut palm. In its place, if you wish to be abreast of the facts, you must put an army of specialists from our best universities—doctors, chemists, civil and electrical engineers, nurses, kindergartners, mathematicians, psychologists—working year in and year out, in no less than 56,947 educational institutions, of which 86 are fully equipped universities doing work of genuine university grade. Altogether there are 2,431,981 students in the institutions founded by the Christian Church. These figures are entirely reliable, as I got them from advance sheets wet from the press. They will appear later in the "Statistical Atlas of the World," to be published this fall by the International and Interdenominational Committee over which John R. Mott presides. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the statistics is that the Roman Catholic institutions are included with the Protestant, the Catholic figures being condensed from Krose's "Katholische Missionsstatistic," 1908. The time has gone by when the historic divisions of Christendom can be permitted to blind us to the scope of the general advance.

HEALING BODIES AS WELL AS SOULS

Unfortunately, I am in possession of only Protestant statistics concerning medical work. There was a time when it was not thought worth while to "send men all the way to China to lance Chinese boils and cure Chinese stomach-ache." The man who made that statement must have forgotten the vivid story of the Prophet of Galilee. The change of front, however, has been phenomenal. Think of 1,653 hospitals and dispensaries—most of them in regions where medicine and surgery were unknown a few decades ago—giving altogether 7,578,942 treatments in a single year! There were more than 150,000 surgical operations. About a thousand native physicians are graduated each year from the medical schools connected with these hospitals. Such work is making the opposition of prejudice crumble before the steady Christian advance.

A REUNITED CHRISTENDOM SECURED FROM THE CIRCUMFERENCE

I promised to revert to the question of co-operative organization of all Christian forces. Another active force bringing that about is the International Young Men's Christian Association, of which Mott is Secretary. In Asia alone there are 297 Associations, planted at vantage-points and strategic centers. They are the clearing-houses of all Christian enterprises, and through them the native Christians are coming to a consciousness of their powers and opportunities. Last year, when Mott wanted to raise a million dollars in a hurry for some new buildings in the Far East, President Taft threw open the White House for a conference, where, in an all-day session, representative men from various parts of the country met the President and Mr. Mott and promptly provided the necessary funds. When work takes on such significance, the general public becomes interested in the man who guides it. And not only the general public. When Mott passed through London, in May, on his way from the Levant, he had audience with King George, and the royal interview was followed by a dinner at which there were present many of the most distinguished men of the Empire—nobles, statesmen, diplomats, Cabinet Ministers, and Members of Parliament—all eager to hear what Mott had to tell them of the great ethical and spiritual currents that are flowing through the nations and carrying races and peoples on to a new destiny.

On those far-distant fields Mott's work in its various forms is the merging-point at which all race and creed and church differences are forgotten or ignored, and from which radiate the beneficent influences that will yet bring all men to the vital goal " where God in man is one with man in God," and where all our whole truths and half truths shall be caught up in a new synthesis. This co-operation and co-ordination on the circumference is forcing unity at the center. It is not only making for church union, but pointing clearly toward universal good will and peace. No other agency on earth can send out a fiery cross and gather every clan and race and tongue for amicable conference. Mott and the organizations with which he works are making possible " the parliament of man, the federation of the world." This is why emperors, kings, potentates, and princes call him to stand before them.

TO RE-ORIENTALIZE CHRISTIANITY

To seize the student mind of the world and set it to work upon the gigantic task of Christianizing the world will be fraught with consequences for which the Christians of Europe and America must be prepared. Here is a pregnant paragraph from Chengting T. Wang's address at Constantinople in April (Mr. Wang is a young man and a brilliant Chinese Christian scholar):

" The work of the missionaries is to present the great principles as revealed by Christ, leaving to the Chinese themselves to apply these principles in their lives. The missionaries have no right to impose any creed, dogma, or form of worship or church government for the Chinese to follow and live by. Such over-regulation, as Spencer commented in his able discussion on Education, only produces hot-house virtue in yielding natures or demoralizing antagonism in independent ones."

Few people pause to realize that Christianity is an Oriental religion domiciled in the Occident. Most of us know it only as it is expressed through the mind and temperament and institutions of the West. What will happen when this Eastern faith goes back to the East?

BECAUSE ST. PAUL TURNED TO THE WEST

What difference would it have made if the great Christian Apostle had turned toward the East instead of crossing the Hellespont into Europe?

That must remain one of the insoluble " ifs " of history. Our present conception of Christendom is essentially Western. It is Europe and America. To grasp the idea of a Christendom variegated with Oriental colors, tessellated with Oriental philosophies, and articulate in Oriental customs, needs an expansion of vision which is disturbing to the point of revolution. Our Christianity is just so much of the original religion as could express itself through Greek, Roman, Teutonic, Celtic, and Anglo-Saxon modes of thought and life. It is presumptuous to think that these exhaust the full content of the rich Christian faith. When we get over the conceit that our creeds and organizations are final and to be imposed upon races essentially different from ours, and let the Oriental mind go to the Oriental Bible and apply the Oriental Christian religion in its own Oriental way, we shall see that Christianity is an infinitely richer and more wonderful faith than we have ever imagined.

The personality of the Eastern races is more varied, flexible, and profound than that of the West. For instance, the capacity for passionate devotion, for uncalculating obedience, for suffering, of the typical Moslem races is unlimited. If Christianity should get possession of their resistless qualities, it would take on a vitality never before known. Carry the same thought to the races of the Middle East which have developed such marvelous faculties of meditation and speculation. If Christianity should be interpreted by them, it would take on an intellectual and an emotional aspect that must make our phlegmatic Western faith seem like dry skin and bones. Or pass onward, still eastward, to the stolid masses that have accepted the restrained teachings of Confucius and Mencius. Not only by birth, but by training, these multitudes have become possessed of a marvelous ethical habit. It is fixed within them as no other moral feature was ever incorporated in a race. Right living, according to precept and precedent, is not simply a feature of life;

it is life itself. All their thinking, feeling, willing, crystallizes automatically into conduct. If Christianity should ever come completely into the life of the Chinese and express itself through such invariable and disciplined habits, it would amount to an entirely new revelation or discovery of the meaning of religion.

All of which implies that the modern approach to the peoples of non-Christian lands must be different. We are offering them a religion which they are probably better able to understand than we Occidentals. Therefore we must meet them in a more conciliatory spirit, recognizing all the good, the pure, the uplifting, in their own ancient faiths and proffering ours, not as the contradiction and condemnation of theirs, but as the fulfillment and crown. Mott fully realizes this. He thinks in terms of continents and speaks in units of races. His knowledge of the world is first-hand and intimate; so complete also that he has been elected a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. His favorite books are the biographies of great world-conquering warriors—Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Wellington—whose strategy he absorbs for guidance in his own daring campaign. He has no narrow conception of Christianity born of insular prejudice, and this lies at the bottom of his effort to capture the young men of education in their respective countries and to fire them with his own passion for so transmitting essential Christianity that it will fit into every form of national consciousness. This breadth, flexibility, charity, or whatever you may care to call it, is the characteristic which has led all the divergent branches of Christianity to trust Mott and tacitly accept his generalship.

CAN THE WORLD BE CHRISTIANIZED?

There are men who have a slight acquaintance with the commercial communities or the treaty ports of the East who tell you in the smoking-room of the steamers that Mott's visions are vain and that up to the present there is nothing to show but complete failure.

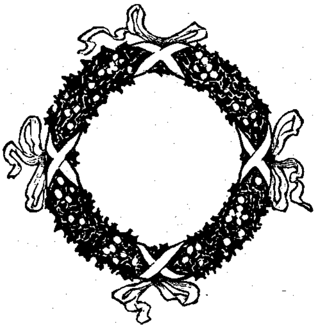
A British traveler and sportsman who had spent six months in India in successful tiger-shooting dogmatically made the statement that "there were no Christians in India—he had never seen one." Bishop Thoburn replied that there were no tigers in India, despite the fact that the Government records showed 25,000 people killed by tigers every year—"at least," added the Bishop, "I have lived in India thirty years and have never seen one." The moral is obvious—You see what you look for. But here are some figures worth considering. (I take them again from "The Statistical Atlas of Missions," now on the press, and once more I lump Protestant and Catholic.)

In the non-Christian lands there are to-day 16,796,857 Christians—about the same figure as the total population of the United States in 1840. The rate of gain is now becoming very great. One recognized authority recently made this statement concerning the Chinese Empire: "It took one hundred years to win the first million converts. It took twelve years to win the second million. We are now winning the third million in less than six years." Why is the ratio of increase so great? Because the work is being done largely by educated native workers. Counting priests, pastors, and teachers, there are now 115,000 natives engaged all the time in the conquest, and their number is being enlarged every day.

If you allow the time element into your calculations, the situation takes on a new complexion. The vista of time is long and the race is still young. Professor George Darwin—and many distinguished scientists agree with him—has estimated that mankind will continue on the earth for three million years to come. If we accept that as a basis, and the Christian era is reckoned as two thousand years, we have finished one lap out of fifteen hundred, and in that time one-third of the race has become Christian. The rest seems easy. But John R. Mott has little use for an argument that admits of dalliance. He is a superlative optimist; he says the world can be conquered in a generation if Christians will put their brains and time and money and prayers into the task. And perhaps more than any other man he is bringing it to pass.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES



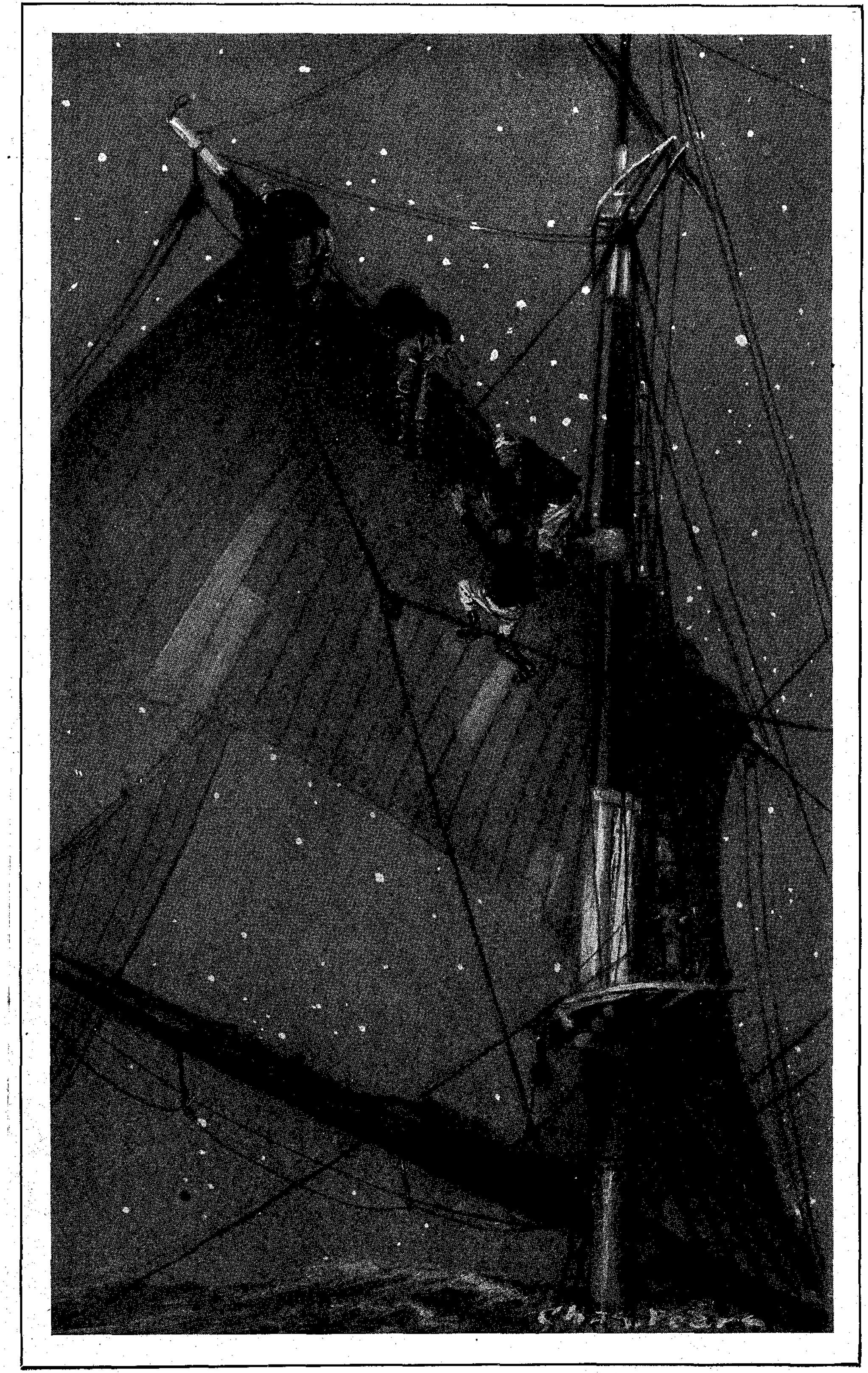
Fringed with coral, floored with lava,
Threescore leagues to south of Java,
So is Christmas Island charted
By geographers blind-hearted,—
Just a dot, by their dull notion,
On the burning Indian Ocean;
Merely a refreshment station
For the birds in long migration;
Its pomegranates, custard-apples
That the dancing sunshine dapples,
Cocoanuts with milky hollows,
Only feast wing-weary swallows,
Or the tropic fowl there dwelling.
Don't believe a word they're telling!
Christmas Island, though it seem land,
Is a floating bit of dreamland
Gone adrift from childhood, planted
By the winds with seeds enchanted,
Seeds of candied plum and cherry;
Here the Christmas Saints make merry.

Even saints must have vacation;
So they chose from all creation,
As a change from iceberg castles
Hung with snow in loops and tassels,
Christmas Island for a summer
Residence. The earliest comer
Is our own saint, none diviner,
Santa Claus. His ocean-liner
Is a sleigh that's scudding fast.
Mistletoe climbs up the mast,
And the sail, so full of caper,
Is of tissue wrapping-paper.

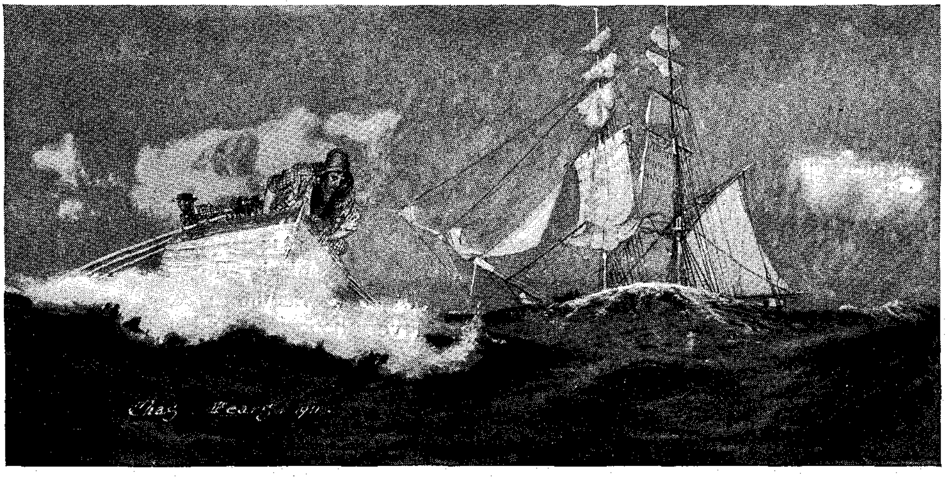
As he steers he hums a carol;
But instead of fur apparel
Smudged with soot, he's spick and spandy
In white linen, dear old dandy,
With a Borealis sash on
And a palm-leaf hat in fashion
Wreathed about with holly berry.
Welcome, Santa! Rest you merry!

Next, his chubby legs bestriding
Such a Yule-log, who comes riding
Overseas, the feast to dish up,
But—aha!—the boys' own bishop,
Good St. Nicholas! And listen!
Out of Denmark old Jule-nissen,
Kindly goblin, bent, rheumatic,
In the milk-bowl set up attic
For his Christmas cheer, comes bobbing
Through the waves. He'll be hobnobbing
With Knecht Clobes, Dutchman true,
Sailing in a wooden shoe.
When the sunset gold enamels
All the sea, three cloudy camels
Bear the Kings with stately paces,
Taking islands for oases,
While a star-boat brings Kriss Kringle.
Singing "Noel" as they mingle,
Drinking toasts in sunshine sherry,
How the Christmas Saints make merry!

While a gray contralto pigeon
Cooes that loving is religion,
How they laugh and how they rollick,
How they fill the isle with frolic!
Up the Christmas trees they clamber,
Lighting candles rose and amber,
Till the sudden moonbeams glisten.
Then all kneel but old Jule-nissen,
Who, a heathen elf, stiff-jointed,
Doffs his nightcap red and pointed;
For within the moon's pure luster
They behold bright figures cluster;
Their adoring eyes look on a
Silver-throned serene Madonna,
With the Christ-Child, rosy sweeting,
Smiling to their loyal greeting.
Would that on this Holy Night
We might share such blissful sight,—
We might find a fairy ferry
To that isle where saints make merry!



"THE STARS CAME OUT OF THE BLUE"


Chas. Pears '91.

Two Years Before the Mast

AN APPRECIATION OF DANA'S FAMOUS STORY OF THE SEA WITH ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING SECTIONS OF THE STORY AND NEW ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES PEARS

"TWO Years Before the Mast"[1] has become a classic of sea travel as "Eöthen" and Gautier's "Italia" have become classics of land travel. If one compares it with these books, with Lamartine's "Voyage en Orient," or with the descriptive passages in Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman" or Mr. Hichens's "Garden of Allah," stories in which the landscape forms part of the substance of the tale, it seems somewhat bare and lacking in color. It holds its unique place, however, largely because it lacks the calculated literary effect, the highly sophisticated use of the stage-setting; it is a narrative of rare simplicity and directness. The writer had a great background, and wisely refrained from trying to paint it; he let it occur, to recall Oscar Wilde. He kept out of the way and let the sea make itself visible and audible by a straightforward record of an experience of two years in which it was rarely still or silent. The book is not so much the record of what a man saw and felt as a register of aspects and moods made by the sea itself. In the elemental relations of men with nature, simplicity is really enforced by the vastness of the fact; one can hardly imagine a rhetorical description of creation in place of the almost miraculous simplicity of Genesis.

This is saying that "Two Years Before the Mast," like "Robinson Crusoe" and "Treasure Island," is a piece of high art; a book that will seem contemporaneous with many generations of boys because it bears the stamp of no particular fashion of writing. It will never go out of fashion, as "Sir Charles Grandison" has done, because it was never in fashion. It was published in 1840, but there is nothing of 1840 about it except some conditions of life on old-time sailing vessels. Many of the conditions reported in the book have ceased to exist, but its deep-going integrity kept it free from the forms and phrases of the time in which it was written.

In this sincerity lies the secret of the fresh description in which the narrative abounds, the sense of the unfolding presence of the sea and the absence of specific effects. Here is a glimpse of the sky in a gale which gains the force of fact because it is put as nearly as possible in words of one syllable: "All this time there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, day or night; no, not so large as a man's hand. Every morning the sun rose cloudless from the sea, and set again at night, in the sea, in a flood of light. The stars, too, came out of the blue, one after another, night after night, unobscured, and twinkled as clear as on a still frosty night at home, until the day came upon them. All this time the sea was rolling in immense surges, white with foam, as far as the eye could reach, on every side, for we were now leagues and leagues from shore."

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[1] Two Years Before the Mast. By Richard H. Dana, Jr. With an Introduction by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and Illustrations by Charles Pears. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This book has, too, the wide appeal which lies in a story of things which befell a man; for there is no fiction so interesting as the fact when the fact involves big forces, skill, daring, and the immense delight of measuring brains against force and coming off first. It is part of the integrity of this book that though it abounds in technical details it never blunders; it is the work of one of those trained men who put brains in place of experience, and cease to be amateurs almost as soon as they put their hands to a job.

"Two Years Before the Mast" was written by a boy just out of college, which makes its simplicity the more remarkable; for we are no more born simple than we are born free and equal; we are born complex, and for most men simplicity, like freedom, is an achievement. No man could have been born further from the sailor's habit and way of life than Richard Henry Dana, Jr., to whom the culture of the oldest college town in America was a background, and attendance at the oldest college an inevitable discipline. Compelled by weakened eyesight to leave Harvard in his junior year, Dana joyfully followed a call which he had heard from his childhood and went to sea; and he went on elementary conditions, for he shipped before the mast and was as much a sailor as the oldest tar on the ship. The Pilgrim was a merchantman; the voyage lasted from August, 1834, to September, 1836; the ship doubling Cape Horn, visiting many ports in the Pacific and on the California coast, and returning to Boston, where the young sailor re-entered college, finished his course, entered the Harvard Law School, put his journal into shape, published "Two Years Before the Mast" in 1840, and was promptly recognized as a writer who had something to say and knew how to say it. The book was translated into several languages; it has been placed by the British Admiralty on the ships which make up its powerful navy; it is also part of the equipment of every properly provided boy. From its appearance, therefore, it has had a double success; it has secured a place both as a technical and a popular classic.

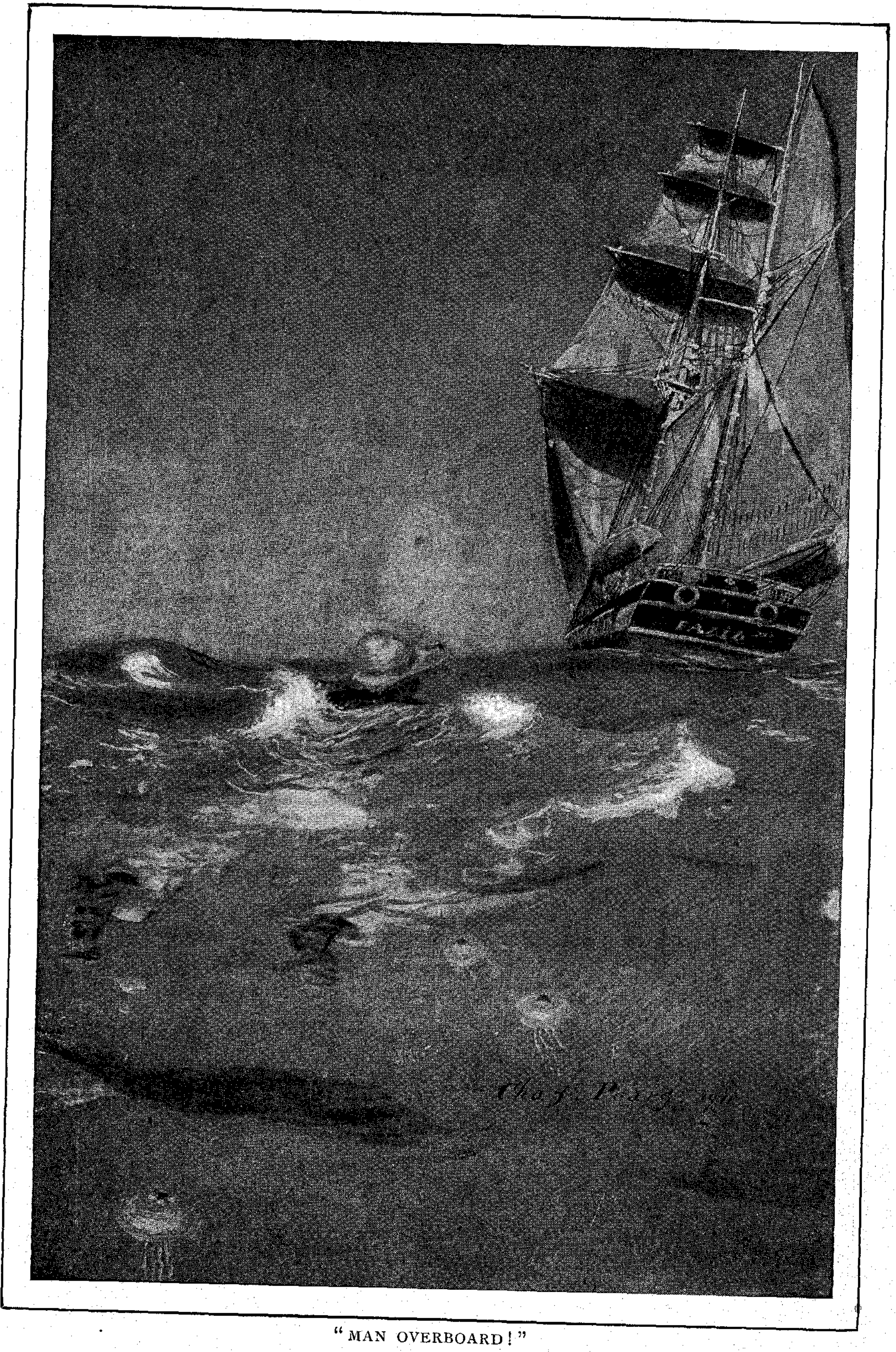
The book was, however, only an incident in a very honorable and successful career; for Dana became a lawyer of distinction, a lecturer on international law at Harvard, an authority on admiralty law, and a writer of weight on legal subjects. He was one of the founders of the Free Soil party, and was active in State and local politics. In 1859 he made a trip to Cuba, and published his experiences and impressions in a well-written book which never became popular. The closing years of his life were spent in Paris and in different parts of Italy; he died in Rome in January, 1882.

That "Two Years Before the Mast" should appeal to Dr. Grenfell was inevitable; and that he should value it as a vital force for manliness was also inevitable, for Dr. Grenfell is an expert and daring sailor, and the sum and substance of his estimate of the book is found in the closing sentence of his Introduction: "For my part, I would far rather have my boy familiar with it than with many of the 'hundred best books.'" And Mr. Charles Pears has achieved the difficult success of really illustrating the narrative, not only with stirring and graphic power, but with an accuracy akin to that of the text. A man who has followed the sea twenty-four years studied the illustrations with care until he came upon the ship, every sail set, against an almost incredibly red sky. Looking at it a moment, he said: "I have never seen a sky like that, but this man is so exact that I believe he saw it."

The Storm

From "Two Years Before the Mast"

WE had been below but a short time before we had the usual premonitions of a coming gale: seas washing over the whole forward part of the vessel, and her bows beating against them with a force and sound like the driving of piles. The watch, too, seemed very busy tramping about decks, and singing out at the ropes. A sailor can always tell, by the sound, what sail is coming in, and in a short time we heard the top-gallant-sails come in, one after another and then the flying jib. This seemed to ease



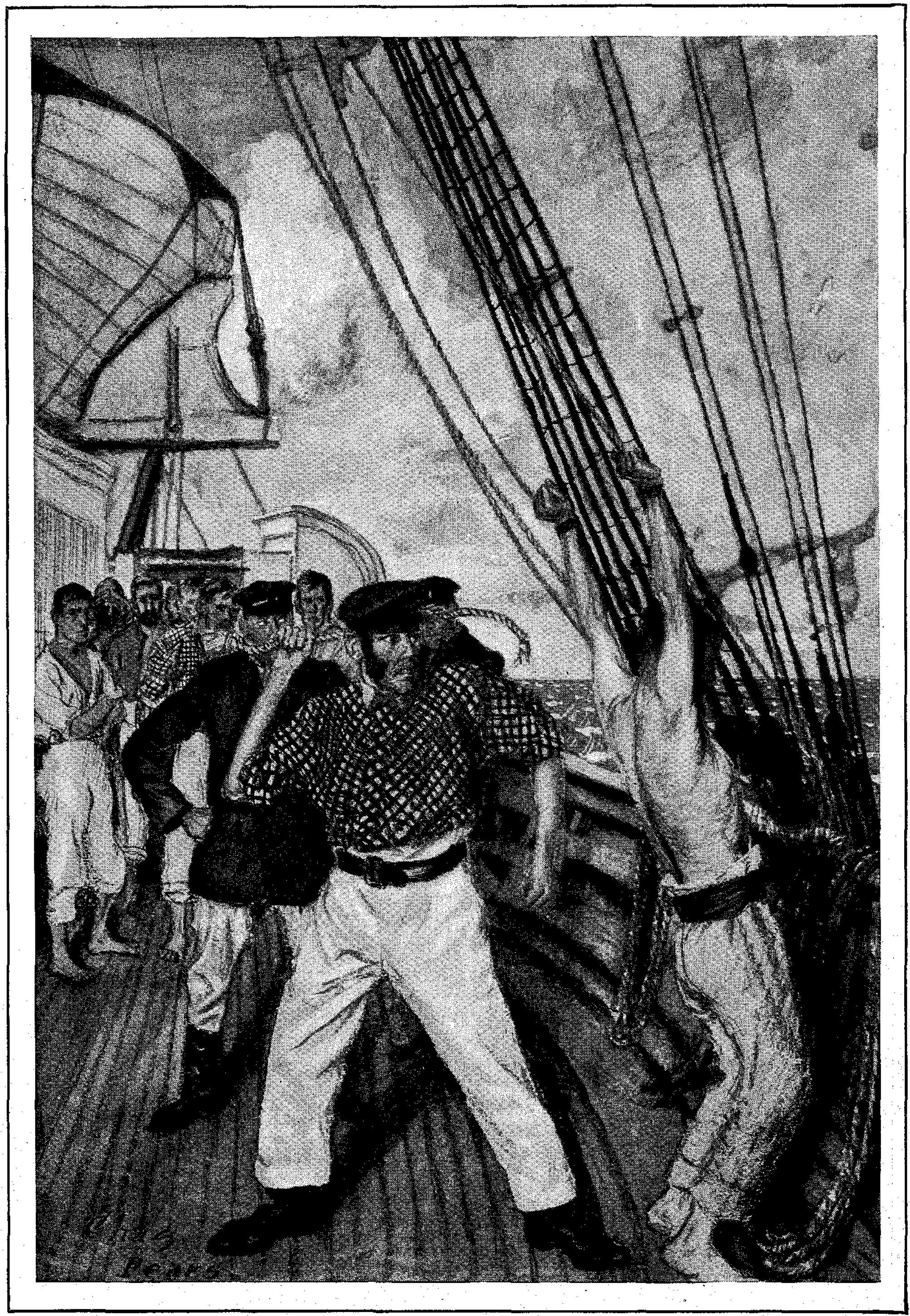
"MAN OVERBOARD!"

her a good deal, and we were fast going off to the land of Nod, when—bang, bang, bang—on the scuttle, and "All hands, reef topsails, ahoy!" started us out of our berths; and, it not being very cold weather, we had nothing extra to put on, and were soon on deck. I shall never forget the fineness of the sight. It was a clear and rather a chilly night; the stars were twinkling with an intense brightness, and as far as the eye could reach, there was not a cloud to be seen. The horizon met the sea in a defined line. A painter could not have painted so clear a sky. There was not a speck upon it. Yet it was blowing great guns from the northwest. When you can see a cloud to windward, you feel that there is a place for the wind to come from; but here, it seemed to come from nowhere. No person could have told, from the heavens, by their eyesight alone, that it was not a still summer's night. One reef after another, we took in the topsails, and before we could get them hoisted up, we heard a sound like a short, quick rattling of thunder, and the jib was blown to atoms out of the bolt-rope. We got the topsails set, and the fragments of the jib stowed away, and the fore top-mast stay-sail set in its place, when the great mainsail gaped open, and the sail ripped from head to foot. "Lay up on that main-yard and furl the sail, before it blows to tatters!" shouted the captain; and in a moment we were up, gathering the remains of it upon the yard. We got it wrapped round the yard, and passed gaskets over it as snugly as possible, and were just on deck again, when, with another loud rent, which was heard throughout the ship, the fore topsail, which had been double-reefed, split in two, athwartships, just below the reef-band, from earing to earing. Here again it was down yard, haul out reef-tackles, and lay out upon the yard for reefing. By hauling the reef-tackles chock-a-block, we took the strain from the other earings, and, passing the close-reef earing and knotting the points carefully, we succeeded in setting the sail, close-reefed.

We had but just got the rigging coiled up, and were waiting to hear "Go below the watch!" when the main royal worked loose from the gaskets, and blew directly out to leeward, flapping, and shaking the mast like a wand. Here was a job for somebody. The royal must come in or be cut adrift, or the mast would be snapped short off. All the light hands in the starboard watch were sent up, one after another, but they could do nothing with it. At length, John, the tall Frenchman, the head of the starboard watch (and a better sailor never stepped upon a deck), sprang aloft, and, by the help of his long arms and legs, succeeded, after a hard struggle—the sail blowing over the yard-arm to leeward, and the skysail blowing directly over his head—in smothering it, and frapping it, with long pieces of sinnet. He came very near being blown or shaken from the yard, several times, but he was a true sailor, every finger a fish-hook. Having made the sail snug, he prepared to send the yard down, which was a long and difficult job; for frequently he was obliged to stop and hold on with all his might, for several minutes, the ship pitching so as to make it impossible to do anything else at that height. The yard at length came down safe, and after it the fore and mizen royal-yards were sent down. All hands were then sent aloft, and for an hour or two we were hard at work, making the booms well fast; unreeving the studding-sail and royal and skysail gear; getting rolling-ropes on the yards; setting up the weather breast-backstays; and making other preparations for a storm. It was a fine night for a gale; just cool and bracing enough for quick work, without being cold, and as bright as day. It was sport to have a gale in such weather as this. Yet it blew like a hurricane. The wind seemed to come with a spite, an edge to it, which threatened to scrape us off the yards. The mere force of the wind was greater than I had ever seen it before; but darkness, cold, and wet are the worst parts of a storm, to a sailor.

Having got on deck again, we looked round to see what time of night it was, and whose watch. In a few minutes the man at the wheel struck four bells, and we found that the other watch was out, and our own half out. Accordingly, the starboard watch went below, and left the ship to us for a couple of hours, yet with orders to stand by for a call.

Hardly had they got below, before away went the fore top-mast stay-sail, blown to ribands. This was a small sail, which we could manage in the watch, so that we were not obliged to call up the other watch. We laid out upon the bowsprit, where we were under water half the time, and took in the fragments of the sail, and as she must have some head sail on her, prepared to bend another stay-sail. We got the new one out, into the nettings; seized on the tack, sheets,



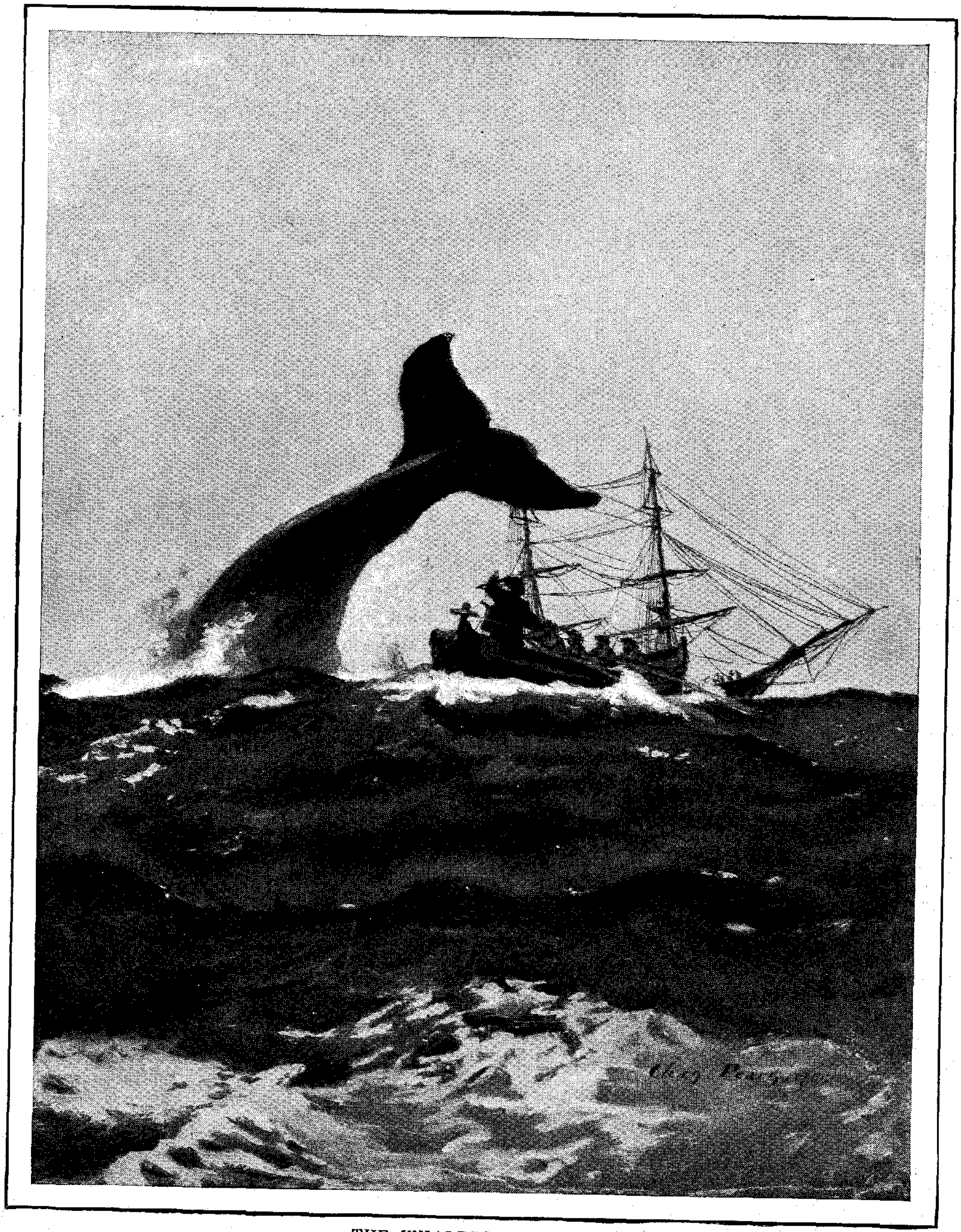
THE DAYS OF THE "CAT"

and halyards, and the hanks; manned the halyards, cut adrift the frapping lines, and hoisted away; but before it was half-way up the stay it was blown all to pieces. When we belayed the halyards there was nothing left but the bolt-rope. Now large eyes began to show themselves in the foresail, and knowing that it must soon go, the mate ordered us upon the yard to furl it. Being unwilling to call up the watch, who had been on deck all night, he roused out the carpenter, sailmaker, cook, steward, and other idlers, and with their help we manned the fore-yard, and, after nearly half an hour's struggle, mastered the sail, and got it well furled round the yard. The force of the wind had never been greater than at this moment. In going up the rigging it seemed absolutely to pin us down to the shrouds; and on the yard there was no such thing as turning a face to windward. Yet here was no driving sleet, and darkness, and wet, and cold, as off Cape Horn; and instead of a stiff oil-cloth suit, south-wester caps, and thick boots, we had on hats, round jackets, duck trowsers, light shoes, and everything light and easy. All these things make a great difference to a sailor. When we got on deck, the man at the wheel struck eight bells (four o'clock in the morning), and "All starbowlines, ahoy!" brought the other watch up.

But there was no going below for us. The gale was now at its height, "blowing like scissors and thumb-screws;" the captain was on deck; the ship, which was light, rolling and pitching as though she would shake the long sticks out of her; and the sails gaping open and splitting, in every direction. The mizen topsail, which was a comparatively new sail and close-reefed, split, from head to foot, in the bunt; the fore topsail went, in one rent, from clew to earing, and was blowing to tatters; one of the chain bobstays parted; the sprit-sail yard sprung in the slings; the martingale had slued away off to leeward; and, owing to the long dry weather, the lee rigging hung in large bights, at every lurch. One of the main top-gallant shrouds had parted; and, to crown all, the galley had got adrift and gone over to leeward, and the anchor on the lee bow had worked loose, and was thumping the side. Here was work enough for all hands for half a day. Our gang laid out on the mizen topsail yard, and, after more than half an hour's hard work, furled the sail, though it bellied out over our heads, and again, by a slat of the wind, blew in under the yard, with a fearful jerk, and almost threw us off from the foot-ropes.

Double gaskets were passed round the yards, rolling tackles and other gear bowsed taught, and everything made as secure as could be. Coming down, we found the rest of the crew just laying down the fore rigging, having furled the tattered topsail, or, rather, swathed it round the yard, which looked like a broken limb, bandaged. There was no sail now on the ship but the spanker and the close-reefed main topsail, which still held good. But this was too much after sail; and order was given to furl the spanker. The brails were hauled up, and all the light hands in the starboard watch sent out on the gaff to pass the gaskets; but they could do nothing with it. The second mate swore at them for a parcel of "sogers," and sent up a couple of the best men; but they could do no better, and the gaff was lowered down. All hands were now employed in setting up the lee rigging, fishing the sprit-sail yard, lashing the galley, and getting tackles upon the martingale, to bowse it to windward. Being in the larboard watch, my duty was forward, to assist in setting up the martingale. Three of us were out on the martingale guys and back-ropes for more than half an hour, carrying out, hooking and unhooking the tackles, several times buried in the seas, until the mate ordered us in, from fear of our being washed off. The anchors were then to be taken up on the rail, which kept all hands on the forecastle for an hour, though every now and then the seas broke over it, washing the rigging off to leeward, filling the lee scuppers breast high, and washing chock aft to the taffrail.

Having got everything secure again, we were promising ourselves some breakfast, for it was now nearly nine o'clock in the forenoon, when the main topsail showed evident signs of giving way. Some sail must be kept on the ship, and the captain ordered the fore and main spencer gaffs to be lowered down, and the two spencers (which were storm sails, brand new, small, and made of the strongest canvas) to be got up and bent; leaving the main topsail to blow away, with a blessing on it if it would only last until we could set the spencers. These we bent on very carefully, with strong robands and seizings, and, making tackles fast to the clues, bowsed them down to the waterways. By this time the main topsail was among the things that have been, and



THE WHALERS AT WORK

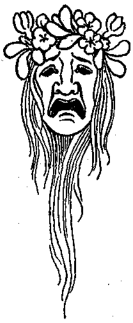
we went aloft to stow away the remnant of the last sail of all those which were on the ship twenty-four hours before. The spencers were now the only whole sails on the ship, and being strong and small, and near the deck, presenting but little surface to the wind above the rail, promised to hold out well. Hove-to under these, and eased by having no sail above the tops, the ship rose and fell, and drifted off to leeward like a line-of-battle ship.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the watch was sent below to get breakfast, and at eight bells (noon), as everything was snug, although the gale had not in the least abated, the watch was set, and the other watch and idlers sent below. For three days and three nights the gale continued with unabated fury, and with singular regularity. There were no lulls, and very little variation in its fierceness. Our ship, being light, rolled so as almost to send the fore yard-arm under water, and drifted off bodily to leeward. All this time there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, day or night; no, not so large as a man's hand. Every morning the sun rose cloudless from the sea and set again at night in the sea, in a flood of light. The stars, too, came out of the blue, one after another, night after night, unobscured, and twinkled as clear as on a still frosty night at home, until the day came upon them. All this time the sea was rolling in immense surges, white with foam, as far as the eye could reach, on every side, for we were now leagues and leagues from shore.

The between-decks being empty, several of us slept there in hammocks, which are the best things in the world to sleep in during a storm; it not being true of them, as it is of another kind of bed, "when the wind blows, the cradle will rock;" for it is the ship that rocks, while they always hang vertically from the beams. During these seventy-two hours we had nothing to do but to turn in and out, four hours on deck, and four below, eat, sleep, and keep watch. The watches were only varied by taking the helm in turn, and now and then by one of the sails, which were furled, blowing out of the gaskets, and getting adrift, which sent us up on the yards; and by getting tackles on different parts of the rigging, which were slack. Once the wheel-rope parted, which might have been fatal to us, had not the chief mate sprung instantly with a relieving tackle to windward, and kept the tiller up, till a new one could be rove. On the morning of the twentieth, at daybreak, the gale had evidently done its worst, and had somewhat abated; so much so that all hands were called to bend new sails, although it was still blowing as hard as two common gales. One at a time, and with great difficulty and labor, the old sails were unbent and sent down by the buntlines, and three new topsails, made for the homeward passage round Cape Horn, and which had never been bent, were got up from the sail-room, and, under the care of the sailmaker, were fitted for bending, and sent up by the halyards into the tops, and, with stops and frapping lines, were bent to the yards, close-reefed, sheeted home, and hoisted. These were done one at a time, and with the greatest care and difficulty. Two spare courses were then got up and bent in the same manner and furled, and a storm-jib with the bonnet off, bent and furled to the boom. It was twelve o' clock before we got through; and five hours of more exhausting labor I never experienced; and no one of that ship's crew, I will venture to say, will ever desire again to unbend and bend five large sails in the teeth of a tremendous north-wester. Towards night a few clouds appeared in the horizon, and as the gale moderated, the usual appearance of driving clouds relieved the face of the sky. The fifth day after the commencement of the storm, we shook a reef out of each topsail, and set the reefed fore-sail, jib and spanker; but it was not until after eight days of reefed topsails that we had a whole sail on the ship; and then it was quite soon enough, for the captain was anxious to make up for leeway, the gale having blown us half the distance to the Sandwich Islands.

Inch by inch, as fast as the gale would permit, we made sail on the ship, for the wind still continued ahead, and we had many days' sailing to get back to the longitude we were in when the storm took us. For eight days more we beat to windward under a stiff top-gallant breeze, when the wind shifted and became variable. A light south-easter, to which we could carry a reefed topmast studding-sail, did wonders for our dead reckoning.

The Play and the Public



By Hartley Davis

IT was during a rehearsal for a public gambol of The Lambs, a club whose membership is made up mostly of actors, that Charles Klein, the dramatist, made a certain suggestion.

"Do you think that will go?" asked one of the players, doubtfully.

"It always has," returned Mr. Klein, with an air of finality.

Every experienced playwright, every manager, every stage director, every intelligent actor who has passed his novitiate, knows of things that always have received a certain definite response. Many of these have been formulated. In the sad, glad days of prosperous melodrama they were known as "sure-fire hokum."

But the really important consideration of why the "hokum" was "sure-fire," and why other things as definitely failed, never seemed to be of the slightest interest to those connected with the theater, and their attitude is the same to-day.

The theatrical manager talks incessantly of "what the public wants," frequently with a suggestion of personal injury, as if he were a victim of carefully planned deceit. The simple truth is that the public doesn't know what it wants, and this is true of many other things than plays. We are too busy with interests that are more personal and seem more important to us. It is the business of the theatrical manager to find out what we want and to give it to us. That is what we pay him for.

To the managerial mind "the public" is just as real and as definite as "the average reader" in a publication office. Ever so many years ago I accepted "the average reader" as a real, living entity, and straightway I set forth to find him, her, or it, being free of prejudice. For years I searched. High and low, in the open and in the byways, in the market-places and in the solitudes, earnestly I sought "the average reader." Of only one did I ever discover even so much as a trace. I am now firmly convinced that the only average reader of whom there is any record was Mrs. Harris, but I can't prove it, because Sairy Gamp is dead, too.

Mrs. Harrises make up the theatrical manager's public, and he knows it, as Mrs. Gamp knew her Mrs. Harris. But it is an entirely different public that pays money to the box office, or to the speculator, to see the plays the manager produces. With the outward behavior of this public the manager is thoroughly familiar, but he has the vaguest notion of what this behavior stands for, of what it really means.

The play that wins great popular favor is the one that appeals to big universals, stirring the emotions that most of us have in common. Novelty is an important factor, but the chief measure of success is the sureness and power of the appeal. The basic things are always the same, as unchanging as earth and sky and water and sunlight, and with almost as unlimited possibilities in combination and expression. The "sure-fire hokum" of murderous melodrama encompassed, in a crudely elemental form it is true, nearly all the essentials of success in dramatic situation, most of the values that make popular favor for a play. The "sure-fire hokum" is a summing up in part of what has gone before and what will come after. The problem of the playwright is to translate ideas into the language familiarly spoken by the intelligence he is trying to reach. The sign language comes first, because it is the only one all human beings have in common. The problem of the manager is to determine whether or not the playwright has succeeded in thus presenting ideas that have commercial value. The public has no problem at all beyond deciding whether it wants to spend a quarter or two dollars to see the play.

Theodore Kramer, a highly educated man, began his career as a playwright by trying to write intellectual drama, and failed. Then he hit upon the notion of translating Shakespeare and Ibsen into the form of the cheapest, most sensational melodrama, and made a fortune for himself and his managers. Owen Davis, the only man able to exceed Kramer in the extravagance of weird and fearsome concoctions, is a Harvard man whose leisure enjoyments are those of the scholar. Both of these men made a careful study of the people to whom they determined to make an appeal. When they gained insight into their mental or emotional processes, they were sure of the success of their lutescent dramas.

It is significant that these makers of plays realized long before the manager who made a fortune in producing them that their vogue must be ephemeral, that the public to which they appealed would outgrow them. When the profits began to dwindle, the managers redoubled their efforts for frenzied sensations, which tided them over for a while. Then, with a surprising suddenness, the melodrama public revolted completely, and within a space of two weeks fourteen companies were closed.

Straightway the dictum was accepted that the public was tired of melodrama, when, as a matter of fact, it was disgusted with the sensationalism, the exaggeration, the flamboyancy, of the form of melodrama which it enjoyed before it was wise enough to know better.

To those who present our plays for us to see and hear, eternal forms—melodrama, farce, problem drama, comedy—are everything. The manager measures what the public wants by these forms and the box office receipts. The financial returns are an accurate measure for a particular play that happens to be a success, but it is not a safe guide for future productions unless there is clear realization of the ideas and the qualities that made it pay. And because so little intelligent attention is paid to this important thing most of the productions are failures.

It is true with regard to the theater, as it is with everything else that has to do with amusement, the public is fickle, it likes novelty and fresh sensations. Apparently it runs from one extreme to the other, but all the while there is a constant change for the better. Theater audiences are growing more exacting, more discriminating, and therefore more intelligent. The manager realizes this chiefly on the physical side. Scenery, costumes, and properties—everything costs from five to ten times as much as it did a quarter of a century ago. There is a corresponding advance in the refinement of ideas and emotions. Somehow that does not seem so easily grasped, but in a dim, uncertain way it seems to be understood that love, truth, justice, and laughter are as popular as ever they were.

The audience is governed always by very natural laws, some of which are easily understood, in fact can be formulated, although probably no especially useful purpose would be accomplished thereby.

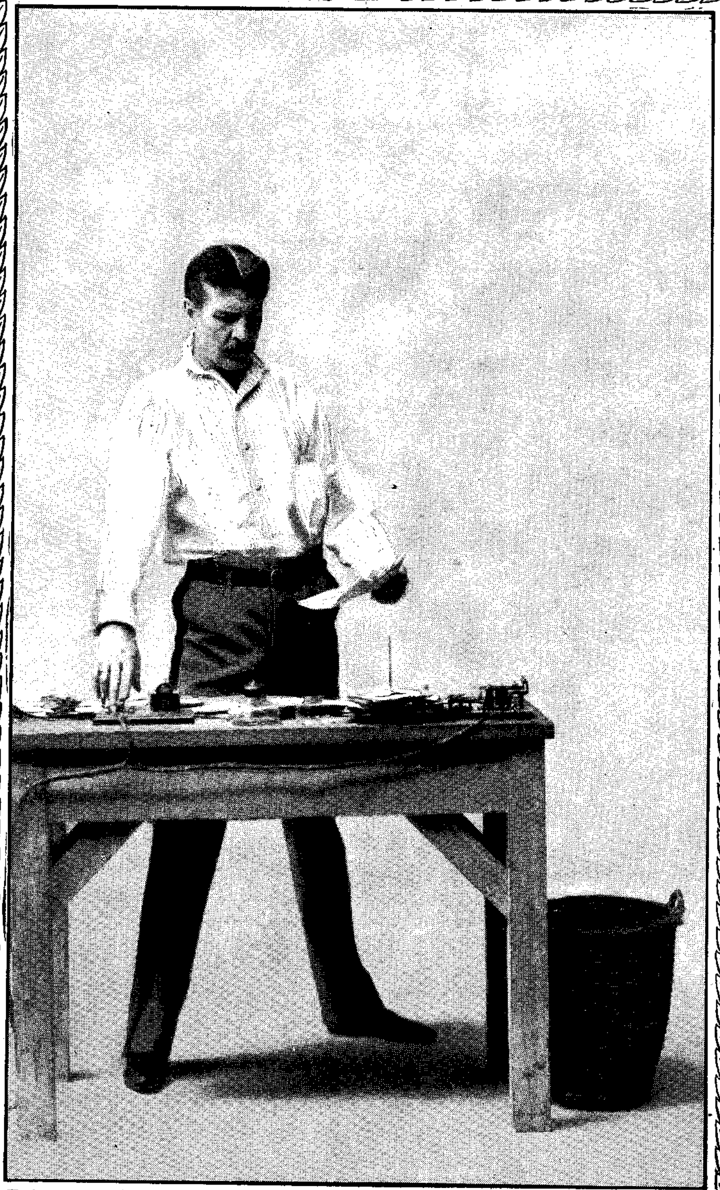
About the first important thing to bear in mind is that a truly good play is unreal, as unreal as the stage sunlight, the perspective, the acting. Mentally and emotionally, the audience is just as unreal as the play.

The thing most necessary to avoid on the stage is truth. The most essential thing is the effect of truth. The loveliest moonlight stage effect ever devised would be ruined if it were illuminated by the real moon even at her brightest. The most polished and effective stage manners, the most brilliant dialogue, would be absurd in a real drawing-room.

The normal audience enters the theater in a receptive mood. It is prepared, without an individual consciousness of the fact, to have its emotions stirred by intelligent exaggeration. We who are the audience are swiftly or slowly led into an exaggerated expression of our real selves. We have a loftier sense of virtue, vastly quickened sympathies, more bitter resentment, a livelier capacity for laughter, an infinitely broader charity than we know in our daily lives.

Probably the dominant characteristic is an overpowering love for vicarious virtue, which we demand of the characters (and in a good play the audience plays every one of the sympathetic characters), a demand for an exalted goodness, a generous kindliness, a capacity for unlimited self-sacrifice, a brilliancy of intellect, an uncanny cleverness, that few of us would ever be capable of in our own existence.

We are borne on the wings of imagination, which the play has given us, to an ideal land where we can live up to the best that



"SECRET SERVICE"

The scene in which William Gillette, in the part of a Federal spy, while sending despatches from Richmond, is shot in the arm. When the play was first put on, Mr. Gillette bandaged the wound, placed his cigar between his lips, and resumed telegraphing, and the audience remained perfectly cold. When he tried taking up the cigar first and began to smoke as he fixed the bandage, the audience immediately became wildly enthusiastic is in us. When the play itself, or when the characters in the play, fall below the standard we have set, our interest departs and another failure is recorded.

By far the cleverest play ever written by George Ade was "The Good Samaritan." His satire was never more brilliant nor keener-edged, his fun never more spontaneous, his humor never more significant, while the characterization was the most faithful of all. The manager and his staff were in ecstasies over the comedy. Yet it was doomed to failure, as at least one man pointed out. The objector admitted that the lines and the situations deserved all the praise bestowed upon them. But he insisted that "The Good Samaritan" must fail, for a very simple, definite reason.

Its theme was ingratitude. The kindliness, the generosity, the goodness, of the hero were played upon and abused. That is not comedy, but tragedy. The most riotous fun, the keenest intellectual wit, the liveliest situations, could make it nothing else. The audience left the theater feeling abused and miserable. As I remember, "The Good Samaritan" lasted two weeks.

Ingratitude is either despicable or tragic. No human being can make it humorous. On the stage it is possible only as tragedy. I doubt if any one great enough to handle such a theme would venture to try to rival "King Lear."

Often there are two or three scenes in a play that may make it miss real success or that even ruin it. Two or three seasons ago a drama with the newspaper for its background, "The Fourth Estate," alternately provoked enthusiasm and caused disappointment. It is true that the original last act was absurd and the substituted one ridiculous, but that did not account for the laxity of interest in the preceding ones.

In a scene or a succession of scenes the authors would inspire affection or admiration for the hero, and then they would straightway destroy it, apparently without the least consciousness of what they were doing. The most serious error, and it proved almost fatal to the play, came in a clash between the villain, who was a judge of a Federal court, and the newspaper hero. The audience was told time and time again of the crookedness of this judge, but there was no real proof in evidence. Furthermore, Charles Stevenson, the actor who played the part, carried himself with such ease, with such fine dignity, with such an air of breeding, that the audience could not help but respect him.

When the hero, struck by a sudden idea, suggests to the judge that he is willing to be bribed, the audience straightway turns a swiftly chilled shoulder towards the hero. The fact that the newspaper man was influenced by what he considered admirable motives didn't appeal to the audience. The act itself was dishonorable and unfair. And from that time on interest in the play itself waned because of the inarticulate resentment towards the hero.

There is no reason in the world why the first suggestion of bribery should not have come from the judge. From a dramatic view-point that was the only way. It would have shown the dishonesty of the judge and turned sympathy from him. The momentary anger of the hero over the suggestion that he could have been bribed would have increased respect for his high-mindedness, and the idea that this proposal offered an opportunity to trap the judge would have moved the audience to greater admiration for the newspaper man's cleverness.

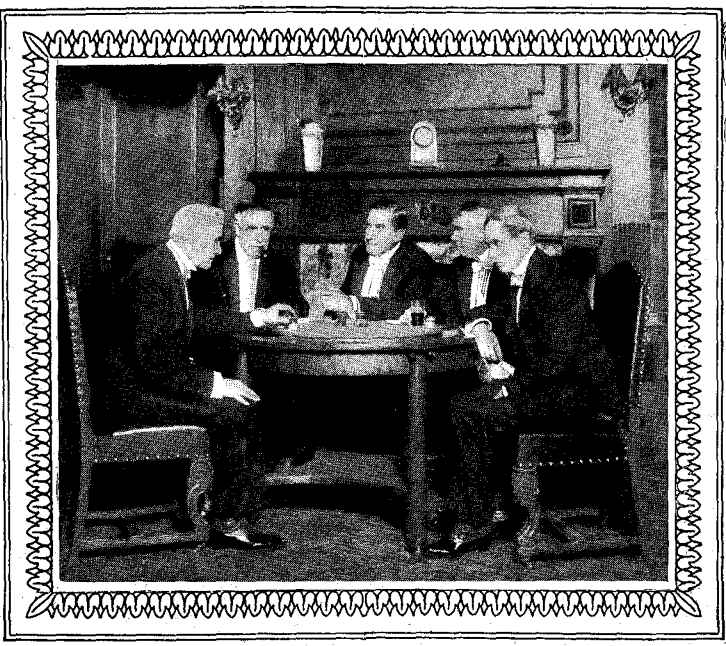
As the play was presented, in the big scene that followed, where a cunning arrangement enabled the journalist to make a flashlight of the judge handing over the bribe money, most of the sympathy was with the judge, and the act lost much of its dramatic value.

It can be accepted as axiomatic that when an audience loses a hero or a heroine the manager and the author lose a play.

The best drama ever written by Rachel Crothers, up to a certain point, was "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick." She had a fine idea, that of a trained nurse entering a household rapidly disintegrating because of the chronic illness of the wife and mother. The mission of the nurse was to make the home and the people in it normal and happy.

A man who read the manuscript before the play was produced bubbled over with enthusiasm. Miss Crothers has a gift for dialogue that no other American dramatist can surpass, and marvelous skill in characterization. Until the latter part of the second act the reader praised extravagantly. Then came a scene that lasted perhaps five minutes.

"Your play will fail," he said, "unless that scene is changed. Up to this point the people in the audience will be prisoners of the play. When this scene is developed, they will sink back in their seats. You will hear



"THE GAMBLERS," BY CHARLES KLEIN

The scene in which the hero, a self-confessed criminal, wins sympathy by offering himself as a victim of the law to save his father from going to prison

the flutter of fans, movement everywhere. Your heroine is executed, or rather, you have killed all interest in her."

He proved a true prophet. At exactly the point he had indicated the audience lost interest in the play, and, despite a fine fourth act, it was an utter failure. To prevent a half-intoxicated young man, the son of the family, from making a silly runaway marriage Mrs. Patrick urged more wine upon him and encouraged him to make love to her. The audience knew that her motives were above reproach, that her one thought was to save the youth, but her methods offended not only their sense of virtue, but their taste.

It was one of the innumerable illustrations of the passionate fervor for vicarious virtue. The audience demands of its stage heroes and heroines, not that they shall do the natural thing under given circumstances, but that they shall do the ideal thing, whether it be good or evil, and in a way that makes the individual in the box join with the man in the gallery in the belief that, in the same environment, he would rise to the same lofty height.

The standard of right and wrong, accepted by all audiences, is determined by its sympathies. It always measures the characters by the activities that take place on the stage. The audience has neither time nor inclination to go behind the scenes. "The Gamblers" is an illustration. It is about as immoral a play as ever was put on the stage—really morality isn't confined to sex, you know, although such a suggestion shocks every one connected with the theater—but it won success. Its hero is a young man who has been playing the game of high finance, and very crookedly—off the stage. On the stage he is fine and noble, and he gives a fine illustration of filial devotion and sacrifice. The audience doesn't see him wreck banks and steal from others, but it does see him offer to go to jail to save his father. On the other hand, the prosecuting attorney stands for reform, for morality, for civic virtue and honesty—off the stage. On the stage he treats his wife badly and acts caddishly. The audience detests the lawyer, who is a fine man measured by normal standards, and adores the hero, who is a crook. It is simply jugglery on the part of the author.

Because of this refusal on the part of the audience to go behind the scenes—in other words, to accept as true what is told in narrative—managers and playwrights accuse the audience of lacking in imagination. It is often considered a strategic move to charge an opponent with our own shortcomings. If an actor can make a narrative vital, if he has

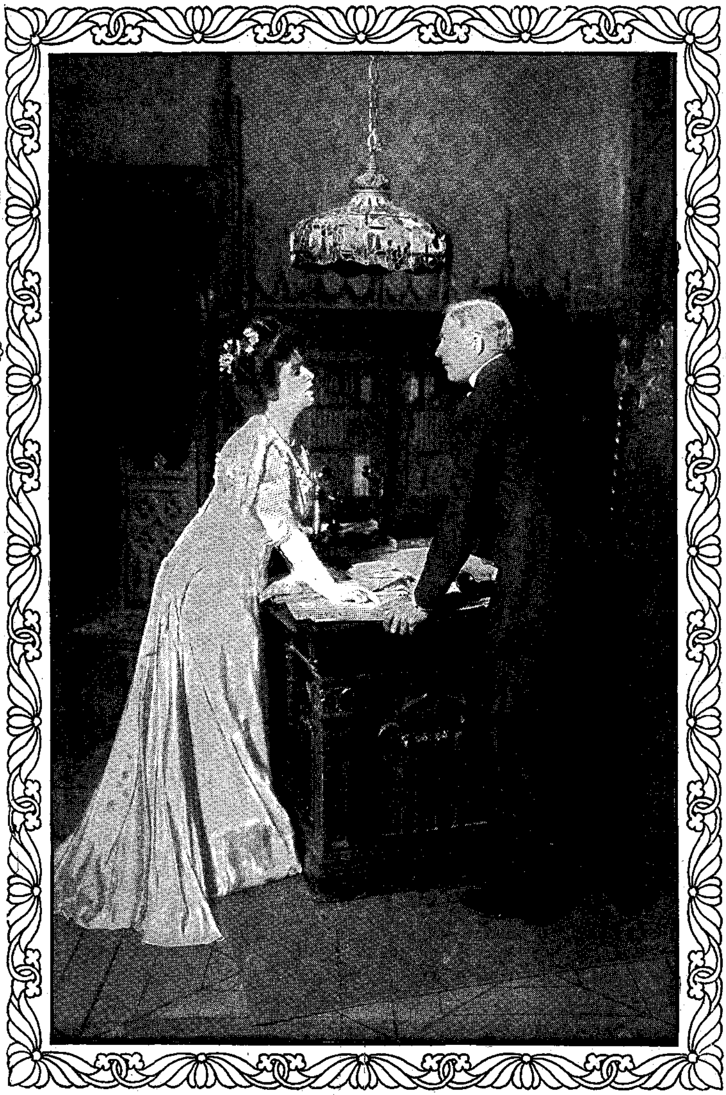
"THE DEEP PURPLE"

On the left is Laylock, as a self-confessed Western highwayman and murderer, who is cheered as a hero, while Leland, as the badger thief, is hissed as a villain, because each lives up to his rôle on the stage

the fire, the skill, the dramatic power, to describe a thing so that the audience can see it, then the effect is the same as if the action took place before the footlights.

The playwright and manager complain because the audience will not accept dull narrative necessary to keep the story moving. In a good play there is very little of this "bald and unconvincing narrative." The audience hasn't time nor inclination to consider what has happened anywhere except upon the stage. It is as reasonable to expect this as it would be to hope for an animated conversation with a person constantly compelled to consult a dictionary. A character may be guilty of all manner of crimes off the stage, but if his conduct before the footlights is sympathetic and lovable we regard the story of his evil as more or less of a myth, having a certain faith in the purity of his motives. Or maybe it is an exemplification of the Scriptural dictum, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The rule works both ways. The instances I have cited go to prove that.

A howling melodrama, "The Deep Purple," met with great success last season. In that play a "Western hold-up man," as he



“THE LION AND THE MOUSE”

Shirley Rossmore in this part commands interest by outwitting and defying the trust magnate, and he gains sympathy also through permitting himself to be won over, despite the manifest absurdity of the situation

was described, a highwayman who was frankly guilty of murder, was made a heroic character and wildly cheered, which caused certain wise critics to call attention to the fact that times had changed when a villain could be applauded. The chief character in “The Gamblers” was instanced to support the change in public taste. Plainly neither of these characters was a villain except by hearsay. Their conduct on the stage was admirable. The critics neglected to point out that “The Deep Purple” had a real villain who was properly hissed, and the other play also had its evil genius.

If we who sit in the audience did not have imagination, if the playwrights and managers did not happen to strike emotions in such a way as to bring forth an absolutely certain reaction, both of these plays must have been failures. This is true also of Charles Klein's most successful drama, “The Lion and the Mouse,” which was particularly bad, measured by any standard save that of popularity. And its success illustrates one of the most important factors that make success or failure, and that is the “feel” of a play, something of which most of us are keenly conscious but which usually is inarticulate.

The chief figure in "The Lion and the Mouse" symbolized the late H. H. Rogers, and the play was produced at a time when magazines and newspapers had aroused a widespread consciousness of the practical personal conflict between us who make up "the people" and those who represented the crookedness in high finance. The play visualized this conflict in actual clashes, and the imagination of the audience was stimulated to such tensity that it was conscious only of the struggle. The deficiencies, the glaring absurdities, were overlooked. The author had succeeded in dramatizing a state of mind.

Both manager and actor believed that "The Lion and the Mouse" was a great drama of universal human interest, and so they sent it to London, expecting another triumph. But in England the popular mind was not inflamed over captains of high finance and "the System." The play was received with amazement and laughter. It failed miserably—on its merits as a play.

One of the fixed laws of the successful play is that the things must happen that the audience wants to have happen. It is true that the playwright, if he be sufficiently wise and skillful, can make the audience want anything he likes, but, having started its sympathies in a certain direction, he cannot change without practically destroying the play. While the result is foreordained, the way in which a thing happens should come as a surprise, and it is equally true that the greater the surprise the more certain the chances of success.

When William Gillette's "Secret Service" was first produced, it was a failure. One reason was that the situation at the end of the first act was so much bigger than anything else in the drama that the succeeding ones seemed weak and uninteresting in comparison. You may remember that the hero is a Federal spy, under some slight suspicion, and that his brother, under sentence of death as a spy, is placed in his charge. The prisoner realizes the situation. He knows that the hero must disarm all suspicion in order to carry on his work in the Confederate capital. The captured spy urges his brother to shoot him in order to prevent a supposed escape. There is a swift, terrible conflict between patriotism and the love of brothers. The hero can't shoot. The prisoner grasps the weapon, there is a struggle, it is exploded, and the captured spy falls dead. The room is instantly filled. The hero fights back his emotion to explain that he killed the spy to prevent an escape.

Much work was devoted to efforts to rob that scene of its strength. The most effective one was to rush it madly and ring down the curtain so quickly that the audience had not time fully to grasp what had happened. The problem of building up the very theatric third-act situation was quite as difficult. Here was introduced some "hokum" that wasn't "sure-fire." In fact, there was no explosion at all. With much elaborate and successful detail the scene was worked up to the point where the hero, amid a fierce bombardment, was sending despatches over the Confederate wires to the Federal lines. A bullet crashed through the window. The hero clasped his hand to his wrist and blood flowed from the wound. He looked at it a moment, bound it up with his handkerchief, picked up his cigar, and went on telegraphing. Instead of the expected burst of applause, the incident left the audience perfectly cold.

A man who is interested in these things began to study out the problem. He knew that that piece of "business," as all physical action is known on the stage, ought to move the audience. He thought over it most of the night. The next day he said to Mr. Gillette:

"If, before the shot is fired, you will place your cigar on the table, and after you are wounded you will glance a moment at your wrist, then turn and place your cigar between your lips before you bind up the wound, the audience will cheer madly."

Mr. Gillette was perfectly willing to try the experiment. Managers and authors are always willing to experiment, to turn and twist the "hokum" until it fires. They don't seem to care about the reason why, the laws that govern the "hokum," any more than the predecessors of Newton were concerned about the law of gravitation.

When Mr. Gillette placed the cigar in his lips before binding up the wound, the audience cheered with wild enthusiasm. The very small thing of taking up the cigar at the right moment—the difference in time may have been twenty seconds—turned the scene from a failure into a success.

The solver of the problem realized that the audience knew the hero to be a man of resource, courage, and daring. When he was shot, he was expected to bind up the wound and go on telegraphing. There was no element of surprise, nothing to accentuate his extraordinary quality. The fact that a man placed in his position could think of his cigar first conveyed the notion of uncanny coolness, of being able to cope with any emergency without excitement, and these things reached each individual intelligence like a shot.

An audience is always worth studying. One who is blind but whose hearing is acute can tell whether or not it is being held by a play.

This is equally true of one who sees but can't hear. Long before the individuals themselves are conscious of having lost interest they will manifest it in movement. They become self-conscious, and one may not serve one's self and a play at the same time. The movement of fans, the turning in seats, the scraping of feet, the roving of eyes—all these signs become manifest directly interest flags.

Furthermore, it is possible to determine with at least reasonable certainty whether or not a play will have popular success before an audience has had opportunity to sit in judgment upon it. But such a suggestion always moves a manager to contemptuous scorn for your ignorance. Nor do I know a playwright who believes that advance judgment is anything more than a guess. To be sure, this advance judgment will not be exact. A scientist has yet to write an authoritative book on the psychology of the mob. Until we know more about actions and reactions, until we are able to determine more definitely the effect of environment, there must be much guesswork.

The audience merely accentuates success or failure. It either inspires the players to do their best or smothers their efforts with its own indifference.

It should not be difficult for any ordinary thinking intelligence to arrive at the value of the theme of a play. It requires no great amount of technical knowledge to determine whether or not the story is the best, or at least an effective, exposition of the theme. Then comes the more difficult business of passing upon the scenes and incidents, of making sure that they present the ideas and the points the author desires to impress upon the audience in such a way as to hold interest and at the same time make the story march. This comes as nearly to summing up the situation as is usual in a generalization, for in it is included the important consideration of characterization.

In nine cases out of ten the failure of a play is indicated in the manuscript. It is as obvious in the dress rehearsal as in the first-night performance. But apparently those who have to do with the production would rather gamble upon the way the audience feels and thinks than make any intelligent effort to arrive at the emotional and mental processes.

While the method of the play—its technique, if you prefer—is extraordinarily difficult to learn, it is merely a matter of close application and hard work. But one must have much more than technique to be able to write good plays. An artist will tell you that any one can learn how to draw, but that doesn't mean that any one can paint pictures. One may have powerful ideas and an appreciation of dramatic possibilities, yet not be able to present them in the language of the audience, as one with the most beautiful perceptions, the noblest imagination, cannot paint pictures unless he has learned the language in which art speaks.

In plays, as in books and pictures, it is a significant thing to remember that the most valuable commercial commodity is the milk of human kindness. If you will study the novels, the dramas, and the pictures which have most moved people, which have endured longest, you will find that they have this quality in common. It is the one thing the audience seizes upon most earnestly, most joyously, and the power of its appeal is measured by the purity, the fineness, the strength, of its expression.

If you will stop to think it out a little, you will realize that this must be so, else the world would not be growing better and happier. Maybe some day all the plays produced will at least be worth seeing and hearing.

Business Manners

By Herbert G. Stockwell

WHILE walking to the train from my suburban home one bright morning last spring, my eyes fell upon two trees a short distance ahead on opposite sides of the turf-edged walk. One seemed absolutely bare of blossoms and forbidding, while the other was enveloped in a beautiful garment of color. When I had approached near enough for closer scrutiny, I saw that the tree which at a distance was apparently bare contained many tiny but almost invisible blossoms.

Both trees were fully alive, and probably, each in its own way, they were of equal use for some purpose, but the more pleasing exterior of one attracted the first and more favorable attention.

As I turned from one to the other I wondered at the great difference in the appearance of things in nature and in men.

What we first observe in men and women with whom we come in contact is their general appearance and manners. Some of us, without apparent reason, show dumpy or scowling countenances. Such jostle and jolt along, careening against their neighbors like uncaptained armored vessels. They glare at one another with belligerent mien, looking for possible offenses. But how quickly is their armor melted in the warm sunlight of genuine politeness! Some of our friends, good-hearted enough, concealing their feelings, seem on the surface surly and forbidding; while others radiate a brightness which springs across the space between us and easily captures our admiration.

First impressions of character are not always reliable, but in business pleasing manners often create earlier opportunities to the possessor than are accorded to the unprepossessing.

INTELLIGENCE IN FACIAL EXPRESSION

Then there is the wooden-face. Deliver us from him! We used to regard the expressionless countenance as one hiding massive thoughts. The owner, above the display of ordinary human emotion, seemed to hold in reserve that which could command the situation, whatever it was, whenever he considered the effort worth while. The masked countenance has its devotees even now, but we are not now too quickly deceived, for we know that the mask may hide an empty as well as a full head.

Intelligence is not in-growing. From deep in the interior, it expands outward until it evidences its presence in the face and manner of the possessor. Good manners on the surface indicate good heart and brains underneath the exterior. The fortunate owner proclaims in every act his realization of the propriety of carefully adjusting his attitude to the circumstances, whatever they may be.

In business good manners tend to please and attract customers or clients. A good face may, indeed, be a fortune. Much as we may pretend to scoff at surface appearances, we cannot resist the effect of polite attention from business or professional men or clerks.

I wonder at the amount of business lost through discourtesy and bad manners. We have no leisure to permit of the close scrutiny of forbidding people in the hope that underlying the rough exterior golden thoughts may be found.

A freezing attitude may kill a sale. The proprietor rarely hears about such things, because the salesman will not tell him, even if he has sense enough to know why he failed. In most cases no one other than the lost customer knows anything about the circumstances of how it happened, and very few customers will take the trouble to write of their experiences to the proprietors.

CURTNESS RADIATED FROM SUPERIORS

I called one day by appointment on the manager of a department in a large retail store. His clerk invited me to sit down, explaining that the manager would return to his office in a few moments. After waiting what seemed to me to be a sufficient length of time, I called the office boy and requested him to find the manager and inform him that I was there, by appointment, waiting. "Oh," said the boy, in as haughty a manner as an office boy can assume, "I would not dare disturb him. He is in consultation with the assistant manager." I left the store with a feeling of what seemed to me to be righteous indignation, not fully dissipated later when I received the explanation of the department manager that, though he had not forgotten our appointment, he could not leave his principal until the business in hand was completed. That was the explanation. I might accept it or reject it, as I chose.

The proprietors who are constantly dealing with facts in large proportions and people in crowds, rarely coming in contact with individual customers, too often exhibit to their assistants curtness of manner which is radiated from them to the customers with whom the actual business is transacted.

In another department store I stopped at a counter on which were displayed large quantities of sponges. Behind the counter was a young man engaged in tacking a small sign to one of the shelves. His back was turned toward me. To attract his attention I said, "I want to look at the sponges." "You will have to see that lady over there," came curtly over his shoulder, indicating a middle-aged woman who sat behind the next counter reading a newspaper. "I don't think I ought to be compelled to find some one to wait on me," I remarked, turning away from the counter. "Sales!" he called in a loud tone, his only response. Soon came leisurely toward the counter, not the woman indicated by the young man, but, in her stead, another whose manner indicated her belief that in coming to attend to my wants she was rendering some one a favor.

It soon became apparent that she knew nothing whatever regarding the relative quality of the various sponges, yet she conveyed the impression that I ought to know by the price alone just what kind of a sponge would meet my requirements.

CLERKS' INDIFFERENCE TO CUSTOMERS

A similar experience met me at the brush counter, where the saleswoman would not try to explain the difference between the qualities of two brushes, one marked $3.50, and another of the same size, style, and apparently of similar quality, marked $1.75, just one-half the price of the first one. This ignorance could hardly be concealed by the best possible manners, but manifested desire to please would overcome much of the irritating effect of ignorant attendance; and, further, earnest effort to satisfy customers will inevitably lead to better knowledge of the business at hand. So the cultivation of genuinely good manners acts and reacts to the advantage of the possessor.

Early in the summer I called at a men's furnishing goods store and asked the clerk at the counter to show me some soft white flannel collars. "I haven't got one!" was the clerk's uninterested response. "Can you tell me where I can get them?" I inquired. "No, I don't know, I'm sure," he returned, indifferently. Turning to go from the store, I was accosted by one of the older clerks, who recognized me. Upon learning of my wants, he said, "Why, we have them; they are not exactly flannel, but I would like to show them to you." Calling to the young man whom I had first addressed, he said, "Just show this gentleman some of those piqué and the white silk collars."

"Is that what he wants? He said *flannel*," was the retort of the clerk, who then ungraciously displayed the collars which I had supposed were made of flannel. He could have made a friend of me by trying to learn just what I required.

A part, perhaps a fundamental part, of this trouble is due to the over-emphasis of the prevailing idea in large shops that customers must not be solicited to buy goods; in fact, to such an extent has this idea been carried that only a short time ago, when I had occasion to buy an article of furniture, no attention whatever was paid to me in the furniture department, and it was necessary to make a number of inquiries before I could find a man willing to come and take my order.

GOOD MANNERS EXCEPTIONAL

It is not in stores alone that bad manners are exhibited. You will notice it everywhere; in shops, offices, and even in railway "information" bureaus.

Go into two banks and compare the atmosphere. In one you are chilled with the frigid indifference to your small necessities; in the other the good manners bespeak the well-managed institution.

Manners form the outward means by which business men and customers come in contact. Proprietors should study the manners of their employees, that their outward appearance and conduct may be perfectly adapted to the position occupied. There is no honest business which may not be ennobled by the fitting conduct of the proprietor and his clerks. If they feel respect for their business and for their customers, their manners ought to be trained to exhibit it plainly.

No elaborate flourish or suave expression is required to advertise the possession of good manners. The slight gesture or evidence of polite attention appropriately timed is a summons to all to take heed of the presence of refinement.

I have known of friendship formed and business obtained the origin of which was traced to apparently unnoticed courtesy used upon entering a public elevator. Respect for gentlemanly conduct is too deep-seated to be uprooted even in this busy age. Did you ever notice the color mount in the face of the brusque individual when, in homeward evening crowding, you made way for him with that slight inclination of the head and shoulders, so expressive of the well-bred?

CLERKS NOT DRILLED IN POLITENESS

Very little training in manners is given to clerks when they are engaged. They are assumed to be able to acquire, through observation and contact, all that is necessary for them to know regarding the manner in which people should be treated. Without doubt some may be trusted to acquire the finer points of the business in that way; but many young men, perhaps the majority, do not possess observing eyes. Such men must be carefully watched and taught if they are to become factors in the attraction of customers to the business.

Perhaps the most aggressively bad manners are displayed in the daily use of the telephone. While waiting in the outer office of a friend I overheard his operator's remark to another operator. "Put him on the wire!" was the curt command first catching my attention. That the distant operator objected to this was evident in the next remark made by my friend's operator: "You'll have to put him on the wire. I can't get him to talk until you get your party on the wire." After a few moments, the "party calling" having relented, our operator connected the call with my friend, and peace apparently reigned. I have often wondered why it is that so little ordinary courtesy is shown in the use of the telephone.

ETIQUETTE IN USE OF TELEPHONE

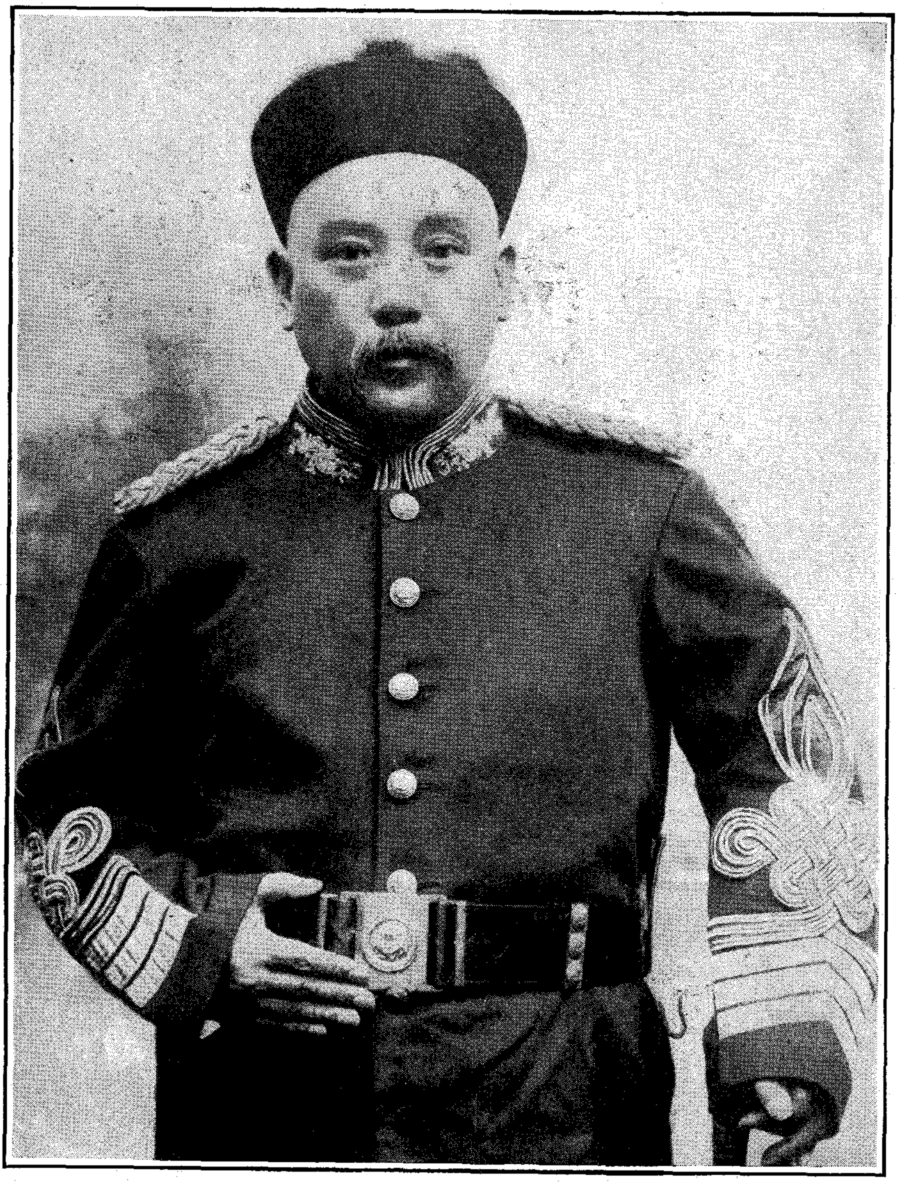
Wondering whether any "telephone etiquette" had ever been established, I inquired of a telephone official, who said: "There is no general rule, and a great many rows are caused in the use of the telephone which might easily be overcome if people would use ordinary courtesy in their telephone business. The party calling should always get on the wire and wait for the connection." Now there it all is! If you call at my office and I am engaged, you do not complain at having to wait a few moments. Much as you dislike the delay, you do not expect to find me, not expecting a possible visit from you, waiting in the other room to welcome and conduct you to my private office. A business man never thinks of saying to one of his office boys, "Get Jones here," or "Tell Smith I want him at once," referring to business equals, but it is almost the rule, rather than the exception, for even otherwise well-mannered business men to direct the operator to "Get Jones on the wire!"

Not slow to catch the autocratic tone which we ourselves would not use in Jones's hearing, our operator executes our message and "gets Jones on the wire," if he will get on, perhaps much to his annoyance, for he may feel that his position entitles him to greater consideration.

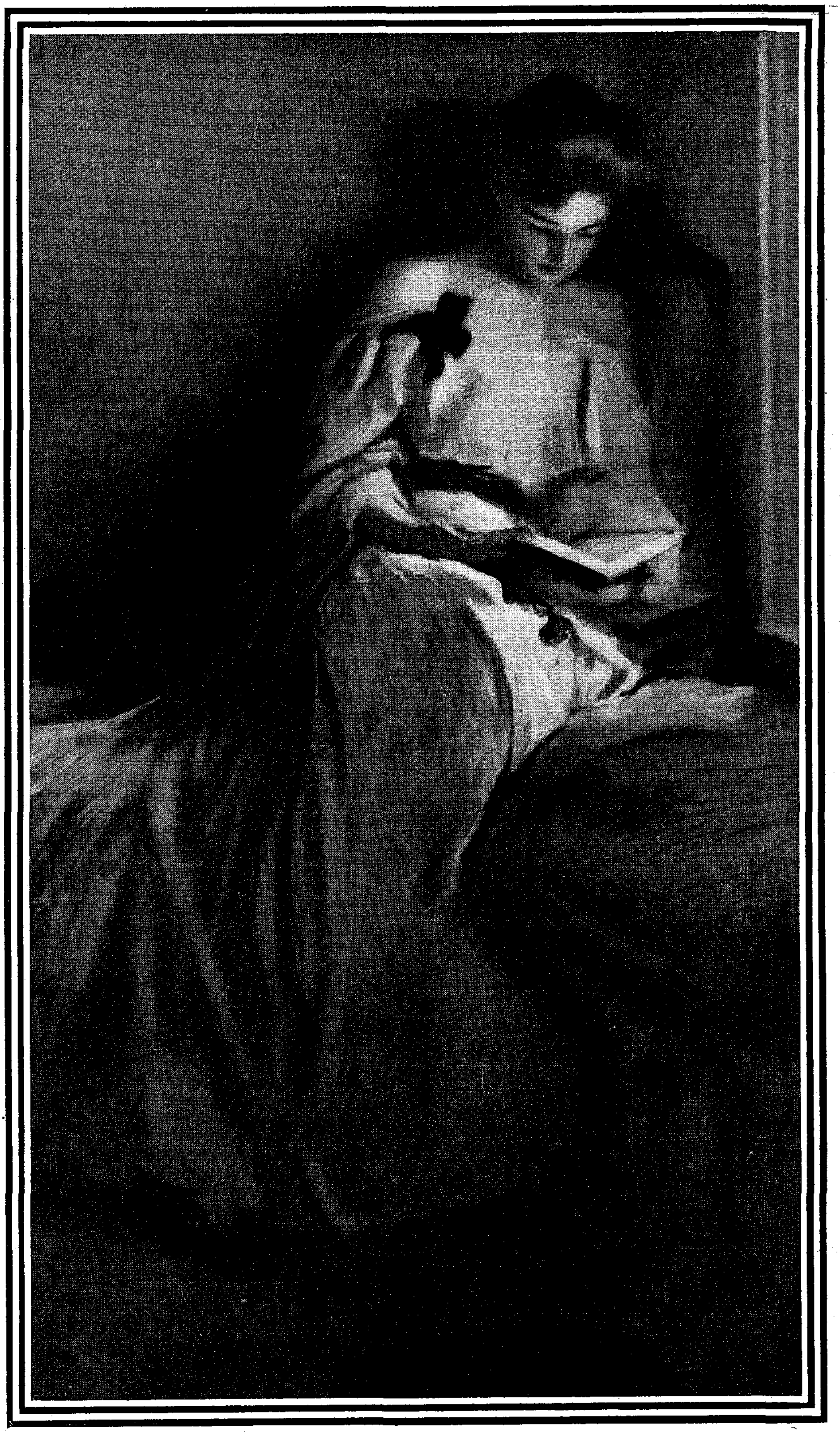
There is another kind of bad manners which arises out of over-anxiety to please. I called the other day at my tailor's to order some clothes. The proprietor of the business was not in. My wants, however, were attended to by two clerks, who were so anxious to represent their employer that they overdid the matter, covering me with flattery and unnecessary attention; yet I could not help comparing the difference between the manners of these two clerks and those in the department stores. The tailor's clerks went to extremes, but a few hints from the proprietor of the tailor shop will correct their manners, because, fundamentally, they have the desire to please and the desire to sell goods; but a large amount of patient training will be required to reform the unbusinesslike attitude of the average department store clerk.

SOURCE OF MANNERS DEEP-SEATED

Those business men who understand the importance of the possession by their representatives of good manners consider it more than worth while to train their clerks in habits of polite and intelligent attention. But no artificial, automatic facial expression or gestures or carefully toned language may be successfully used as a substitute for the good manners which spring from right thoughts and impulses. Servile manners are easily detected and despised, while good manners in hod-carriers or millionaires arrest and hold the respect of kings. Good internal qualities, upon which alone genuinely good manners rest, cannot remain concealed. They bud and blossom in the face and gesture of the possessor until the charm is well-nigh irresistible.



YUAN SHI-KAI is the great man in China just now. For many years he has been a great man in China; now he is emphatically *the* man. For, after having disgraced and retired him two years and a half ago, because of a blood feud between him and the Prince Regent, a moribund Government has recalled him to power—and not only to the viceregal power which he successively enjoyed as Viceroy of the province of Shantung, and later of the metropolitan province of Chili, but now to the exercise of supreme power. That he will understand how to guide the future Government of China may be gathered from his record in instituting schools and colleges and in re-creating the Chinese army, and in his leadership in the opium reform. He may have been an opportunist; but, in the main, his acts have been those of a wise, far-sighted, and energetic statesman. He should make a great Prime Minister.



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HER FAVORITE BOOK
From a Painting by John W. Alexander

SOME BOOKS WORTH READING

A REVIEW BY

HAMILTON W. MABIE

THERE are many books worth reading, but not by the same people. It is true, there are too many books; but there are also hosts of readers, and their interests cover an immense range of subjects, from Bergson's "Time and Free Will" to "Things No Woman Should Know." There are publishers who care for literature and are not afraid to publish it; and there are publishers who are devoted to the People and put forth in great quantities the books that sell. Sometimes the two interests are happily united in a book, and there is a common joy among the Children of Light and the Philistines. A few years ago, when a novel of great beauty was "going" by the ten thousand, the inquiry addressed to the author by his friends was, "How many tons to-day?" A poet to whom people stop to listen becomes at once an object of scorn to some of his fellow-bards whose songs are only part of the noise of the time. There were those who ranked Tennyson with the great poets until he became popular; then they began to suspect that there was something wrong with him. Browning had warm friends during the long period of neglect which began with the publication of "Sordello," but when "Men and Women" appeared, and that part of the world which reads poetry became attentive, some of the elect shrugged their shoulders.

Browning was never exactly mobbed, but there was a goodly crowd under his windows during the closing years of his life and there were cheers when he appeared. It looked as if he had caught the attention of the "herd;" the simple fact was that he had begun to write plain English. When Douglas Jerrold, recovering from an illness, tried to read "Sordello," he thought he had become an idiot; Mrs. Carlyle, whose wits were fairly keen, declared that she could not tell whether Sordello was a man, a city, or a book; while Lowell, who had at least rudimentary ideas of poetry, said that "it was a fine poem before its author wrote it." When "The Flight of the Duchess" and "In a Gondola" appeared, the tide began to turn, not because Browning had compromised with his genius, but because he had humanized his diction and prosody. People found him likable; they could not help it, nor could he; these things ought to be taken into account in dealing with authors whose work is read. Some of them are worthy persons overtaken by the misfortune of popularity in mid-career; there are others who ought to bear the same burden, but for some reason go their way to the end with but a few friends to keep them company. There is much to be said for these, but no need to say it; they are dear to the hearts of the elect. But the popular writer sorely needs champions; the finger of scorn points easily in his direction, and he adorns many a tale of the Dick Whittington type; he comes to town without capital; he thrives and becomes Lord Mayor. May turtle soup and venison choke him while genius freezes and starves in Grub Street!

The human side of the literary life is somewhat lightly regarded by the elect, but the instinct of readers has always held to it tenaciously as a vital element in the creative career, and, to an appreciable extent, even a shaping influence in creative work. Professor Lounsbury is not only a scholar, but a writer whose happy faculty of making technical things interesting would have laid his scholarship under suspicion if he had not quietly put in so much evidence of its extent and accuracy. He has dared to speak of recondite matters in a natural tone, and he has even ventured upon humor in speaking of Shakespeare; a thing forbidden, probably because there is so much humor in the plays that if the commentators were allowed to use it the ancient art of conventional annotation, dissection, analysis, historical reference, topical arrangement, philological glossing, suggestion, and emendations would incontinently fall in ruins and an ancient trade be destroyed.

"The Early Career of Robert Browning" (Scribners) is not to be lightly opened by those whose test of soundness is dullness; for it must be confessed at the start there is not a dull page in the book; and yet it deals with the rise, decline, and fall of Browning's unpopularity, and every page shows signs of first-hand knowledge. A better-digested and more entertaining footnote to literary history of three or four decades of the last century has not appeared; nor, incidentally, has the weary Titan who bears the load of Browning literature had keener criticism put in his hand. The story of the poet's mind, or rather his state of mind, from the publication of "Pauline" in 1833 to his marriage and departure for Italy in 1846, is told from both the inside and the outside; for Browning's unpopularity was the outward and visible evidence of an inward and well-defined defect. Even Mrs. Browning, who often dwelt in obscurity herself, but whose love was the shining of a clear star, wrote to her future husband that he talked a little like a Sphinx; and the serious-minded Wordsworth, on the marriage of the two poets, expressed the hope that "these young people will make themselves intelligible to each other, for neither of them will ever be intelligible to any one else." Professor Lounsbury's discussion of this phase of Browning has a tonic quality of sound sense; and what he has to say about the relation of the poet to the public is both illuminating and invigorating.

It is a happy hour when one can close a book on literary methods and open a book of short essays without undergoing the treatment to which workers in tunnels are subjected before they can safely come to the surface, but one does this with impunity when he passes from Professor Lounsbury to Mr. Lucas. In "Old Lamps for New" (Macmillan) one comes speedily but not too soon on Vermeer, and, by way of contrast, on Andrea and Lippo Lippi, and then, of course, Browning comes into view—the poet who divined the souls of the painters, and whose comment on art through a dozen poems is worth nearly all the prose criticisms. It isn't fair to speak of Lamb the moment one begins to talk about Mr. Lucas; but Mr. Lucas is responsible for the association. And, after all, it isn't a bad thing to be caught in Lamb's company. He was always hunting fine lines in the old dramatists; Mr. Lucas is always hunting old pictures and books, and is never read to greater profit than when he is ravaging a dusty old shop or loitering in the auction-room. Neither of them knows anything of the sermonic form; both are free from set phrases and elaborate methods; both are companionable—which means that they talk easily about trifles by the way as well as about the serious concerns of life. Mr. Lucas writes charmingly about "The Owl." "I would prescribe the spectacle of the flight of owls at twilight for any disordered mind;" in this unpretentious book of short papers on all sorts of subjects one wholly escapes the owls that often sit solemn and observant in the wood that borders the pleasant field of the essay. There is wisdom in these essays as well as wit, but it is portable.

Mr. Lucas makes what a golfer would call "a gentle approach" to his readers; Stedman speaks with a tone of authority. In the later years of his life especially his long study of literary form, his habit of disinterested criticism, and the representative position in which he was often placed when it fell to his lot to speak for literature, gave his opinions an *ex cathedra* tone. In "Genius and Other Essays" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), a collection of papers largely critical, one recognizes the note of authority, and recognizes as well the basis on which the assumption rests; for Stedman was a thorough, even a laborious, worker; a scholar in his habit of accuracy, and a writer who took infinite pains. The sense of responsibility to his position was never absent; one wishes that he could sometimes escape and speak more familiarly and intimately; a touch of "slippered ease" would have put him on more companionable terms with his readers. No man knew the mechanism of the writer's craft better than Stedman, and no man could talk "shop" with more intelligence; but no man stood more strongly for the spiritual quality, the insight, the divination of art, than did he at a time when talent, which is skill of the finest order, was being pushed into the place of genius, which is the inexplicable miracle in art. With the effort to rationalize art by taking all mystery out of it he had no sympathy, and the very characteristic essay on "Genius," which is in form a pleasant comment on Mr. Howells, is an uncompromising assertion of the reality of the poet's vision as the source of his power. No more radical confession of a faith which Plato held has been made than this from Schopenhauer, which Stedman accepts and paraphrases: "Genius is a man who knows without learning, and teaches the world what he never learned."

That the philosopher may be a delightful essayist was one of the things which William James taught his generation; that he may be not only intelligible but enjoyable was another. And now comes another thinker of penetrating and incisive analytical power, an admirer and interpreter of James, with the same gift of lucidity. Since Plato there have appeared from time to time men who could not only think but write; but the long schooling of Americans in German lecture-rooms fastened the tradition that profundity is the mother of obscurity, and this in spite of the fact that the wide influence of Schopenhauer has been due largely to his admirable style. Professor Henri Bergson, of the Collège de France, is one of the foremost figures in contemporary philosophy, and his analysis of the comic in "Laughter" (Macmillan) is a piece of close thinking which has structural integrity but is in no sense a skeleton. The notes of Professor Bergson's philosophy are the vitality of its view of life, its catholic attitude towards those unintellectual elements that play such a momentous part in life but have not generally been regarded as quite fit associates for the distinctively rationalistic elements in the problem of man. This sense of the scope of the problem, the feeling that at bottom it is a vital rather than an intellectual problem, gives this analysis of the sources of the comic a fresh and vivifying interest. "The soul imparts a portion of its winged lightness to the body it animates," writes M. Bergson; ". . . matter, however, is obstinate and resists; it draws to itself the ever-alert activity of this higher principle, would fain convert to its own inertia, and cause it to revert to mere automatism." And here is one root of the comic: the contrast between the freedom and flexibility of life and the suggestion of the machine in face, figure, attitude, gesture. These are laughable in the exact degree in which they make us think of a machine. The humor of the intrusion of the purely conventional in a moment of tragedy is illustrated by the remark of a Member of Parliament after questioning the Home Secretary about a horrible murder which had just been committed in a railway carriage: "The assassin, after despatching his victim, must have got out the wrong side of the train, thereby infringing the company's rules." In defining and applying this idea of the source of the comic in the contrast between the living spirit and the obstructions, distortions, and perversions of the material and mechanical M. Bergson gives his readers a fine bit of mental exercise and a literary pleasure as well.

M. Bergson writes about philosophy in the vernacular, and Mr. Kenyon Cox writes about art in terms which the man outside the studio can understand. "The Classic Point of View" (Scribners) is one of those books which make the layman love the expert; a state of mind or heart which very few books induce. The fact that these lectures are a confession of faith doubtless contributes much to their insight and clearness of statement. Many years of painting lie behind these familiar talks about design, drawing, light, shade, color, and technique; and the talk is free from mere theorizing, although Mr. Cox has very definite opinions on the subjects he discusses. The reader has the sense of dealing with realities; he also has the sense, which many kindred books do not give him, of the richness of the phenomena of painting about which he is reading. And in the confusion of aim and practice which now reigns in all the arts it is invigorating to come upon a discussion of the spirit which Mr. Cox defines as "the disinterested search for perfection;" "the love of clearness and reasonableness and self-control;" "the love of permanence and continuity." Books of this quality throw light on all the arts and on life as well. Mr. Birge Harrison's "Landscape" belongs in this class; and, in spite of a certain vagueness, so does La Farge's "Considerations on Painting."

Some essays are so full of personality that one hardly notices a change of atmosphere as he passes from the essay to the biography; it is only a step from Lamb's Essays to his biography. But no one will make this transition unmarked if he happens first upon "My Life," with its reports of Wagner's titanic creations and labors, or if he dips in "The Diary of Gideon Welles," in three substantial volumes (Houghton Mifflin Company)—an interior view of Lincoln's and Johnson's administrations, and a record of impressions, discussions, and incidents of such uncompromising frankness that it presents most noble material for controversy. For the purposes of this comment it is sufficient to say that it is extraordinarily interesting reading, and profitable as well. Mr. Thayer's "Life and Times of Cavour" (same publishers) will not lie unread unless it lies unopened; it tells the story of a life of extraordinary achievement, and draws the portrait of one of the makers of modern history; a man whose foresight was matched by an indomitable patience and whose patriotism combined the idealism of Mazzini with rare practical sagacity. In this anniversary year of Italian unity and independence, this biography has the double value of a historical memoir and a chapter in the serial story of the democratic movement.

In his own field Winslow Homer was as much a leader, a breaker of fresh soil, as Cavour. A shy man and reticent, he lived a life from which adventure was not absent, and he made painting the medium for expressing a powerful personality and an individual point of view. He was a man of the soil without a touch of provincialism; he made local subjects significant of universal truths; he painted the rush of the sea crashing on the Maine coast with a power which expressed the tremendous force of the sea on all the coasts of the world. Mr. Downes's biography of Homer (Houghton Mifflin Company) may not be the final word on one of the most original of modern painters; but it does not fall below its subject in human interest.

A still greater personality comes into clear light in Dr. McGiffert's "Martin Luther: the Man and his Work" (Century Company). If the character and extent of change effected by a man afford a basis for judgment of his genius, Luther must be ranked among the foremost men in history. He is certainly one of the most interesting, whatever may be thought of his influence—a great, sunny, affluent nature. The striking excellence of this biography lies here: it shows the vigorous, rather coarse-grained man, human to the tips of his fingers; the very breadth of his interest and the fertility of his mind constituting a protest against asceticism. The story gains immensely by its frankness; it does not attempt to create one of those heroes of action who exist only in the imagination of timid or idolatrous biographers. The keynote is struck at the start: "Great men need not that we praise them; the need is ours that we know them." The hero of the story is characterized on the first page as "fiery-tempered, passionate, imperious, lovable withal, warm-hearted, and generous to a fault;" a man of learning, of literary genius, who shook the world; and in taste, habit, and manner one who was to the end a peasant's son. There is a great chance now for a life of Loyola as frank, human, and interesting as this biography of the leader of the Reformation.

Some one recently said of a novel that it was almost as interesting as a biography; the story of life is often more daring in its incidents than the most original fiction. No novelist has ventured to picture a life of such spiritual adventure, such immense change of condition, such tremendous disturbance of society, as Luther's; and in his "Women of the Cæsars" (Century Company) Professor Ferrero has concentrated a wealth of incident, a variety of tragedy, a range of human character, that make fiction pallid and monotonous. His conclusions will be challenged, his "filling in" of the historical portraits criticised, and his journalistic manner resented by some historical experts and by many archæologists. These are matters concerning which only scholars can have an opinion; that Signor Ferrero has a vital interest in his subjects and that he invests them with a vital interest every reader knows. And now that judgments of great Romans of such long standing that they have been accepted as fact are being challenged by historians of the strictest methods of investigation, and a considerable part of Roman history "as it is read" is being radically revised, the layman need not feel suspicious of Signor Ferrero because he is interesting.

It is a far cry from the tumult, intrigue, and blood-shedding of the Court of the Cæsars to the monotonous life of Montaigne, and his dispassionate and indifferent attitude toward life. He kept his hands off, as resolutely as the Cæsars kept their hands on, affairs. He was not a recluse, but he was by temperament a skeptic, and by deliberate intention a spectator. Nature had fashioned him to play that rôle; for he had no passions, and his convictions were chiefly temperamental. There was nothing of the martyr and as little of the saint in him; he was ready to "carry a candle for St. Michael in one hand, and a candle for his Dragon in the other;" and he would have found the dragon more interesting than the saint. He is admirably characterized in his latest biography, "Michael de Montaigne," by Edith Sichel (Dutton), as "the Hedonist without low tastes, the Epicurean without high instincts, the fastidious critic of all excess, the lover of ease and spontaneity, the upholder of human dignity, the votary of security, the apostle of his own inborn cheerfulness."

Montaigne was a born looker-on; he studied the world with level vision, and, first and always, he studied himself. For this reason he is an easy sitter; he paints his own portrait. The chief business of a biographer of Montaigne is to start him talking and get out of the way. In this Montaigne's latest biographer has been very successful; so successful that her book is practically an intelligently edited autobiography, with an essay on Montaigne's philosophy. It was a philosophy of interesting comfort; he made notes from his thousand books, idled in his tower, and played with his cat. The only sacrifice of ease that his biographer records was on the occasion of the visit of the King of Navarre to his château, when he gave the King his own bed to sleep in! Incidentally he was a man of wide reading, of broad tolerance in an intolerant age, a sage in the wisdom of experience, the progenitor of the whole brood of modern essayists, and a man of high distinction in an age crowded with brilliant figures.

At the farthest remove from the mood which makes Montaigne's essays an intimate record of personality are the "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," edited by her friend Mrs. James T. Fields (Houghton Mifflin Company); a slender volume full of the quiet energy, the revealing sympathy, the patient modesty of the author of half a dozen books of stories that are likely to be read when many vociferous and loudly trumpeted novels are forgotten. There is very little about art in these letters, for their writer was more concerned with the practice of art than with its philosophy; but there are delightful glimpses of the background of Miss Jewett's life, of the landscape of her sympathetic and veracious studies of New England character, of her attitude of mind and her habits of work; in a word, this book of gentle memories is as near an autobiography, perhaps as near a biography, as we have a right to expect of a writer whose fine distinction had its root in her rare personality.

The cover of this number of The Outlook, designed by Edward Edwards, was suggested by one of the large cruciform pages of the Gospels of Lindisfarne, or Durham Book, now preserved in the British Museum. This masterpiece of Celtic illumination belongs to the Hiberno-Saxon school. It was written by Bishop Eadfrith about 687 A.D., in honor of St. Cuthbert, his predecessor. The illuminations were executed by Bishop Ethelwald, and the elaborate gilt cover, adorned with precious stones, was made by Billfrith the anchorite. The first books of the Irish monks were probably devoid of decoration, but as early as the seventh century we find the art of illumination fully developed. The chief characteristic of this style consists in its great technical perfection and extreme intricacy of pattern, consisting of diagonal or spiral lines, interlaced ribbons and lacentine animals, serpents, and birds, coiled one within the other and with tails and tongues interlaced in almost endless knots. The Irish monks must be credited with the origination of this style, as no trace of foreign influence can be detected. As an example of pure Celtic illumination the Gospels of Lindisfarne is a worthy rival of the Book of Kells, the monogram page of which suggested the design for The Outlook's cover a year ago.

THE SPECTATOR

FOUR little girls and one very small boy were in the gymnasium taking turns sliding down a long, stiff, highly polished board, not two feet wide, one end of which was reared up against some benches, the other meeting the hardwood floor below at what looked like a perilous angle. The children negotiated it, however, with easy skill. One after another they climbed the benches, lay down flat on their faces on the smooth board, and slid gleefully down and out on the floor, where a polished path testified to their safe arrival. "They worked it out themselves," said the pretty assistant standing by. "It's the seesaw board, but they like this play better. No other playground has thought it out yet—but they all will."

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The Spectator had been invited by a playground expert, one day last summer, to make the round of eight city playgrounds in a town of considerable size, and had jumped at the chance. He was rather amazed at the frocks and the ribbons of the little girls in this first playground, but the expert explained: "This is in a good working-class district, largely American. The children are the most robust, and also the hardest to manage, in some ways, of all—they are so intelligent and independent. Their mothers have a pride in their appearance, and those ribbons are washed and ironed over and over again. The boys in this playground do the best manual training work in town. Look at this table." The articles on the work-benches, left just as the class had ceased working on them the day before, were truly remarkable to the Spectator's amateur eyes—solid, well-finished tables and stands, chairs caned in workmanlike style, and hand frames for weaving mats. "This playground makes all the frames for the others," said the assistant, proudly.

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Sure enough, at the next playground, where a stalwart young man was the guiding spirit, the black-eyed, barefooted boys were busy weaving the mats out of coarse twine—the regular doorstep size, for William Morris's dogma that each article must be useful as well as beautiful is strictly carried out in every good playground. These children were Italians, and the grounds of the brick school-house were utilized for their play. A sand-pile, a "giant stride" with its ropes around the pole in May-pole fashion, a set of swings, and the tables and benches under the trees—that was the whole outfit, except the sturdy young man aforesaid. "The worker is everything," said the expert, as a group of boys clustered round the leader, asking for a baseball game. "This was the most hopeless ground in the city, for the Italians are so clannish and hard to reach. But he has brought them in with a rush, and his head baseball team has played against Americans and held its own. Even in manual training, though the Italian boy is too excitable at first over his work and then tires of it, this man can keep them at it. As for the little girls and the tiny children, they trail after him all the while." And indeed one small liquid-eyed maiden of perhaps eight was holding on to the worker's hand even while the boys were about him. "Of course we can't keep him. He's been a reporter, and now he's studying law, and just doing this to earn money during his vacation," the expert went on. "It's surprising what fine workers we can secure, from here, there, and everywhere, available only for a year or two perhaps, but giving us their best till they go higher. We have teachers, medical students, embryo professors, college boys, theologues, kindergartners, and a wonderful set of girls. We have one girl—you'll see her—a young slip of a thing, who can handle really tough boys better than any worker in the city. We wouldn't hesitate to put her in where there was trouble that even this man couldn't probably meet. Personality and playgrounds go together—one soon learns that."

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The personality of the small, tired yet tireless teacher who ruled the next ground—largest of all, with magnificent shade trees and a big swimming-pool—was shown forth by the absorption of the girls and boys in the various plays she provided. "Americans? No, indeed; these are all Poles, many of them hardly able to speak English. We have near-riots here every now and then, in the swimming-pool, among the older ones. But these younger ones—why, the great trouble is to get them to leave their paper-cutting and weaving long enough to do the sports." A large chest, filled to the brim with all sorts of fascinating work, stood beside the worker's table. A young assistant was busy cutting out gay-colored puzzle pictures, pasted on heavy cardboard. Each picture, when cut up, was placed in a capacious blue envelope, marked with a number, and there were always two or three children waiting for each envelope. "The pictures come from magazines, so they cost nothing except for the cardboard," the assistant said, "and we have new ones all the while. No, the children don't lose them. They bring them back neatly in the envelope. They love to make the baskets, and mats too, of wire or rope covered with raffia. They make their own lunch-baskets and school-bags." Paper furniture, houses, trolley cars, and animals constituted another branch of playground art. One boy had drawn, cut out, and pasted together a trolley car that failed in no detail, while a paper rocking-horse, made from a folded sheet, and actually rocking, was a favorite design, and in some instances a really spirited steed. This ground held the record for attendance, with nine hundred children in the bathing-pool one day the week before. A bubble fountain played under the trees, and demonstrated its superiority to the drinking-cup kind about five times a minute.

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"We're goin' crabbin' as soon as we git these made," the small boys eagerly explained at the next ground, as they worked away at stout string nets made on wire rings. The place was of uncompromising bareness—a sun-baked spot (cleared only a fortnight before of about nineteen thousand tin cans) having only the swings, sand-pile, and an open shed under which the girl worker stood. It had a bulletin board, however, with an athletic meet notice, baseball news, the crabbing party announcement, and photographs of other grounds tacked on it; and a box of books from the library constituted a "branch." "This is the only open spot in this ward," said the Spectator's companion. "Eighty by one hundred and fifty feet—that's all we have—and yet the attendance is marvelous. We're trying to get the city to buy the rest of the block, and they'll do it some day, for when a playground once gets in it soon becomes a force in the ward. Now here's our lame duck—the next playground, in a ward that never has had one, and didn't care to have a worker, as long as the school yard was available. They ran it three weeks without any director of the play, and almost went to smash. The boys broke all the windows, and the girls ran wild. Now we've put in two workers, and things are quieting down; but it is a desert, if ever there was one." It certainly looked so, with its paved yard, its cramped sand-pile in one corner, and its table under the one shade tree, where the busy girl who directed things stood giving out games and keeping order. Inside the schoolhouse the class-room doors were nailed up, to keep the boys from breaking in. "Undirected play won't do," said the expert; "we found that out long ago. The public doesn't understand it yet; but this ward has learned the lesson, although it will take at least a year to get over the bad results of the experiment."

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The toughest playground of all came next—down among the railway shops and shanties, gathering in a crop of young Irish-Americans who would rather fight than play any day. Only a third of a block was available, and a superannuated street car in the corner served for a building. The gray-eyed, slim girl of whose ability the Spectator had been told was in charge, and calmly informed the visitors of the last playground happening. "Mike Rafferty wanted a place on the team, but he couldn't make it," she said, in a sweetly placid voice, "so he said he'd break up the meet. He climbed on the car roof, and got some of the rest to help him, and they stole the shoes the boys took off when they dressed for the meet, and flung them at those who took part in the sports. They came near breaking it up, but luckily their ammunition didn't hold out, though Mike took his own shoes, too, off his feet." "What did you do?" asked the expert. "Expel Mike?" "Oh, no. Why, Mike is the kind we *must* keep hold of. I waited until evening, and went round to see his father. Mike has no mother, and his father drinks. I think he had been drinking—a little, anyway—but he took things right up. He said he would thrash Mike within an inch of his life if he didn't behave right to a lady. I told him I didn't want Mike whipped, but I did want him to apologize before the rest. So Mike and his father both came round, and I explained to Mike that he could never, never get on any team here unless he understood the team spirit and was loyal to the rules. He apologized after that, and I think he meant it. His father meant it, anyway, and Mike considers his father the highest authority on earth." It was quite evident that this slender young person could control any neighborhood, and the Spectator saw Mike's inevitable finish as her right-hand man. To be up against a personality is too much even for a tough street arab.

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A big stretch along the river, with a set of baths, made the seventh playground attractive and largely attended. It had been in use long enough, too, for the children to become loyal supporters of law and order, and allow flowers and shrubs to grow unmolested. In all playgrounds flowers are planted by and for the children, and the attitude even of the most individually destructive boy becomes curiously changed by the public opinion of the playground. In the eighth playground, a strip of barren soil between railway tracks and the river embankment, there were a few stripling trees planted, and thus beauty was beginning even among the cinders. "We can't tell how much we are doing," said the expert, thoughtfully, "until the first generation that has had playgrounds grows up and goes into city life. Personally, I believe that next to the church and the school the playground will become the deepest force in community life. Open air, team play, bathing, sports, and a wisely guiding personality—why, it beats *panem et circenses* all hollow." And the Spectator decided that he would send upon a playground tour the next pessimist he met.

THE NEW BOOKS

Cosdon Beacon looms up over Dartmoor, arresting the eye, as Eden Phillpotts says in his latest novel, "The Beacon," because of its difference and its might. A London barmaid longs for country freedom and comes to serve in the Oxenham Arms, Dartmoor way. Being comely and of strong character, she is soon involved in love affairs with two men of vastly different natures. Charles Trevail she can lead, Rodney Dunning can lead her. Given the wonderful background of moor and hill which lends itself to the art of Phillpotts so completely, the life tangle of men and women engages his practiced hand and mind. The moor men were hard, Charles warned Elisabeth, as the moor, "a snarling thing at odds with the winds that batter it, and the frosts that freeze it, and the men that come to it to tear peat and gravel out of it." Elisabeth chooses the man who may be led, and begins her deliberate work of lifting him out of his love of ease, expediency, and gentle view of life. Clear-eyed and steady of will, she goes on her way, and with the grim, fateful help of nature she wrecks her own life and another before she reaches her aim. The same power grips in this romance that has always held one in these Dartmoor tales. As Fannie Cann tells Charles, after the inevitable tragedy, "such twisted tangles between a man and a woman be beyond me, of course—'tis like a pink dodder choked in a fuzz bush to see most women's lives messed up by going to live with a man. But as to your case I won't say that exactly. . . . If she's the dodder and you're the fuzz, she haven't choked you to death, anyway, and you haven't pricked her to death. . . . She wants ideas now, not opinions, and she'll never judge man nor mouse again." One is lost in the beauty of imagination of the word paintings of Dartmoor, and absorbed by the thoughtful study of human nature, which in Phillpotts's philosophy is as helpless under law as are the rocks and moors. (The John Lane Company, New York. $1.30.)

In her latest novel, "A Maid of Old New York," Mrs. Barr will continue to hold the interest of her many readers. She weaves a pretty romance, tinged with adventure, with the more sober stuff of accurate history. New York in the time of Peter Stuyvesant was small enough to be managed by one man's hands. The old Governor stands out in these pages in all his impetuous vigor, and the life of New York goes on about him with due acceptance of him as its central figure. Mrs. Barr's skill has lost none of its finish in this quiet tale. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.)

The story of "Friends in the End," by Beulah Marie Dix, is one that will attract boys and girls equally, and be good for both. Two girls spend the summer on a primitive farm in the New England hills. Very unlike in many ways, they find common ground, and their adventures, the gentle one led by the pugnacious one, bring them into dangerous situations. Jo Gaskell, the "Miss Lion-Heart," almost precipitates a lawsuit between old neighbors in her passionate efforts to "get square" with a camp full of city-bred children. The strength of her character turns in the right direction at last, and she and all the others are "friends in the end." (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Without hesitation, or shame, we concede the point in the very beginning. Our hearts were captive to "Phœbe and Ernest," and now we accept "Janey," by Inez Haynes Gilmore, largely because of prejudice. To tell the truth, Janey is almost too phenomenal—for nine years—but she is so engaging, and the story of the year in her life before she was ten is told so vivaciously and with such good-natured and pungent asides for grown people, that we accept Janey, the improbable, and really love her eager little self. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.20.)

"The Virginian" is one of the few stories dealing with the cowboy which is not a melodrama, and Mr. Owen Wister one of a very small group of writers who have treated the cowboy as the normal type of a transient but very picturesque phase of frontier life. The red sash, the sombrero, the revolver, the leggings, and the coil of rope have been familiar on the stage from one end of the country to the other, but the real cowboy is a very different person; and "The Virginian," by reason of its veracity and sanity, to say nothing of its admirable literary style, is likely to stay on the shelves where the best American fiction is found. The illustrations by Charles M. Russell and the drawings from Western scenes by Frederic Remington justify a new edition of this delightful story. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

In 1906–7 fifteen lectures were given in Japan, Korea, and Hawaii to many thousands of teachers and others interested in education, by Professor Ladd, of Yale. These, with the changes needed for their presentation to readers in this country, compose a volume on "The Teacher's Practical Philosophy." It is written from the view-point of a veteran professor of that fundamentally practical philosophy which is distinctively ethical, a "treatise on education as a species of conduct." It is distinguished from many other treatises on education by its pervading emphasis on the personal and moral element required. If real civilization is, as Matthew

Arnold rightly held, to be identified with the humanization of mankind, then, as human nature is distinctively and essentially moral nature, Professor Ladd has sound reason for saying, "We, as a nation, in this twentieth century of the so-called Christian era, are not more than an eighth part civilized;" for, as the late Professor Bowne taught, public morality is still "embryonic." As bearing on such a condition the lectures concerned with the chief ideals of the teacher, and the teacher's relation to society and the State, are especially valuable. Important as is the teacher's work for general knowledge, science, and art, his great work is in forming good men and women. "Among all nations," says Professor Ladd, "it has been the teacher who, of all classes of the people, has exercised the most important and lasting influence for good upon the development of the race." Not only do teachers need to magnify their office for this, but the public needs to magnify it more, and for that we may learn, as Professor Ladd suggests, from the Chinese and the Japanese. A statesmanlike estimate of our present conditions, and of the teacher's function as related to them for national stability and progress, gives this latest work of its distinguished author a peculiar claim on public attention. (The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.25.)

In his "The Quakers in the American Colonies" Professor Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College, has published a book of moment alike to the student of history and to the student of religion. We would, however, emphasize its importance to the latter; for the author's endeavor has evidently been, not only to study the Quaker movement in its external aspect, but also in the light of its inner meaning. As he says, the really interesting thing about the movement is that it furnishes an opportunity to study an inward, mystical religion, embodied in a group, and worked out through a long span of historical development. Professor Jones thus outlines what the reader may expect:

> We shall here see the intense personal faith of one or a few fusing an entire group and creating an atmosphere, a climate, into which children were born and through which they formed their lives; we shall be able to study the effect of the cooling processes of time on this faith, so intense at its origin; we shall discover how this startlingly bold principle met the slow siftings and testings of history; and we shall find out how any merely inward and mystical facts must be supplemented and corrected by the wider concrete and objective experience of the race.

The book should awaken special interest because, as does no other, it describes the Quaker influence in the political life of colonies outside of Pennsylvania. While the account of Quakerism in Pennsylvania, here included, has been written by President Sharpless, of Haverford, and is worth reading if for nothing else than to know more accurately about Penn's character, the part of the book to which one will probably first turn is comprised in the chapters contributed by Professor Jones on the Quakers in New England, New York, and the Southern colonies, together with a chapter on their activities in New Jersey, contributed by Amelia M. Gummere, who has already written a book on the Quakers. As is well known, the first Quakers to reach this continent were two women who arrived in Boston from Barbados in 1556. In the following year, the Woodhouse, ranked by some as next to the Mayflower in historical importance, landed the first of the Quaker apostles in New England. From this time to the Revolutionary War the history of Quakerism is a history of a peculiarly intimate glimpse into Colonial character, and Professor Jones's volume will take deserved place alongside of the volumes on the same subject by John Fiske. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.)

"The Origin of Life" is an account of certain experiments, conducted by the author, Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, of London, which he thinks demonstrate the possibility of producing life from non-living material. His book is not commended to the non-scientific reader by his frank statement that it was submitted early in October, 1910, to the Royal Society, and was declined because "not considered suitable for acceptance by the Society." The author is the Dr. Bastian whose experiments in 1870 failed to satisfy either Professor Tyndall or Professor Huxley that life had been produced, experiments which left, in their judgment, the conclusion unaffected that, so far as is *known*, the living has never been produced by the non-living. We have no prejudice against the notion that spontaneous generation is possible, or even against the author's theory that "life-evolving processes are now and have ever been going on, in suitable sites, since the times when they first commenced." This assumes spontaneous generation in some remote past, which may be true, but is not demonstrated and ought not to be assumed as axiomatic. Respect for the author's clear thinking is not aroused by his definition of life: "What is life? From the scientific point of view life is no entity—it is only the summation and aggregated result of all the properties of living matter." That is like saying: What is a cat? A cat is the summation and aggregation of all the properties of a feline animal. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

The splendid up-to-date maps of the "World Atlas of Christian Missions" published by the Student Volunteer Movement should attract many besides the promoters of world-wide missionary enterprise. Believers in the commercial doctrine that business follows the flag are becoming aware that this doctrine is quite as true of the Gospel banner as of the National ensign. Such will find this Atlas worth having at hand. Its two dozen map plates in large folio were drawn by the eminent cartographer John G. Bartholomew, of the Edinburgh Geographical Institute. The commanding world interest now possessed by Africa is indicated by the five plates here occupied by that recently unexplored continent and its separate sections. Four plates exhibit India in like detail, and so on. Numerous insets in many plates exhibit small areas enlarged commensurately with their importance. One map shows the location of Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic missions in non-Christian lands. The others locate Protestant missions only. So numerous are their stations that twenty folio pages of letterpress in triple columns are required to index them in a line or two of fine print for each. The specific Christian interest of the volume is amply provided for by over a hundred and thirty pages of directory and statistics. Here is copious information concerning all the societies engaged, their organization, object, field, income, etc., and full particulars of their field force and what it is doing in various lines—evangelistic, educational, medical, philanthropic and reformatory, etc. This great work, edited by such well-qualified men as Dr. James S. Dennis, Professor Harlan P. Beach, of Yale, and Mr. Charles H. Fahs, is one of the important sequels of the memorable Edinburgh World Conference in 1909. Its maps so largely meet desires for a good modern atlas that the present limited edition should reward its enterprising publishers with a sufficient demand for another. (Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York. $4.)

"Rules for Right Living and Right Conduct," edited by E. A. Williams, is a little collection of Scriptural texts selected with reference to their practical bearing on the needs of daily life—especially on the more practical aspects of life—which would be useful in the home for devotional reading for the instruction of children, and, for that matter, for adults also, and could easily be made serviceable for instruction in primary schools and Sunday-schools. The selections seem to be very wisely made. (Sherman, French & Co., Boston. 50c.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

CHINESE STUDENTS IN JAPAN

In reading Mr. Ellis's article in your issue of October 28 called "China in Revolution," I came across a statement of his to which I should like to call your attention. It seems the fashion nowadays to make slighting remarks about Japan whenever possible—and sometimes without sufficient knowledge of the facts. Mr. Ellis says: "Immediately after the Boxer tragedy the Chinese were in a mood to accept Japan as a guide, counselor, and friend. . . . Students were sent to Tokyo in such a stream that five years ago there were no less than 16,000 in the city at one time. Then came the reaction against Japan, or the revelation . . . With extraordinary shortsightedness, she disdained the rôle of brother for that of a strong and self-seeking alien. Chinese officials have told me that the students in Tokyo were exploited for Japan's own purposes, given a mere smattering of the most superficial Western education, and filled with revolutionary ideas. That this is the view of the Peking Government is shown by the fact that the supply of students for Japan was cut off, so that the number at present is somewhere between three thousand and six thousand. America is now given the opportunity that Japan missed."

In fairness to Japan it ought to be explained that this unexpected invasion of students happened just at the close of the war with Russia, when all the resources of the country were strained to the utmost. Now there is no time when the student problem in all the large educational centers of Japan is not difficult to deal with, without being complicated by the sudden addition of 16,000 more students of both sexes who do not speak the language.

I had been teaching for three years in two Japanese schools in Tokyo when that invasion took place, and I remember the consternation it caused. The Yokohama and Tokyo Railroad stations were nearly impassable with the students' luggage—typical Chinese baskets containing all their worldly goods, topped by teapots and cooking utensils, and covered with netting. Japanese and foreign teachers discussed at every opportunity what to do with these students and for them. The Chinese Minister was at his wits' end to satisfy their demands, and talked of adding to his staff an educational secretary.

Many of the newcomers had only money enough to keep them for six months, and in that time they were expected to acquire Western learning. Is it surprising if some of them returned to China "with a mere smattering of the most superficial Western education"? I have seen some of these "Japanned" Chinamen in schools at Wuchang and Shanghai, and quite agree that their sojourn in Tokyo had not made for the best results, but the blame seems to me to rest less with the Japanese authorities than with the Chinese, who sent them out without seeing that they were properly equipped to take advantage of their opportunities.

Perhaps if Mr. Ellis had been in Tokyo five years ago he would not be so ready to condemn Japan for her "shortsightedness" and her willingness to let America do her share in the Westernizing of China.

FLORENCE G. HALL.

Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

COMIC SUPPLEMENTS AGAIN

I remember reading a vigorous editorial in The Outlook some months ago against the wretched daubs of color and contemptible attempts at humor with which many of our newspapers flood the entire country each Sunday. Is there no way to bring home to American parents a conviction of the crime which they are committing against their own children in holding up to their admiration the hideous combinations of color, the vile grammar, spelling, and forms of expression, and questionable morals of the so-called "comic" supplements?

There is no denying that the sheets have a fascination for children who have access to them. To-day I saw a little girl of seven climb up into the lap of her thirteen-year-old brother in order to share the coveted paper and to have him explain the picture to her and read aloud such choice expressions as, "We are a bunch of tough muts."

One Sunday, several years ago, a baby of three or four toddled up to me on the board-walk at Asbury Park to lisp the request that I get him a "funny paper."

In my home town of Chester, in the eastern end of this State, I have seen the children from two or three squares around gather at a neighbor's house of a Sunday afternoon for their weekly class in "unæsthetics."

Commercial expediency, the only argument for the comic supplement as now conducted, has been allowed to outweigh our duty to the children and our responsibility for the beauty or the tawdriness of their ideals. If commercial expediency is to be consulted, it is to be remembered that no newspaper would suffer financial loss if the comic supplement were dropped or modified by all at one and the same time—a fact which suggests that some sort of National or State supervision should at once be made suddenly and effectively binding upon all.

The result could be attained by the creation of National or State boards that should do the same work in regard to the pictures which enter so many American homes that certain boards now perform for the moving-picture shows which delight so many children; or the powers of the boards which already exist might be enlarged to include the supervision of the colored Sunday supplement.

If American newspapers would devote the money and ingenuity which now go into the "comic" supplements to a sincere endeavor to reproduce each week one or more of the world's great pictures, with the beauty of coloring and truth of portraiture which modern methods make possible, they would go far toward becoming a blessing where at present they are a menace and a curse.

WILLIAM D. JONES,
Instructor in English, Carnegie Technical Schools.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

I have been interested in noting your reports of the Workingmen's Compensation Act as adopted and declared unconstitutional in other States. I have not as yet seen any reference to the law passed in this State at the last session of the Legislature, which has now been declared Constitutional by our Supreme Court.

Some time ago you referred to the State of Wisconsin as having made a special record for Progressive legislation at the last session of its Legislature. In comparison, I would say that our Legislature not only passed the Workingmen's Compensation Act, but a Public Utilities Act providing for a Public Service Commission; an eight-hour law for women; and an Act providing for commission form of government for all cities in the State of over twenty-five thousand population, and submitting to a vote of the people Constitutional amendments providing for initiative and referendum and the recall of all elective officers in this State except judges.

DAN EARLE.

Seattle, Washington.

[A clipping from a Seattle paper inclosed in Mr. Earle's letter gives an interesting account of the actual working of this law. It says:

> Not only the first adjudications in this State, but the first adjudications made by any State in the Union under a Workingmen's Compensation Act, were announced yesterday by the Industrial Insurance Commission. To date more than two hundred and fifty claims have been received, and it is the intention of the Commission to pass upon all cases as expeditiously as possible, with the idea of avoiding the delays incident to the old system in affording injured workmen quick relief. The report of the Commission's chief auditor showed $303,000 in the accident fund, with funds in every one of the forty-eight classes provided by the Act. The contributions of the lumbermen of the State represent $125,000 of this amount.

Several death claims have been allowed by the Washington Commission.—THE EDITORS.]

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE

Your worthy correspondent "J. H." will appreciate these words of Bishop Horne (see Horne on the Psalms): "To worship Him in that 'beauty of holiness' which is constituted by the regular and solemn services of the Church;" and will find more excellent remarks in J. H. Blunt's Annotated Bible, Vol. I, on 2 Chronicles xx. 21.

W. S. HAYWARD.

Syracuse, New York.

BY THE WAY

A Sultan's jewelry at auction! There's a chance for bargain-hunters with long purses—and slightly barbaric tastes, perhaps. Abdul Hamid's jewels are to be sold this month in Paris—the first time, it is announced, that so magnificent a collection has ever come under the hammer.

A parade of the relatives and friends of the victims of the Triangle waist factory fire disaster in New York City took place last week. It was intended as a protest against the conditions which made that tragedy possible, and which still exist in many places throughout the city.

French soldiers who took part in the war of 1870 against Germany will receive a medal in recognition of their services. It is thought that 900,000 veterans will claim the medal. M. Henri Rochefort, who is one of the survivors of the period, remarks that this is the first time that a nation has thus celebrated a defeat.

The clerk of the weather has been blowing both hot and cold in many sections of the country. Chicago had its hottest November day in twenty years on November 11, and the same day the worst snowstorm in years was raging in South Dakota, while tornadoes in Wisconsin and Illinois killed several persons and destroyed much property. The day following, November 12, Pittsburgh experienced its coldest weather on record for that date, the thermometer falling from 66 to 18 degrees within a few hours.

Among the curiosities of the late election was a tie vote for Mayor in Canton, Ohio (President McKinley's home), between the Democratic and Socialist candidates. The tie was decided, so reports state, by requiring the candidates to guess the number of grains of corn in a cup. The Democratic candidate proved the better guesser, and was declared elected.

" In one of the most thrilling football contests of this or any other season," says the New York " Sun," " the Carlisle Indian team ran rings around Harvard, beating the Crimson 18 to 15." This is interesting reading to those who do not like to think of the Indians as a "vanishing race." More than 25,000 people witnessed the game referred to, which was played in the stadium at Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 11.

In digging for the foundation of a new building in San Francisco recently the rotting timbers of a ship were exposed to view. This was evidently not a prehistoric vessel, but a relic of '49, that had been beached and used as a lodging-house. In the height of the gold fever almost every vessel that ventured into the harbor of San Francisco was immediately deserted by its crew, eager to join in the mad rush for the gold-fields. The old hulk in question was probably one of these abandoned ships.

As an indirect effect of the Chinese revolution, it is said that a number of Chinese students in American colleges have found themselves penniless, owing to the failure of the Chinese Government to forward their remittances. A helping hand has been extended to these unfortunate youths by the trustees of several of the colleges.

The use of public school buildings as social or neighborhood centers is growing. The plan is now to be tried in Boston, where the Woman's Municipal League has been active in urging the use of the schools after school hours as places of social and intellectual intercourse. The dearth of suitable meeting-places for this purpose in most great cities is evident, and the schools, by maintaining lodge and assembly rooms, may become powerful competitors of the saloon and the dance-hall.

Emanuel Lasker, the champion chess-player, now in America, in a recent address on "The Significance of Chess," said that the pre-eminence of chess as an intellectual diversion is due to its creation of an illusory world in which the human desire for witnessing a struggle for supremacy is met by conditions of parity of forces, equality of opportunity, and the necessity for quick and irrevocable action, involving brilliant maneuvers and profound stratagems. In the hands of experts the game, he says, is capable even of humorous effects, akin to the precipitous flight of a haughty host on a battlefield—a king fleeing before a pawn, for instance.

Entomologists differ as to the distances traveled by mosquitoes from their breeding-places. Some say they travel only a few hundred yards; one authority, on the other hand, says, " Personally I do not believe there is any limit; all winged insects are transported enormous distances by the wind." And yet certain localities are practically free from mosquitoes, just as others are perennially infested. The mosquito apparently still keeps some of its secrets from the scientists.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is reported as being amazed at the radicalism to be found in universities which might be expected to be strongholds of conservatism. "The man of great wealth," he says, "who has given largely to found a university must feel that he has been creating a Frankenstein. It is such universities that are most pronounced in their radicalism." Judge Lindsey's meaning is clear, even though, as a matter of fact, Frankenstein was not the monster but its creator.

As an aftermath of the notorious Astor-Force marriage, the retirement from the ministry of the clergyman who performed the ceremony is announced. This action, which will have the emphatic indorsement of upholders of social purity, was the result of protests against the minister's participation in the marriage by his associates in the Congregational churches of Providence and by the public generally.

Frederic Harrison, in the " Nineteenth Century and After," laments that Europe has been standardized and has lost its old-time charm for the traveler. "It is nonsense now," he says, " to talk about a tour abroad being 'a change.' We see just what we see at home—rather more so, perhaps." He excepts Russia and Scandinavia, however, from this statement, and is enthusiastic over the great Isaac Church of St. Petersburg, which he declares is " far the most successful of all the domed buildings in Europe."

A newspaper paragraph says that the burden of the older hymnology was the longing for eternal rest, and that the present-day activity, not to say athleticism, of churchmen has yet to manifest itself in sacred songs. This may be true to a certain extent, but many popular religious songs celebrate the active religious life, such as " Work, for the Night is Coming," " Hold the Fort," " Pull for the Shore," " Bringing in the Sheaves," " What Shall the Harvest Be?"—all suggestive of exertion rather than release from toil.

The trial of the Camorrists in Italy is reviewed by Mr. Arthur Train, a well-known American lawyer, in the current " McClure's Magazine." Mr. Train finds much to approve in the methods of the Italian courts. Never in his experience, he says, has he seen a judge presiding with greater ability or keeping a more perfect control over his court than in this trial; and he declares that he knows no legal procedure better fitted than the Italian to bring out the truth of the charges being tried. American newspapers, he says, have uniformly given a wrong impression as to this celebrated trial.

The Board of Aldermen of New York City has been advised by the Corporation Counsel that a proposed ordinance prohibiting smoking by women in public would be invalid, as constituting discrimination on grounds of sex. The cigarette-smoking woman must therefore be reformed by fair words and good example.

The production of petroleum is said to be increasing in nearly all the great oil regions of the world; and with the increase has come both a rise and a fall in the price of petroleum products. Gasoline and naphtha have risen; the heavy residuum oils which are left in the refining process have fallen in price, and large stocks of these are accumulating. Motor cars and motor boats have caused the unprecedented demand for gasoline and naphtha.

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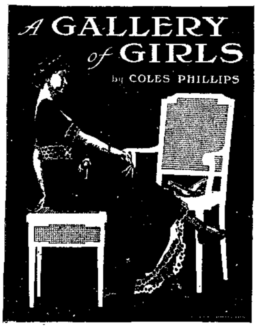

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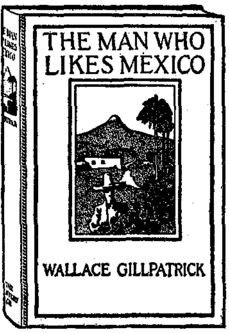
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